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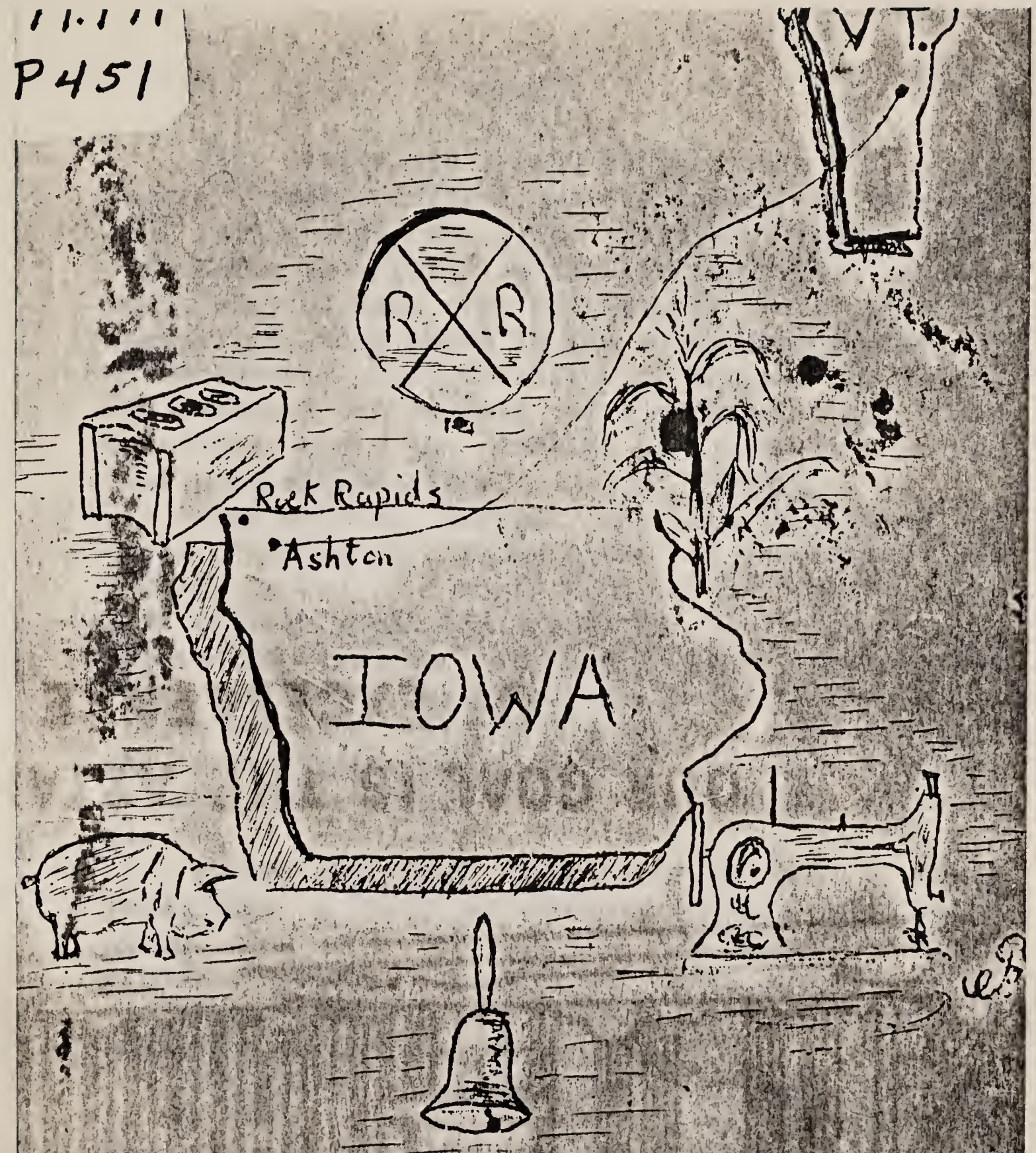

PETTENGILL PIONEERS 1878-1958

By V.H. Pettengill

1927693

PREFACE

Very little did I know of the lives of my father or mother until I was old enough to remember the things that took place before my eyes. They were born on a farm in the northern part of Vermont. When it came time for them to go to work for themselves, they moved to the industrial center of Massachusetts near the city of Boston. My father was employed in the yard of a machine shop, while my mother had a job tending to looms in a place that wove cotton cloth.

When my older brother was born they began to think of going to the new lands of the west. They finally landed in a small town in the northwestern part of Iowa about the year 1878. By force of circumstances they had to remain there during the years the country was growing from a treeless prairie to the most fertile district in the country. The circumstances mentioned were the lack of money to take them away and a lack of any other place to go.

It was not until I was past the age of forty years that I found out that my mother, who was a school teacher, was hired by my father, who was school director, to teach the home school. After the second term they were married and they moved to where they could both find work.

My brother was a baby when they made the move to the West. My mother's brother, my Uncle Charlie, had already come to the new country and he was there at the train to meet them when they arrived. The reason that Uncle Charlie was interested in going west was the fact that he was a veteran of the civil war and he had a very good chance to obtain a homestead in this new territory. He had already filed on a quarter section when my parents arrived.

Often children have little chance to know of the lives of their parents and they often wonder what kind of difficulties made them the kind of people they turned out to be; therefore I have thought that it would be well to set down some of the things that I had to guess about my own parents,

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so that my children could have some conception of the trials and hardships that may have led to the success or failure of their folks.

To recall enough of the events that took place during the time my memory can span, to make a story that might be of interest to others may prove to be a major task, but one that has a measure of enjoyment as well as occupation that may fill the time that might otherwise drag.

PETTENGILL GENEALOGY*

-1-

Richard Pettengill - Born at Scottisham, England, in 1621. Came to America in 1641. Settled at Newbury, Massachusetts, buying considerable land. Was a land owner in his native England.

Was admitted to masonry, June 2, 1641, which was considered quite an honor as only members of the church could be admitted, having to be recommended by the pastor of the church to which he belonged.

Married Johanna Ingersol. Had three children: Samuel P. - born 1645 and Matthew P. - born 1650.

-2-

Samuel Pettengill - Born 1645. Married Sara Poor February 3, 1674. Had eight children of which Benjamin was the youngest.

-3-

Benjamin Pettengill - Born December 18, 1692, at Salem, Massachusetts. Moved to Plaiston, New Hampshire. One of his sons was named Andrew.

-4-

Andrew Pettengill - Born 1742 at Plaiston, New Hampshire. Moved with brothers and sisters to Salisbury, New Hampshire, where in 1769 he married Abigal Greeley.

He was a second Lieutenant at the battle of Bunker Hill, and first Lieutenant at Bennington. Was wounded August 15, 1777, and came home and died December 12, 1777. Abigal Greeley was a relative of Horace Greeley. His son, Benjamin, was named for his grandfather.

-5-

Benjamin Pettengill - Born in Newbury, Massachusetts, August 22, 1771. As a young boy he was given to Deacon Blake of Plainsfield, New Hampshire until he was 21. Married Abby Ford of Pacham, Vermont. Had three children: Harry, Chas and Jane. Died June 11, 1853.

-6-

Chas Pettengill - Born Sheldon, Vermont, 1820. Died in Albany, Vermont, 1889, at the age of 69 years. Married Agusta Smith who was born at West Derby, Vermont. Died May 16, 1897. Children were Harry, born June 24, 1842, Alden Chas, born June 9, 1844, Sylvester Herric, born June 8, 1846, Byron Towne, born February 12, 1847, Mary A., born Enochberg Falls, Vermont, 1848, died at 3, Kate Alice, born August 10, 1850.

-7-

Byron Towne Pettengill - Born February 12, 1847. Married Martha Freeman, August 31, 1871. Seven children: Fay B., born June 2, 1878, Sylvester H., born January 4, 1880, Earl E., Born February 8, 1881, Eva L., born November 26, 1882, Chas W., born September 18, 1884, Blanche E., Born February 25, 1886, Roscoe R., born March 8, 1888. Died 1906.

-8-

Sylvester H. Pettengill - Born January 4, 1880. Married Christena Guyan, born January 2, 1890. Six children: Ruth, born 1917, Roscoe R., born March 8, 1918, Leon H., born March 19, 1920, Sara Lou, born March 31, 1922, Jo Ann, born January 9, 1926, Pauline E., born March 12, 1928.

* Information about the first six generations was furnished to me by Kate Alice Pettengill who was my aunt. She sent a newspaper clipping containing the "Pettengill Geneology."

V.H.P.

Henry Hatch	1.00
John H. Gatchell	1.00
Hugh Mullen	.50
John Linscott	1.00
John N. Leary	1.00
Chas. E. Moulton	1.00
Cash	.50
Cash	.50
Cash	.50

THE FOREGOING IS A LIST OF NAMES OF PEOPLE WHO CONTRIBUTED MONEY TO HELP BYRON PETTENGILL TO MAKE THE TRIP TO THE WEST.

E. Gibson	1,00
C. C. Hurd Jr.	1,00
M. C. Whitney	1,00
J. A. Bean	1,00
E. W. Lovejoy	1,00
G. W. Dutton	1,00
E. W. Thomas	1,00
A. Bissell	1,00
E. E. Jameson	1,00
A. J. Bixby	1,00
N. Gilpatrick	1,00
A. Blanchard	1,00

Thos. Mulready	1,00
W. H. Hoyt	1,00
W. S. Hoyt	1,00
W. W. Sherman	1,00
Edw. Nevins	1,00
J. H. Wilson	1,00
Fred A. Baker	1,00
J. W. Morse	,50
Geo. Stewart	1,00
John Quinn	1,00
Jos. W. Hardy	1,00
M. Fitzpatrick	1,00

J. M. Hardy	$5.00
James Tatt	1.00
T. A. Bullus	1.00
A. Richardson	3.00
L. H. Jones	1.00
Wm C. Ford	1.00
A. P. Dennis	1.00
Hiram Shavin	1.00
H. W. Sayles	1.00
John A. Howard	1.00
Wm D. Blanchard	1.00
W. G. Eaton	1.00

Joel Knapp	$1.00
Saml. Whittemore	1.00
P. H. Eastman	1.00
D. A. Jeffery	1.00
Geo. A. Scribner	1.00
John Shanley	1.00
D. S. Field	1.00
L. Leahy	1.00
J. B. Smith	1.00
Wm C. Haslam	1.00
Cash	.50
C. L. Hildreth	1.00

Lowell Mass. March 1878

Mr. Byron T. Pettingill

Sir: The undersigned present you with $60. dollars, as a testimonial of our respect, friendship, and high esteem. Please accept, and with our highest regards and best wishes, and with the hope that the most perfect prosperity, and happiness may result from this little experiment of going West.

This is a letter [illegible]
to expect if they come to Iowa

St Gilmour Oct 28th 1878

Dear Bro & Sister

You want to know what a whole section would cost, it would cost all prices according to improvements last year could have bought plenty of land for what the improvements would cost but now it is worth a good deal more as ~~they~~ one is anxious to keep all they have got and get all they can One half of the land here belongs to the Rail Road and of course is not improved they ask from 5 to 10 dollars an acre according to location the section that joins mine on the East I think.

they ask 8 dollars for but any one would be land poor with a section unless he had means to break it up and improve it and it would take a good deal of money before he could get any back 160 acres is enough to start with and after he gets that broke up he can add more if he wishes. to the prospect is good now for a cheese factory here at Selma next spring as a man from Wis., a speculator offers to build half of one for 300 cows and I suppose will furnish the cows to the farmers either sell them on time at a big profit or rent them at 8 dol. apiece which would about double his money in 3 years but at that rate there is lots of money to be made

for the one that takes them I shall take at least 20 if I can get them and if you could get any help it would be better to put it into cows than land as 160 acres is enough to raise grain on with all the other land you want for pasturing and cutting hay without paying interest and taxes on it It would be the best paying investment that I know of to put up a factory and buy the milk of 300 cows as cheese sell here for almost as much as in N.Y. into one cent I believe So if Jay will furnish any money could give him security on the cows and factory & the farmer that takes cows has to give security for them and run all risk of loss so the one that furnishes them is perfectly secure

I expect Will will get home & his crew
from threshing then I can finish
mine and pick my corn before
it gets very cold I hope am going
to plow only one half day more
it will leave 20 or 25 acres that I wou
like to have done but I cant do it
am going to Sibley to ~~morrow~~ after
my apple trees and some lumbe
to finish the stable as I want to
run my stand on it when I thresh
We have had a nice fall scarcely
any rain it rained to day though
and is quite cold and winter will
be here as soon as I can get read
for it Don Hunt want to buy a
great lot of trash to bring to you
wont need much I have not had
any clothes since I came out here
only some overalls and shirts dont
know as I shall need any for a yea
or two you can want to bring all the
old clothes you get for that is the
fashion out here lo, M, J.

1863

Camp Douglas Feb. 22

Dear Brother

I received your letter a few days ago and I suppose you will expect an answer but I dont know of any thing to write that will be of any use, things move on here in camp as quiet as can be expected the Reb's die off as fast as any one could wish if they wanted to kill them there has over 200 died since they came and that is doing pretty well. Minor of Co I has had a letter from Warren and Nahum has got home all right he sent some things home by him I have not been out to Lorenzo

Since he went home I have
to work about all of the time
to keep the Rebs warm they have
to keep fire all night some of
them has they have no Blankets
and it takes a lot of coal
and wood and we have it to
draw to them it is all drawn
into a yard first and we have
it to load into a cart and
distribute to the Barracks
we have to work Sundays and
rainy days and all of the rest
we don't work very hard I
presume it is better for us
to work as we do than to do
nothing as we have done so long
the Rebels try to get out
some night two the other
night with our uniform on
and one of the 104 Illinois tried
to get them out but they have

got them in the guard house
and it will go hard with
the one that tried to help
them out—
40 or 50 Policemen was up from
the city the other day and
searched them took away their
money and knives got some
revolvers I suppose they will pay
the money back when they
leave You dont write that
you have got the alloted pay
on that order yet or not
I suppose you have if you have
not let me know and I will
get it here I can draw it down
town by giving and order
tell father to write how
much he made sawing wood
how much he made a day
and write soon I dont think
of any thing else would not wri
if I did not know that you will

be expecting one about a week from now I should like to know what Mearthee meant by what she wrote I cant make out what it is I have studied on it some time I guess she ment it for a puzzle the Ar[redacted] are beating for Roll Call

C. W. Freeman

This letter was written by my uncle Chas who was on duty at a prison camp some where in the south and sent letter home to his another, in ~~Rutland~~ Vermont Civil War Times

J. H. P. 1956

CHAPTER I

Trains were not going clear across the country when my father and mother and their small baby made their trip west. Travel conditions had not reached the comfort stage that came with the trans-continental lines, but I never heard them mention anything but that the trip was a great adventure.

Upon their arrival they were taken to the home of Uncle Charlie. We can guess that this house was not much and that probably it consisted of a settler's shack. My Aunt Lucy was surely glad to see them and there is no question but that they were entirely welcome.

For a time they were busy learning the ways of the new country and probably helped with the farming which was somewhat crude and there were none of the conveniences that go to make up farm life as it became later. Uncle Charlie was not a farmer and his object of living on a farm was the possibility of being able to own it by complying with the things required of a homesteader. Many of the ideas they used in Vermont, and they were not much suited to a prairie country with no hills or rocks.

When an offer to go out farther from town to take charge of a homestead that the owner wanted to abandon came, they were pleased to accept and soon were located many miles from town and working for the man that staked the settler that wanted to leave. There was stock to care for and a winter was coming. Preparation had to be made to store feed for the cattle and to get some food stored for the family, because there were miles between where the farm was located and any place where supplies could be bought.

The location of this farming attempt was a few miles to the south and west of what is now the town of George in Lyon County, the northwestern county of the state of Iowa.

Neighbors were not very near and life out on the prairie must have been very lonesome, to say the least. We never heard very much about this place except the winter, the prairie fires, and the

grasshoppers. The first storm of the winter came on the 17th of October and was quite a blizzard. Snow began sweeping across the country and the air grew cold. This was something they had never seen and was quite unexpected. There were cattle to be taken care of and very little shelter for them. As the storm grew worse there was little that could be done except wait until it was over.

The next day seven of the cattle were missing and were not found until the next spring when their bodies were found in the bed of the stream that was nearly 10 miles toward the southeast. They had drifted along across the prairie until they went over the bank of the stream and were mired in the mud at the bottom. While this storm came very early in the year, there were several more before the winter was over. The only feed there was for the rest of the cattle was some hay and some corn that was still in the field. It became my father's job to coax the cattle, to go out to the cornfield to eat while he would go ahead of them and tread the snow down, so that they could get at the ears of corn.

This winter life must have been hard to endure, as there was little chance to get any news of the rest of the world, and they had to live on what they had on hand.

Although their endurance was sorely tried that first winter, the spring brought a promise of better things. With the melting of the snow the country came to life and the whole landscape became one great field of green. But later this turned out to be only a promise. The first part of the season was good for the growing of crops; but, toward the middle of the summer there was little rain, and things failed to keep the thrift with which they started. The prairie grass reached a height that would make hay and some of this had been mowed and stacked for the next winter. The corn did not reach a height that was expected and there was little hope that the small ears that formed would amount to very much.

The outlook was dismall but there was more and

worse trouble to follow. It was in the middle part of July when the sky became overcast and the need of rain made the settlers hope that rain was coming. By looking at the sun which showed dimly through the haze, my father noticed spects that seemed to be moving across its face, and a little later some of these objects landed near him on the ground. It was then he saw that the hazy day was caused by a flight of grasshoppers which began to drop down on the ground all around. No one seams to have seen anything like the number of insects that dropped out of the sky that day. It was, no doubt, that they were hungry as they started in on every stock of grass or corn that was standing and kept eating until there were no stalks of any kind of green vegetation left.

In only a few days, there was little left that would even feed a grasshopper and there was only the hay that was in the stack that could possibly keep the cattle or any other animal that could eat hay alive through the next winter.

This much I remember of hearing my parents tell about, but I do not remember of hearing them say how they got through the next winter which I believe was quite severe. It was not far from where they were to the Little Rock River, and there were some deer that lived in the small timber that was along that stream. They must have been able to live on something that the grasshoppers didn't eat for a group of hunters were along that stream that winter killing them for the meat. Some of this meat was left at my parent's home in return for the use of a sleigh. The methods the hunters used in killing the deer would not have been allowed if there had been any game laws at that time. It was their practice to use dogs to go after the deer because the dogs could run on the top of the snow and the sharp hoofs of the deer would let them fall through so they were easy prey for the dogs.

I believe that it was only two seasons that my father worked for this man and the third he rented some land and started on his own. This was some nearer the railroad and friends. I do not know what

his success there was, but I do think that he got some stock of his own and did make a little money. It was at this place that I was born on the 4th of January, 1880.

A brother of my Aunt Lucy was staying with the folks and it was he they sent for the doctor. It was eight miles to the doctor's office and he went on horseback. I do not know if the Dr. got there in time, but he probably did as the horses they used for these purposes were the kind that could get you over the road in a hurry. Many years after, when I went to work for this man as a carpenter, he was pleased to tell me how it was he that was the one who did me the first favor.

Life went on as usual on the farm, but now there were two boys growing up, and no doubt mother was not able to find time to be lonesome. Names must have been scarce as it was decided to name me after two of my father's brothers, Sylvester and Harry, neither of whom I have ever seen. This was a great handicap to tie on to a small child who could not say anything for himself, and many times trouble has arisen from my trying to shorten that name. I was called Vet for short probably because my uncle was, and when custom made this the name, I would sign and then some life insurance agent or attorney would insist I use my complete name. I found that in later years I would have to make affidavits that Vet, V.H., Sylvester, and S.H. were one and the same person.

My older brother had been named Fay Byron. This gave him a first name that was short for daily use and he was spared the trouble that fell to me. Father's name was Byron Towne Pettengill. I do not know where the Towne part was taken from. His family called him "By" and that was what we children learned to use. So the family now was By and Ma, Fay and Vet. That was the whole family on those winter days of January, 1880.

More People were moving into the country and neighbors were somewhat closer. I can well remember hearing it said they were much more neighborly than people who did not have a share in the common hard-

ships of the community. One piece of machinery would be loaned so that more than one farm could benefit by its use and men pooled their energys and helped one another with the farm work.

Several sections of land in each township had been given to the railroads and several more were set aside for the schools. This made plenty of place for the farmer to pick out some choice piece of grass to make into hay for his stock. Not a great deal of the land was put into crop as the harvesting machinery was crude and the market for grain was at some distance.

Prairie fires were a menance to farm buildings and to hay that had been put into the stack. These had to be protected by a fire break which was a few furrows plowed in a circle clear around them. Then another circle a little farther away and the grass between the furrows burned. This made it possible to stop a fire before it got to the buildings or hay.

Often the whole community had to get out to fight fires when a strong wind made them travel across the prairie with terrific speed. At night a glow along the horizon was a sign that watchers be on the alert until they were sure their homes or property were not in danger.

CHAPTER II

It was about the third or fourth year our family had been in the new country that there came a chance to get some of the land and found a permanent home. A few miles to the west of the town at which they first got off the train a man had a claim, but had made up his mind that the country was not the place for him and offered to sell out. His claim was what was called a tree claim, which was a claim in which the occupant agreed to plant a certain number of trees along with making certain other improvements and living on the place a number of years. When he had complied with these things he would be in line for a deed from the United States government. He had erected a house and planted some trees when he concluded that he wanted to be somewhere else and made up his mind to abandon the whole thing. Someone told him that he could move the house off and sell it to some other settler and thus not lose the money he had invested in it.

The place was not located on the county line and there wasn't much trouble to get the house moved over into the other county which he did. Soon after that he offered to sell the claim and house to father for a very reasonable amount. I never did hear just what the amount was or where the money came from, but I think it probable that the man father first went to work for, who was now running a bank, loaned him what he needed to get the place.

The first thing to do was to move the house back to its original location which was done with the help of neighbors. For a time we lived in the house without any foundation, just a stone here and there to keep it up off the ground.

Then began the task of making a permanent home which went on at this place during the rest of their lives. It was necessary to build some barns, dig a well, and plant some more trees which kept them busy during all the daylight hours.

The first thing I remember about this place was seeing a man climb to the top of the house to build a new chimney,- the trouble he had in getting

a ladder long enough, and how he made it reach by standing it in a wagon, and how he carried up the brick. I remember laying flat on the ground to better see how the work was done and it is no doubt that my first interest in building came from watching that chimney job. I think that I was three years old when we moved to the new home.

Things were quite a lot better now. We were closer to a railroad and there was a much better chance to get some of the things we needed. We now had a weekly paper and could get mail when we went to town. It was four and one half miles to town and our lightest conveyance was a lumber wagon. With a good team of horses the trip to town was not very long.

There were now some hogs and cattle on the place and father began to get some of the land into crops. Neighbors came to help dig a cellar under the house and in the winter the house was banked up with hay. I believe it was quite comfortable. The well was dug by hand with a spade and the dirt was pulled up with a rope and the bucket. It was about forty feet in depth.

It might be well to say a little more about the house. There were more like it in the surrounding country. This was because a land company of two brothers from England had acquired many pieces of land, built houses on them always using the same plan and probably getting the houses put up at a lower cost because the contractor knew just what it took in material and labor. Our house was 16 x 24 with posts 14 feet high. There were two rooms and a pantry on the first floor and two bedrooms on the second. I once heard a contractor say that he received $375.00 to furnish the lumber and complete the job.

The large room on the first floor was used for a living room and also as a dining room and kitchen. Sometimes in the winter father brought some of the farm equipment, such as a harness, in there where it was warm, to be repaired. There was a cook stove near the back wall and in the center a table where we had our meals. During the winter months

there was a hay heater set in one corner to keep us warm when the fire in the cook stove went out after the cooking was done.

The hay heater was a sheet iron drum set on legs which had a large opening on top and a smaller one below that served as a draft. The fuel was slough hay made into a twist that required some experience to make. The stove would be filled with the hay fuel and as soon as it was well aflame the bottom damper would be closed to slow the fire and make the fuel last at least for a short time. If the damper was forgotten even for a few minutes the whole stove would become red hot and make the room uncomfortable.

As I look back after more than 70 years have passed, I am inclined to wonder what the family expected of the future. Whatever it was, it couldn't have been very hopeful. There must have been a heavy debt and the only hope was to be able to add more to it until the farm could be put on a paying basis.

A little over a year after I was born, another boy came to join the family. This one was named Earl Edwin and it began to look as if By was going to have help in the future and Ma was going to have her work added to. It turned out that Earl developed into a mother's pet and could get away with a lot of things that none of the others could.

The work of the housewife was in those days endless. She had to be the cook, the housekeeper, the nurse, and she had to see that the family had clothes to wear. She had to make nearly all the clothing the children wore as well as the shirts, stockings and mittens needed for her husband. Children's clothes were made first for the oldest. As he grew they were repaired or made over for the next and so on until there was nothing left. With a family of three small boys the washing was an endless job. Hard water was carried from the well and heated in a wash boiler on the kitchen stove and then it was put in a large wooden tub where the clothes were rubbed by hand on a corrugated wash-board. In the winter this was done in the large

living room and in the summer, outdoors in the shade of the house. In addition, the wife was expected to raise chickens so the family would have eggs to eat. Also there were many other small animals to be looked after when the husband was in the field.

Some improvement came in the way work was done on the land and the harvest of the crop. Up to this time about the only farm machinery available was the plow, the mowing machine, the harrow, and the cultivator. Now there was a harvesting machine called a reaper. We had one of these and it was quite an improvement over the way harvesting had been done before. It was pulled by a team of horses and had a sickle that was mounted on the front of a platform. Above this there were some rakes mounted in such a way that they revolved and raked the grain onto the platform as it was cut off by the sickle. There were five of these rakes. Four would brush the grain onto the platform and the fifth would rake it off onto the ground where ti could be easily bound by hand. If the farmer didn't care to bind his grain it was left to dry in the little piles made by the machine and later picked up with a fork and hauled to the stack in a loose form. The odd part of this machine with the long revolving rakes, was that from a little distance the rakes looked as if they were trying to knock the driver's hat off but couldn't seem to quite reach him.

With the improvement of machinery came an enlarged crop of small grain and not so much corn. It was thought at that time that corn could not be grown profitably as there was not time between frosts in the spring and frosts in the fall. Farmers were trying to get ahold of an earlier kind of corn and they never did get a very good yield. This was the country that turned out to be the best corn raising country of the whole land.

The grain was threshed with a machine that was powered by horses which walked around in a circle. They were hitched to sweeps that were fastened to a large cast iron wheel with cogs that drove a smaller wheel at a higher speed. This in turn was at-

tached to a long shaft that the horses had to step over as they went around the circle, and by which the power was transferred to the separator that took the grain out of the straw. There were generally six teams hitched to the power as it was called. They were driven by a man who stood on a platform in the center of the circle and he had a long whip with which he could keep the horses pulling evenly at an even speed. This was very necessary to do a good job of separating the grain from the straw.

The sound of the big machine could be heard for some distance. It was a kind of humming. The pitch went up and down with the slowing up of the horses of the amount of grain that was being fed into the cylinder. The horses learned very quickly what was wanted of them. They had to pull their share of the load because of a set of rods stretched between the sweeps that equalized the pull of the teams and gave the driver a chance to see which the laggards were.

The grain, as it came from the separator, was put in two bushel sacks that were loaded into a wagon and hauled to the farmer's granary. All of this was hard work, especially the handling of the large sacks when they were filled with wheat.

Threshing time was a time in which the neighborhood got together. It was looked forward to as a time to find out all the neighbor's troubles.

It was about this time that the self binder was invented. The first attempt was by using small wire to tie the bundles, probably because someone had the idea it would be possible to make a machine that would tie wire automatically. A machine of this kind must have been tried out, as I can remember the spools that the wire was rolled up on and was told that that was what they were used for. They used the idea of the reaper with the platform to receive the grain. To this was added some elevating canvasses that brought the grain up to a platform where some men stood and tried to bind the grain by hand as had been done on the ground. To this was added the wire tying arrangement which

was not very good because the wire ties were not the best to run through the thresher.

When the harvester had developed to this point someone got the idea of a mechanical knotter that would tie a knot in twine. This was a good improvement and is being used at the present time just as it was on the first self binder as it was called.

With the new improvements in farm machinery there came a greater interest in breaking up more of the prairie and the raising of more wheat, oats, barley, and flax. With the production of more grain it was possible to raise livestock which was easier to get to market.

As there became a need for more markets, the need for transportation increased and new railroads were of much interest. Where the new roads would be built, and through what part of the country they would go was of much interest to the settlers, as a farm close to town would be of more value than one farther away. When the roads were built and towns were established, about the first building that went up besides the depot was a grain elevator. Along with that came a stock yard and a loading chute.

We did not have to worry about new towns or a railroad as our place was located only a little over four miles from the town where the folks had gotten off the train when they came from Vermont. Although this was as close as one could hope to be to a town, there were considerable amount of marketing problems even there. I can well remember how when there were some hogs that we wanted to take to town to sell, how father, remembering his experience when at home in Vermont, let them out of the pen and started coaxing them down the road toward town.

Later this would have been thought a very foolish thing to do as a fat pig would not be able to stand such a trip. While it probably was not the best way to get them to market without loss in weight, as I remember, the trip was not very tiring for them as we went very slow. There was no worry of exertion as the animals didn't seem to realize

that this trip to market was anything but a quiet stroll.

CHAPTER III

Our family continued to grow. The fourth child, a girl, was named Eva Louise. Although father's work increased with his expansion of grain raising and more livestock, it was quite apparent that mother's work kept right along with it in volume. Four youngsters now were claiming all her ability and all her time. With the room we had for living, and the food and clothing that was available, I marvel at the job she did in keeping us healthy and growing.

I believe that none of us got very far away from the farm during the first few years of our life.

There had been a schoolhouse built one mile to the east of our place and Fay had started to go to school. When I was four years old, I begged to go along with him and no doubt mother needed to get some relief and had agreed to let me go along. Well do I remember that first day and the joy of being able to have new playmates. Mother went with us that first morning. We had a team of horses hitched to the wagon and all the children went along. The road did not lead directly to the schoolhouse but took off across the prairie in a crooked course, which we used in going to town, but we turned off when it joined the track that led to the schoolhouse. The teacher seemed to be glad to see us and made us welcome but said that the seats were all filled and she wondered what she was going to do with another pupil. When she found that my age was four, she didn't seem to be so pleased with my being there.

Just how the teacher felt had little concern to me and I was very happy to sit on the recitation seat during that whole term of which I missed very few days. As I was not supposed to be in school at the age I was, the teacher didn't think it was her duty to spend any time in trying to teach me; but, nevertheless, I was there and enjoying every day. I was made to keep still during the hours of school and I spent the time listening to the other pupils

recite and watched from my seat, in front of them all, everything that took place. What I learned that term was the most education I ever got in a like number of months in that school. It was the only school that I ever attended except for a few weeks of high school in town when the country school course was finished.

As we grew older and we were able to take over some of the work at home, our days at school were not as regular as they were that first term. I still have a very good memory of that first teacher even to her name which was Edith Heppner. She was never my friend; but she gave me more learning than any of the rest that followed.

When I was seven, Father mentioned that we could go with him to take some colts to pasture; but that we would have to start quite early in the morning, and that the trip would be made the following Sunday. This was something to be looked forward to and a real adventure to us who had never been farther from home than school.

We got an early start that Sunday morning. We had a team hitched to the wagon and father rode on the spring seat in front and the three boys rode on some hay in the bottom of the wagon. The colts were tied to the back of the wagon. We did not travel very fast because of the need to go only as fast as the colts would come along without pulling loose from the wagon.

Our road was across the prairie. For the first couple of miles we went, it was running diagonal across a section and from there followed a strait line to the west. When we came to a stream we drove right through the water as there were no bridges. We passed very few homes and saw no trees, the whole view was of a landscape of grass. It was a bright sunny day in the last part of June or the early part of July; and as I remember, it was a very enjoyable trip. After crossing the Little Rock River with its clear running water in which we could see fish lying on the bottom, we were getting close to the place where the man lived who had the pasture. This was about the only fenced field in

the country. After turning the colts loose in the pasture and being shown around the farm buildings, we were taken to the house where the man's wife and daughter had some food ready for us. We were invited into the kitchen which was a much better room than we were accustomed to. There were screens on the windows and the floor was clean and bright. Some food was on the table and it was very welcome after the hours we had spent traveling the rough road of the morning.

After the lunch we set out on foot to see a railroad camp that was not far away. On our road to the camp we came to a board shack that had a queer appearance as there were no windows, or doors, or roof. Along one side there was a shelf with a peculiar arrangement of the wall at its end. Father placed a coin on the shelf and I was surprised to see it disappear. A glass of beer was put in its place from inside the shack. What we were seeing was called a "Blind Pig". This was a method of selling liquor in proabition time and the arrangement was such as to make it impossible for the buyer to see the man who sold it to him and so he could not appear in court as a witness against him.

As we went farther along we came to a group of men and teams building a grade of dirt. The horses were hitched to scrapers and they would move along in a line. They went down into a place where the scrapers were dumped. Then they would go down again for another load. There were probably twenty or more teams. Each had a man following along behind to guide the horses and to dump the scraper at the proper place. There was a man who filled the scrapers and his job seemed to be the hardest job of all. It seemed that there was a slowness about the whole operation that made it look as if they were trying to spend time. As the day was Sunday, we wondered just what kind of a game was going on. Father told us they were building a railroad and were building what was the Cherokee branch of the Illinois Central road leading to Sioux Falls. We were at the site of the town of George in Lyon County, Iowa.

The trip back home was uneventfull and much

faster as there were no colts to worry about. We were home in time to take care of the evening chores. In later years, I found out that we had visited a man who became a member of the state legeslature. Anyway, we considered it an eventful day.

Our life at home had little of excitement. When we were not in school, we had our work to do and our parents were there to see that we did it. In the evening when the work was finished we would gather around the large table in our one room that served so many purposes and mother would read aloud to us. Our principal reading material was the Youth's Companion that came once a week. We were always waiting for the next installment of the stories which mother's reading brought out so well.

I well remember the room with the cook stove at the back, the table in the center with the kerosene lamp, the hay burning stove that we had for heat in the winter months, and the blanket on the floor behind the cook stove where we would lie down and often missed the end of the story because of falling asleep.

We all enjoyed mother's reading. Father seemed to like it and the one that didn't listen as he should was quickly made to understand that he was to make no noise that would bother the rest. Mother's reading was looked forward to and was an inducement for all to help with the work to sooner get it started. She read with little effort and her understanding of the thought of the story and the ease with which she brought it out made the time until bedtime short.

The section of land to the west of our house was owned by people who lived in Boston. They never came near it and probably never had seen it. Some of the settlers had some sheep and it was these two things that made father think of getting some. A little later, he bought about 400 head of ewes and began building a shed on the back of the barn to keep them in during bad weather. During the day they could run on the section and there were three boys that had the job of looking after them. With the increase in the wool this proved a profitable

investment. Other settlers brought their sheep to the section. Soon it was a problem to keep them separate from the other flocks.

Mother first got the idea of writing to the owners of the land to see if they would rent it and offered them $50.00 for its use for a year. After getting the right to the land, it was logical that we would offer to take in the neighbor's sheep to herd. To do this, it was necessary to build a corral and to dig wells so that there would be water for the sheep.

Soon we had a herd of around 3000 sheep all branded with some red paint so they could be delivered back to their owners when the season was over. Thus began the life of a sheep herder for us boys, a time that we will remember as long as we live. It was a chance where we could help in adding to the family's earnings as the neighbors were glad to pay ten cents a head to have their sheep herded during the summer.

Our days work began quite early in the morning when the bleating of the sheep became such a bedlam that no one could sleep. After we had our breakfast we would go to the corral and open the gate. As the sheep came out, we would turn the leaders the way we wanted the flock to go. From then on until we came to the first well it was a matter of following or perhaps working up along the side of the leaders to make sure they didn't try to lead off into adjoining land where there was a crop of grain. At each well there were several long troughs out of which the sheep could drink. We found it good practice to get to the well in advance of the sheep and have these troughs filled. The sheep seemed to drink more water when they were fighting to get the last drop than when they could get it from a well-filled trough. The first well never had enough water to fully satisfy them all. When we had pumped it dry we turned the flock in the direction of the next well where the performance was repeated. At the second stop there were two wells and we generally got there near the middle of the day. With enough water to satisfy them, the sheep would gen-

erally lie down for a time and here it was that we ate our lunch. When the flock began moving again and heading for the next well, we kept them heading for the corral. Generally near sun down they would be safely housed again ready for another early morning symphony that would wake the tired shepheards and get them to come and open the gate.

I do not understand how it was possible to keep anyone at a monotonous job like that trip around the section. It was the same every day sunshine or rain, Sundays and holidays, if you felt well or not. Every morning you awoke to the noise of bleating sheep and knew there was another day just like all the rest. We got to know where every gopher hole was. We saw where the meadowlark had her nest and watched the eggs as they were hatched. We saw how the young birds were cared for until they could shift for themselves. Probably the hardest part was when we knew that all the other boys were in town celebrating the fourth of July while we were following the sheep.

The greatest enemy of the sheep was dogs that would prowl around at night. We had to see that there were two strands of barbed wire stretched around the top of the corral and we were always on the watch for stray dogs. We had a sheep dog that was with us every day and understood what was needed to keep the sheep where they belonged. During the hottest part of the season he would not always be good natured. At times we found it best to keep a muzzle on him part of the time. Generally there was a leader that was the cause of the herd getting into a neighbor's crop and sometimes we considered it best that some of those have a lesson. Then we would take Rover's muzzle off and indicate to him that we wanted him to bring the one that was heading for forbidden ground back to where it belonged. Quite likely this particular sheep concluded that leading was not what it used to be after Rover had brought her back in line.

The season for herding the sheep lasted from May until September but there was a lot more work with them during the other months. During the win-

ter there had to be a lot of hay that could be fed to them every day. There had to be some arrangement made so they could get to water. While they were in need of a lot of water in hot weather, in cold weather they could get along with very little if there was snow on the ground.

In the spring when the lambs were born there was much to be looked after. There were always several lambs without a mother and we would feed them cow's milk from a bottle. Soon they became a nuisance following us around even into the house if we didn't watch out. One day the door was left open and there was no one in the house. Several of them got in and ate all the leaves off mother's house plants.

The lambs were a playful lot and would do things that would remind one of children. They would seem to delight in getting on top of something where they could look down on their companions. They would get out on a smooth piece of ground and run races. Two or three would start as if someone had given them the word to go and would run until one got in the lead. Then they would give up and come back to the starting spot ready for another race.

The old rams, generally kept in a lot by themselves, would sometimes get cross and could be teased to a point when they would back off and come at one with terrific force. We quickly learned how to get them to do this. We learned that we could stand our ground until they were quite close and then quickly step to one side and let them go by.

Let a stranger try this and he generally got knocked over. One evening Earl didn't come for supper. After the rest had finished eating, we went out to look for him and found him holding one of the rams around the neck with his arms. He had tried to go to the house but every time he got a little ways away the ram would knock him over. He found it best to hold on to its neck to keep from being hit. The ram's ear was bleeding where he had bitten it with his teeth to get some measure of revenge.

Then there was shearing time when men who followed this work would come and shear the whole flock. A long low bench was built and the men would take a sheep and set it down on the bench and clip its wool off with a pair of hand shears. The wool was tied into a square bundle with the help of a box that was hinged so that after twine had been stretched across it the sides and ends were raised so that the wool was held in the shape of a cube until the twine was tied leaving a neat bundle. These bundles were put into a large sack to be hauled to market. The sack to be filled was supported in a frame and the bundles were dropped into it while someone inside the sack would place them and tread them into a solid shape.

The price of wool was not high at that time but when the wool went to town there was some return for the long hours of work.

CHAPTER IV

Father and mother had now been in the prairie country ten years. They thought that they had seen about all the different kinds of weather that possibly could happen, but it seems that there still was yet a performance they hadn't been through.

This happened on the 12th of January, 1888, which even today is known as the winter of the big blizzard. The morning was warm and the sun was shining. The day was Friday and we had no school because the teacher was sick. There was a kind of hazy appearance to the sky which became more pronounced as the day advanced. Early in the afternoon the cattle came to the barn from where they had been in the field. Father began the evening chores early. At about four o'clock I was shelling some corn in the granary, and as I came out to take the corn to the chicken house I noticed that it was getting verf dark and that there were some big flakes of snow falling. As I started to go to the house, I could hear a distant roar that seemed to increase as I walked to the house. Because of father's fear that a storm was coming, the chores were all finished and as we gathered in the house it became suddenly dark and a whirling snow filled the air. During the evening we could guess what was happening outside. It was father's habit to go to the barns before going to bed to see that things were alright. He must not have thought that the storm was bad, for about nine he lighted the lantern and went out on the usual rounds. He was gone for some time and mother began to sorry that something might have happened. When we heard him at the door, we were interested in what he had found outside. It seemed that he found everything alright at the barn. He had started to return and as he didn't arrive at the house as soon as he should, he feared that he might have missed the house and would be lost. As there was a slackening of the wind, he realized that he was past the house and in its lea, so he turned back and found its door. He said that the storm was terrible and that it was getting much

colder.

The next morning when we got up at the regular time, the house was very dark. This we could see was because the windows were covered with snow. Father tried to open the door but as the outer door opened out it was hard to open. By using some force he got it partly open until he could get ahold of a shovel he had put there the night before. With this he got a place cleared so we could get out of the house. The first thing we took notice of was the extreme cold. The morning before the temperature had been around 25 above and now it was at least 20 below zero.

After a lot of work we got a path shoveled to the barn and found everything in fairly good shape although there was consideralbe snow in the sheep shed. Outside, the whole barn and shed looked like a mountain of snow. After getting some feed to the animals we went back to the barn. The well was about 50 feet straight out from the house, but consideralbe more than that from the barn. While the amount of snow didn't seem to be large where it lay on the level, the closely cropped grass on the section where we had herded the sheep was little obstruction ot the snow. As it lay windward, most of the snow that should have been there was piled around our buildings or had gone on past. That cold morning after the storm, the snow was still crawling along as if trying to find a place to lodge. The sun had a peculiar appearance. Where the sun was, the sky was like a part of a rainbow. Off to the left and right there were two places nearly as bright which father called sun dogs. Most of the day was spent in getting a path to the well and in carrying water to the animals in the barn. We got water to all except the sheep; but they had to go without until the next day.

The grove of small trees was nearly all buried in snow. Just to the back of the house there were two rows of willows that had probably been planted earlier than the rest of the trees and were about ten or twelve feet high. The snow completely covered them so that no part of them could be seen. The

cold had frozen the top of the drift so that it was nearly strong enough to bear our weight and of course it was natural for us to try to walk up over the top of the trees. When we would get nearly to the highest place, it would give way and down we would fall to the bottom of the drift. The only way to get out was to break our way to where the snow was not so deep. The experience of being so deeply in snow was quite an experience and we would go back up and try it again.

It was not until the second day after the storm that we began to hear of its terrible effects. Many people had been caught away from home and because of the warm day before they didn't have sufficient clothing to withstand the cold night. Many people had frozen to death and school children had been forced to stay in the school building all night and in some cases had to burn the school furniture to keep warm. Wehn we got the newspaper the following week, we began to realize just how bad the storm was and how many people had been lost in it that night. It was then that we realized that if our teacher had not have been sick that we probably would not have come through so well. Our schoolhouse was a mile away to the east and we would have started home at just about the time the storm struck. Without a fence to follow it would have been next to impossible to have kept straight ahead in the face of that wind.

Many people lost hands and feet but managed to get some shelter and lived to tell of the experience. One story in the paper was of a man who had both hands and feet frozen and the doctor had amputated all four limbs - something that had never been done before. This had been written about in the American Medical Journal and had been sensational news even as far away as London.

One of our neighbors had a circular shed for his sheep. It was in the shape of a shelter, the center part of which was not roofed over. The snow drifted over this and filled the center part and nearly all the rest of it full of snow. When they finally got it dug out, there was something over

400 of the sheep dead. The only return he got from them was the few cents their hides brought. As this man's place was near the schoolhouse, we would often go at recess to see them thaw the sheep in a barrel of water so that they could get their skins.

CHAPTER V

While we could spend the winter months in school, the summer saw us doing some kind of work on the farm. The terrible monotony of the sheep herding job was improved by furnishing us a pony and soon we were rigged out with all the cowboy equipment we could get. A long whip, a rope to throw, and saddle and spurs made us think that we were cowboys. One pany and two boys was alright for a time but soon there was a demand for another horse so both could ride. This was solved by letting us have one of the work horses when they were not needed for farm work. This worked out alright for a time but led into trouble, for we were soon doing many things with the horses besides following the sheep. First it was just a race which the horses entered into and seemed to enjoy. Then to the race was added hurdles and the teaching of the horses to jump. Neighbor boys came with other horses and the sheep herding became a circus that grew with time.

One afternoon the only horse I could have was a mare with a colt. As this was not one to perform with, we were just waiting for the afternoon to pass. I began to paly with the colt and he seemed to enter into the sport and would keep coming back for more. I would catch hold of his tail and he would run and throw me off. Suddenly he struck with his heels, one of which hit me in the face and the sharp edge of his hoof cut into my nose. I was knocked to the ground and when I got up the blood was pouring down my face. Fay got me on the pony and started me for the house. Part of my nose was hanging loose and I remember how the motion of the pony made it flop back and forth. Father was in the field cultivating corn, but mother called him in and he transferred the team to the wagon and we started for town and the doctor. When we arrived at the doctor's house we found him there as he had no office. They cleared off the dining room table and laid me on it. They held a sponge to my nose - what was left of it - and soon I was fighting for breath.

In those days it was chloroform they used and the experience of taking it was not pleasant. It needed five stitches to patch the nose together. I was not taken again to the doctor, but when the nose was healed I cut the stitches with father's razor and pulled them out myself. In a few days, I was sheep herding again.

I believe there was some money made in the sheep business as we began to have new things. A lean was built on to the north side of the house for a kitchen and a pantry and the partition between the old pantry was taken out to enlarge the bedroom. The carpenter work was done by a neighbor that lived over in the direction where we saw them building the railroad. He also did the plastering, for I remember very well how he ran out of plaster when nearly finished and father had to finish the job when he could get some more. The rough patch in one corner of the ceiling kept this before our mind for a great many years.

The extra room was a wonderful improvement in our daily living and sorely needed as the family was still increasing. The next member was another boy. He was named Charles Willard, which kept the name, Chas, which had appeared in every generation of the family since they arrived in America.

CHAPTER VI

I was eight years of age when the blizzard blew across the country. This is an age when children should have a pretty good recollection of their parents and this would be a good time to set out the one I have of mine. My father was not a large man, probably 5 feet 8 or 9 inches and weighed about 165 pounds. He wore a beard and was generally smoking a pipe. I believe his first thought in the morning was to get that pipe going. Of the five boys in the family none ever learned to smoke except the oldest who began when he was past fifty years. That pipe of father's was very strong and we came in contact with it so often that it made such a lasting impression that we early determined to keep as far away from that kind of a thing as possible. While probably his education was limited, he could understand legal affairs and read the news whenever he had a chance to see a paper.

We never heard him say very much about his life at his parent's home; but we have reason to believe his parents were a good influence. We never heard him use any profane language. When he wanted to add some especial snap to his words, he occasionally used the expression "By godfrey", which was not something that any youngster cared to copy. We were never afraid to take any of our troubles to him as he had a way that made us think he understood our side of the question.

I remember an incident that happened soon after the big storm. I wanted a sled to slide down the big drifts that were all around the place and went to mother with my request for one. I was so persistent that she finally told father that he would have to make that boy a sled. I had mentioned it to him myself, but he was too busy and I had gone to mother which got the results. He told me to follow him to the barn. As everything around the place was covered with snow, we went to the hayloft which was filled with straw. Some of this he moved to one side until he could see the floor which consisted of some loose boards laid across the joists.

Selecting one of these boards, he took it to the lower floor where he sawed it into sled runners. Across these he nailed cross pieces and got a piece of rope and I was ready for a slide down the big drifts. While father was not much of a builder, I marveled at the ease he drove the big nails into the edge of the board and didn't have them come out the side. That sled, while the first and cheapest of all that I had later, was of more value and gave more joy than any of the rest.

Father was school director and had the job of hiring the teachers. I remember that one time the neighbor's sone, who had gone to our school as a pupil, wanted to apply for the job as teacher. Someone told father that he was coming that afternoon to make application. Father said that he thought he better go to town so he wouldn't have to tell him that he couldn't have the job as it hadn't been long enough since he was a pupil.

I remember hearing mother tell him that he had better stay right there as he could tell the lad that he couldn't have the job then as well as any other time. Father stayed, but the fellow never came to apply. This would indicate a weakness, but the many times that we heard him tell some of the neighbors in no uncertain terms that they were wrong showed that he had no fear to speak up.

My folks had few pictures of themselves, so we didn't have much of an idea of what they looked like in their younger days. I do remember a small tin type of mother on horseback which was taken when she as a young lady had won some kind of a riding contest at a fair or horse show. She was seated in a side saddle on a good looking horse. I believe that the prize she had won was for gracefulness and horsemanship. This was the only idea we had of what she looked like in her younger days.

She had little time to fix up and have fine clothes when we were young. Her full time was taken up by the many duties of a house full of small children. There is no memory of any crossness or very much scolding, but a lot of the old rocking-chair with a loud squeak which was much overworked

especially when some of the children were not feeling well. Her reading was the thing we looked forward to. The newspapers, the Youth's Companion, as well as all the books we could get hold of filled up the long evenings. Her voice was such as to make it restful to listen, and she seemed to forget her audience and was absorbing the story. We could tell by the emotional places.

On Saturday nights as we listened to her reading, our job was picking over beans that would be for our late Sunday dinner. These had to be ready so they could be put to soak so they could be put in the oven in the morning. The late Sunday dinner was a New England custom and the baked beans were copied from the time they lived near Boston.

None of us got to church very often. With the kind of transportation we had and all the things that had to be done there was little chance. A few times there was a man who tried to start a Sunday School in the schoolhouse, but the difficulties of doing that were next to prohibitive. Father belonged to the Oddfellows and mother to the Rebeccas and they managed to get to their meetings once in awhile. Uncle Charley had moved to town and was running a hotel so there was a place to leave the children.

Sometimes there was a supper and of course some little need for money. One day at school one of the neighbor's boys asked me if my folks were going to the supper at the Rebeccas. This was just a few days after we had butchered a bull for winter meat and I answered him by saying, "Yes, if they could sell the bull-hide." I think that perhaps this would have brought in about one dollar. I well remember telling mother about this and how she explained to me how it wasn't a good thing to tell such things to the other children even if it was true.

Sometimes the men would put on the program and the next meeting it would be the women. It seems one of the men's programs was not very well planned, neither was it well put on; so the following meeting the women put on the same stunts well pre-

pared and well produced. It was so well done that the men were quite peeved and there was considerable discussion. Some of it we listened to on the way home that evening.

In the few visits that mother got a chance to pay to her neighbors' homes, she was quick to notice the things that these women had and she was not able to have in her house. On returning home from such a visit she would explain in closest detail how such things looked and how nice it would be if we could have something of the kind in our house. Father would listen to this for a while but would soon come to the conclusion that she was blaming him because of the meager things that she had to get along with. He would either become silent and glum or would manage to get out of the reach of her voice.

Lack of money was the greatest trouble, so much of the buying was done on credit. All the merchants would readily extend credit and patiently wait until the farmer got enough from his farm to pay his bill. Threshing time was the accepted time to pay the bills. This was the way it was at our house and it was surprising how much of a bill would pile up at the store before threshing time came around. When the threshing was done and father had been to town to settle up at the elevator and pay the store bill, he would generally come home very glum and we could scarcely get him to speak. This mood would last for some time and we wondered what the trouble was. I remember asking mother about this and she told me about how father hadn't gotten money enough from the grain and had to go to the bank to borrow enough to finish paying the bills. His credit at the bank seemed to be always good which was unfortunate in that it kept the family working a good share of the year to help out the banker.

With Uncle Charlie in the hotel in town, there was a place for us to go and to come in contact with other kinds of people. Sometimes we were allowed to stay in town over night. There were two children in my uncle's family, a boy, George, and a

girl, Pearl. Through them we had a chance to learn some of the ways of other people.

I remember being at their place one day and there were some people there, a Methodist minister and his wife and small son. They were in the sitting room having a family prayer service. The minister read some from the Bible and then they all kneeled down for prayer. I had been given a nickel for spending money and held it in my hand most of the time to make sure that I would not lose it. It was in my hand while I was down on my knees along side of the minister's boy and I layed it on the chair where he could see it. When the prayer was over and they got back in their seats the nickle was missing and I didn't see it again. I had thought that a preacher and all his family were people that could do no evil and asked mother about it when I got home. I have forgotten her explanation but anyway I never trusted any preacher's son with any nickle again.

CHAPTER VII

As it was the cheap range that made the sheep business profitable, it followed that when that disappeared, the raising of sheep had to also. A land man wrote to the owners of the section which we had been using and offered a better price than we could afford to pay. His plan was to lease it out to several farmers for a share of the crop and to have it broken up and put in flax.

There was no other way but to sell the sheep, something that pleased a couple of sheepherders very much. That spring plows began at several different places and the grass that probably had grown on that ground for ages was a thing of the past. Farmers, who had horses that could be spared for the work, would take as much of the land as he thought he could handle. The man had no trouble in getting it all leased. Some brothers, that came to be known to us as the Chamber's Brothers, took nearly half and they established a camp where they lived and kept their horses while they were busy with breaking and sowing of the crop. The first crop was to be flax which yielded fairly well on new ground. They went to work with four plows pulled with four horses on each plow. These were riding plows which were new to most people but they proved very practical and it was surprising how soon the face of that land turned from green to black. The plows would turn a continuous sod from one end of the land to the other. One of the horses walked on the new turned sod and leveled it down so that there was a fairly level seed bed left.

It was necessary only to go over the plowed surface with a disk and then broadcast the seed and finish with a harrow. As it wasn't necessary to have the seed in the ground so very early, there was time for them to get the breaking done in time. In only a few weeks the land turned green, but with an entirely different shade than its original color. As the summer advanced, the color of the landscape changed from a greenish blue to a light blue when the flax got in bloom. Sometimes when there

was a gentle wind the land would have the appearance of a sea with gentle waves.

The crop proved very good and when the flax was ripe there was much activity as the reapers cut it and left it in little piles where it was later hauled to the threshing machine.

There had been many improvements to the threshing mahcine. It was now powered by a steam engine that not only ran the machine but pulled it from place to place. The machine now had an elevator that delivered the grain right into the farmer's wagon. There was a self feeder that fed the grain into the machine and there was a swing straw stacker that could be raised until the stack was as big as they wanted it.

With plenty of land and the improved farm machinery, the raising of grain increased tremendously. More grain elevators were built in the towns and railroads were crossing the country in many directions. As the grain was shipeed out, money came back and many new things were added to the farms.

As the first crop was flax, the second one was generally wheat. The men who had the land next to our place didn't want it the second year so there was a chance for us to get some of the land. That fall we began back setting which was returning the sod that the breaking plows had turned over. The object was to plow the ground a little deeper than it was broken so that there would be some new soil turned up on top that would make a good seed bed for the new crop.

We went at it with two plows, one pulled by three horses which my older brother Fay had, and another smaller pulled by two horses which I had. These were walking plows. That is the operator had to walk behind them and hold the handles so the plow would go straight and leave the land as smooth as possible.

From the time we could start, which was late August, until the ground began to freeze we followed those plows. When we had the land we were going to seed plowed, father took the job of plowing some more for one dollar and a quarter an acre. We were

working for the land man and he often stopped by to see how we were progressing. One day he showed me how he wanted the plow held and said that if I would try and hold it that way, he would buy me a new hat when the job was done. Sometime after we had finished the plowing he saw me in town and talked about the plwoing when I mentikoned his promise. He took me to a store and bought me a new cap.

The next spring we were very busy sowing wheat. We had two six foot seeders, each pulled by two horses and having cultivator teeth that covered the seed. These were followed by a drag or harrow. The drivers of these had to walk behind them so as to better see that all the ground was covered with no overlapping. While this was tiresome work there was a feeling of accomplishment that was never there in the sheep herding.

When the seed was in the ground there was nothing to be done with that crop until harvest. This left the farmer free to do his other work such as raising corn and taking care of his cattle, hogs, and chickens. It was now that there began to be fences built so that cattle would not be getting into a neighbor's crop. Barb wire had been invented and could be bought in spools of 80 rods. The building of the fence consisted in driving posts about 20 to 25 feet apart using a heavier well braced post at the corner or end and on these were stapled two strands of the wire. The sharp barbs of the wire would keep the cattle from trying to get through.

When horses were turned out, this kind of a fence was not so good as they would run into the wire and tear themselves to pieces. Many good horses were ruined by trying to run over a barbed wire fence and barb wire medicine was a remedy found in nearly every barn.

When the grain began to get ripe the farmers whole time was spent in getting it harvested. It was cut and tied into bundles. The bundles were put into a shock which consisted of several bundles set up so that they would support each other and one

was place on top to form a cap or cover.

The self binder that did the work of cutting the grain and tying it into bundles was pulled by five horses. Three were hitched directly to the machine and two to a chain that extanded to the front. Father drove the three and I rode on one of the two which were hitched in front. That year we pooled the work with a neighbor who did the shocking. The crop of grain was very good. There was little difficulty in getting it cut and shocked. Fay would do the farm chores and he would haul the milk to the creamery which had been established in town. It was the practice to haul the whole milk to the creamery where there was a separator that took out the cream. Then the skim milk was returned to the farm where it was feed to the hogs.

When the grain was all cut and shocked, then the job of stacking the bundles began. We had two wagons with racks on them which were filled with the bundles and hauled to where the stacks were to be. As one man pitched the bundles to the man who did the stacking, he placed them in a circular pile shaped like a cone. This was so designed that water would not run into it but always work to the outer side where it would drip to the ground leaving the grain in the stack day even in hard driving rains. The neighbor did the stacking, father pitched the bundles to him, and Fay and I did what we could to fill the other wagon before they got theirs unloaded.

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The grain was left in the stacks until there was a threshing machine in the neighborhood. Then several neighbors would come to help and the grain would be threshed and hauled to town or to the granery.

Threshing time was a time to be looked forward to. It was a time of long work days for the farmer and family. It was necessary for him to get started early so that the farm chores would be all done and he would be free to take care of the many things that were bound to come up when so many people came to work. There had to be four men who did the pitching of the grain to the machine. There were two

men with teams to haul the threshed grain to the granery or if it was hauled to town, several more so there would always be a wagon at the machine. There was an extra shoveler to help unload the wagons, and generally a couple of men in the strawpile to put it up in shape for winter feed. When the grain was wheat, the straw was left to fall as it would as those piles were generally burned.

With all that activity there had to be a lot of activity in the house also. As all these men had to be fed, the neighbor's wives came also to prepare the food. It was considered necessary to have the best of food as the men going from one place to another were in a position to compare the food they got at different farms.

The men who owned the machine were paid by the bushel and it was for their interest to get as much through the machine as possible and of course make as long a day as possible. The farmer was not objecting to this as he wanted to get the job over as soon as possible. So late at night, he was finishing the evening chores and hoping to get enough sleep so he would be able to take the next days work.

Threshing time as we saw it then will soon be forgotten. No more the gathering of neighbors or the long day of work or any of the other things that made the threshing of long ago something that will remain in the memory of the people of those days. Best of all this was the spirit with which each neighbor took his part. There was no question in any ones mind but that he would be a necessary member of the group and would fill his place in the complete set up.

What impressed me most was the way that everyone did the job outlined for him. The crew that came with the machine was organized. It was interesting to see how they went about their work from the time the machine was pulled in between the stacks until the big belt was on and the bundles of grain were going down the hungry throat of the separator. It would take but a few minutes to accomplish the setting which consisted of leveling the

machine, lining up the swing stacker, rolling out the big belt, getting a wagon backed under the elevator and backing the engine back to tighten the belt. By then the men were on the stack ready to start pitching them into the machine. At the granery the farmer and his helpers were busy shoveling the grain into a bin without the help of the portable elevator that came into use later. In the house there were women getting the food ready for a big meal. The kitchen table was stretched out to the greatest length the room would allow. Boards were laid across chairs to make sitting space for all the men.

For weeks there had been planning for this and the house had to be kept in shape so as to bear inspection of the women who came to help. When it came time for the men to come for their meal there would be a bucket of water and some wash pans placed on a bench outside. There they would get some of the grease and dust off their hands and faces before they came into the house. The talk and banter of the men as they washed and took their places at the talbe was a change from every day living and many new ideas were the result of hearing them. Some were late and came in when they could get back from hauling grain to town or perhpas the water hauler had to be away searching for water for the engine. While it was a strenuous time for the farmer and his family, it was also a break in daily living in which he heard of the difficulties and hopes of his neighbor.

I well remember the threshing even to the smells that came from the dust of the machine and the coal smoke of the engine as it puffed out the trail of black that floated across the evening sky.

As I grew older threshing created a chance for me to earn some money. I got a job dring the water wagon that kept the engine in water. It was the water monkey, as he was called, that had the job of getting out before daylight and starting the fire in the boiler of the steam engine. The red of the eastern sky, and the crowing of the farmer's chickens as well as the sizzling of the steam as it

gained pressure were things to stick to one's memory.

It was considered good policy to sue as much as possible of the farm product in the daily living of the family. Bread was not something to be bought in a store but was manufactured in the farmer's kitchen out of flour made from wheat that was raised right there on the farm. Many of the early settlements began close to a mill that was situated on a stream that could furnish water power to run the mill.

There was such a settlement about 22 miles to the northwest of us where there were two such mills. Farmers would take their wheat there and bring back the flour and also the bran and middlings that the wheat produced. Such a trip would get them enough flour to last for several weeks. Father made such trips whenever our supply ran low. He would leave early in the morning and probably would not be able to get home before the evening of the following day. Often there were other farmers ahead of him and he would have to wait until they got what they wanted before the miller could take care of his load. He would take feed for the team and they were left tied to the wagon while he slept on the floor of the mill office.

When father left home on one of these trips, it was very uncertain when he would get back. On one trip which was made in the month of March there was snow on the ground and there appeared to be much better going for a sled than a wagon wo that was what he took. The weather was cold when he left but turned warmer during the day and by night when he got to the mill the snow had started to melt. He was delayed getting his first, so it was the next afternoon before he started home.

He had not gone very far before he began to see that there were many places on the road where there was no snow left. As he got farther along he came to places where the water had began to run over the road. There was nothing to do but to go on. Houses were far between and he had been gone from home about long enough. A very tired team was

not traveling fast and he found it necessary to stop so they could rest when the stretches of bare ground were too long. As the sun got lower in the west he was finding places in the road where the water was so deep that there was danger of it getting into the load and spoiling the flour. Very late in the evening he came slowly plodding into the yard, tired and with a team of horses that could hardly drag the load, but with enough flour to keep the family for several more months.

Years after it so happened that I was to live a very short distance from the old mill and saw it torn down and the place where it stood made into a park. The old wood and rock dam that made it possible to get power from the river was replaced with a fine concrete dam which was a means fo holding the river water back so there would be water for the city wells. This was at Rock Rapids and the mill stood in what now is called Island Park. The location that was known as the north mill was along the small creek known as Getman Creek, part of which was the old mill race where the water taken from the river above the dam flowed through the mill down into the bend of the river that swings west from the bridge in the park.

As the raising of grain increased there became more interest in land and what could be done to increase the acres that could be put into crop. When the prairie was in its natural state, the high ground or upland as it was called was covered with a short grass. The lower ground, or the sloughs, was covered with a longer grass that grew high enough for hay. Quite often these sloughs were quite narrow and formed a long crooked streak through what otherwise would have been a good field on which to raise grain. Snow drifting across the country in the winter would lodge in the long grass of the sloughs so that when spring came there was a natural stop for the water. It had to soak into the ground making a soft place where the farmers' machines would sink down and get stalled.

It was when a farm had several of these that the farmer began to think of some way to drain them

so he would have a better field. This idea of getting rid of these sloughs and the loss of the natural water barrier was the beginning of the drainage that was to make the country had a faster run off and lower the ground water level.

Someone saw a chance to make some money by making a hidden water way through these low places that the farmer could farm across. This was accomplished by a kind of a large heavy machine that had a cigar shaped projectile like object attached to its underside in such a manner that it could be raised or lowered into the ground where it could be held a certain depth as the machine was pulled along through the slough. The projectile like object was attached to the frame of the machine by a thin piece of steel that would cut through the top of the ground and leave only a slit while the projectile like part was forced through the ground making a round waterway that was entirely hidden when the ground settled back after the machine had passed.

The motive power used to pull the machine was oxen as they were much better adapted to cope with the mud they would have to go through than horses. They could also make their living from the grass that grew near where the work was to be done. It was very easy to get these oxen from the farmer who needed his land drained as the ditcher could take them in as payment for the work that he did.

It took considerable power to pull the machine with its projectile like instrument at least two feet in the ground, so there would be from six to eight yoke of oxen. Sometimes these would be hitched in a single line, one pair ahead of another. If the ground was real wet and the footing was not good in the place they wanted the drain, then a long timber was used as a kind of an evener and the yokes were divided and half hitched to each end of the timber. When hitched in this way it was the practice to drive one string as far ahead as they could go and then leave that string which was mired in the mud so they couldn't back up and prod those on the other end until they were ahead as far as

they could go. This see saw action would gradually take the heavy machine down through the distance it was supposed to go.

There also was a method of making an open ditch with this same machine. When the drain was blind it was soon blocked by some obstruction like a place where the ground was not strong enough to support the top when it would fall in and at once clog it. When there was an open ditch, the first heavy rain would wash in the sides and there would soon be a place that was of more trouble than the wet patch had ever been. Then there was the lack of care in making the drain have the proper fall so that the water would drain off.

When we look back in later years it was quite evident that the whole ditching set up was just a method in which some enterprising men got some of the farmers hard earned money.

When the complete outfit moved from one job to the next it was quite a spectacle and everybody would go out to the road to see the thing pass slowly by. First came the long string of oxen hitched to the ditcher. Next, fastened behind was the sleeping shack, where the men lived. Behind that was a wagon that hauled their supplies. All of this moved at a snail's pace. A man with a big whip walked on either side of the oxen urging them along with loud commands and the crack of the whip. The oxen did only what they were forced to do, their training in the mud of the sloughs having taught them that slowness was a thing to be desired. The leaders strove to get a bite of the road side grass and pulled the head of its mate with it as it reached for the tempting morsel, and swinging back as its mate strove for a bite on his side.

Yes, the ditching with oxen was just another of those things that the people in a new country had to go through to learn what was best, and most profitable for them to do to make the country into the fertile land it has become.

As the grass in the sloughs disappeared and the water was allowed to pass freely toward the rivers, the wet spots were less in evidence and the

creeks had water in them only a part of the season. Wild ducks began to go farther north to next and the farmers had to begin digging their wells deeper.

Our well in front of the house began to fail and we often had to drive the cattle almost a mile so they could get water out of Rat Creeks. Then a little later we had to haul water from a well that we had dug in a draw some 80 rods from the buildings. This became a daily chore. We had a stone boat, as it was called, because the farmers in Vermont used such a thing to ahul stones out of their fields. It was pulled by one horse and there was two barrels on it which were drawn up along the side of the well. As the buckets were filled at the pump they were emptied into the barrels which were filled nearly to the top, and then the horse was led slowly home. The runners of the stone boat were getting so hot with the friction of the ground that we could smell the burning pine. It was usually a job for two boys to get a load of water. One was to work the pump handle while the other emptied the bucket into the barrel. For several years, we hauled water and although father had well diggers put down several wells close to home, they never had any luck in getting water.

One foggy Sunday morning we thought that it would be a good thing if there was a little more power on the stone boat so we hitched a team of the work horses to it and went for the customary load of water. Something must have scared the team while we were filling the barrels for they started off at high speed upsetting the water and running for home with the stone boat dragging behind and never stopped until they had dragged it through the barn door. While we came running behind we could not be seen from the house because of the fog and we found some fightened parents wondering what had happened. After patching up the harness we started out again and with a little more care got back safely with the water.

For more than ten years this water hauling was a regular chore and many a runner was worn out as

the stone boat was dragged down the road. Finally it was determined that we were to have a new well regardless of the cost and the well diggers came again. One of them took a willow branch and first asking father where would be a handy spot for a well, he went to work ditching for a vein of water. The willow would turn in his hands whenever he would cross the vein and he would trace the places where there was a possibility of finding water. After following it for a time he bagan to get closer to the place where father thought the well could be. Finally he indicated that a well could be had only a few feet from that spot. When they had bored down 80 feet they came to a good supply of water, and that was the last of the water hauling.

When the new well was completed there was a windmill erected and water flowed into a large round wooden tank whenever the wind was strong enough to turn the mill which was nearly everyday.

We were all very much interested in how the windmill would be put up. The tower was to be fifty fett high and the wheel that was to power the pump was to be on top of that. The tower was built on the ground of wood and the wheel fastened in place and the whole thing was painted. Some anchor posts were set at the well and the bottom of the tower was fastened to two of these. Then a long rope was fastened to the top of the tower and a team of horses were hitched to the rope. Guy lines of lighter rope were rigged to hold the thing in place when it became upright and to steady it as it was being raised. One man was stationed at each guy rope with instructions to keep them ready and to be ready to fasten them to a stake whenever so ordered. A pole was placed under the pull rope and every thing being ready, the driver of the team was told to start the pull and as the boss of the job stood out where he could see everything, the heavy tower moved slowly to an upright position where the other anchor posts were fastened and the ropes released. The windmill was now ready to take over the job that caused us so many trips in so many different kinds of weather.

CHAPTER VIII

When there was a great deal of land that was not plowed and long grass grew on much of the lower ground there was a good chance for wild life to live undisturbed. It was not unusual to find wild ducks with a brood of young. Often we would scare a prairie chicken from her nest and she would run away with her wings in a position that made us think she was a cripple. This we quickly found to be only an attempt to lead us away from the nest. Once we found the nest of a wild duck that had a number of little ducks in it and as it was near the creek we took them to the water to see if they could swim. As we placed them in the water they promptly disappeared from sight and we didn't see them again.

One Sunday afternoon the whole family went over to visit another family that lived near the Little Rock River, a small stream, not far from the place where we saw them building the railroad. While we were there, they took us down along the river to go fishing. The water in the stream was perfectly clear and as we walked along the bank we could see fish lying on the bottom. Their method of fishing was to fasten a piece of small wire in the shape of a loop on the end of the line instead of a hook. This was carefully lowered into the water just in front of a fish and then carefully moved back toward the fish. If the thing was cone with the proper care it could be moved directly over the fishes head when by a pull on the line the fish was lifted out of the river.

It took a steady hand and considerable skill to catch fish this way. The sport was much better than sitting down and waiting for the fish to bite a hook.

The old lumber wagon as it was called was our only means of travel and trips in it were not the most enjoyable ones. Some of the neighbors had lighter rigs and we often wished that we could go somewhere in a rig that would have less of the jolt that the wagon had. One day in the fall as we were

stacking oats there was a peculiar train of some kind of vehicles going along the road and as we were watching we saw that it pulled into our yard. The man who was driving it left his team at the house and walked out to the field where we were working. He talked to father for a long time and as it was near noon, we all went to the house where we could see that the train he had was several spring wagons coupled together very closely by removing the tongues and using some short pieces of rion instead. Each vehicle was covered with a piece of canvass. The man ate dinner with us and after the meal took us out to the train of vehicles where he uncovered one of them for our inspection. What we saw was a bright shiny spring wagon with two seats. After some more talk with father he uncoupled the rear one. Then he took the canvass off and placed the tongue which was in the body underneath the seats, in its proper position and left the new vehicle in our yard. We at once understood that father had bought the new buggy and he told us that it cost $67.00.

There was no chance to try out the new rig until the next Sunday as there could be no break in the harvest of grain to go riding around the country. For the rest of the week we wondered what a ride in the rig would be like and spent some time sitting in the seats and looking it over.

When Sunday morning came we were all ready for the trip. After dinner, the best team of horses was hitched to the new buggy. The heavy work harness was not exactly in keeping with the new rig, but was the best there was and was surely strong enough to pull the light rig. With as much pride as any of the later people had in their new autos we started out. The smoothness and springy ease with which the new rig took us over the road was a thing to marvel at. For a time it was the new rig that occupied all of our attention; but as we went on the country side, it became the main attraction. Though we did not get very far from home, we began to see houses that we didn't know were there and farm stock and buildings that proved that many people were begin-

ning to occupy the land.

For a time, the new rig went along silently and easy, but when we were farthest from home and had started on the way back something seemed to go wrong. First, we noticed that the thing was not moving along as freely as it had at first. Then we noticed that one of the forward wheels was not turning as it should and soon stopped entirely and was just sliding along the ground. Of course, the team was stopped at once and we all got out to see waht the matter was. Father got the wrench out of the place behind the foot rest in the front part of the rig and at once took the nut off the end of the axel so as to release the wheel. The wheel would neither turn or would it come off and it looked as if we were stuck on the road many miles from home.

By working the wheel back and forth and waiting for the axel to cool the wheel was finally taken off. Then at once it was apparent that the trouble was only lack of grease. The wheel had fitted so closely that friction had melted the grease and expanded the axel so that the wheel could not turn.

We were not far from a farm and Fay was sent there to get something to lubricate all the wheels and then we were on our way again. There was some worry as to what the damage might be to the wheel or axel but this didn't turn out to be much.

For more than 30 years this Marshalltown buggy gave us the best of service. Many years after that first trip, the miles of travel it got never had any effect on the wheels though it must have gone without grease many times.

While there were many fancy carriages in the country and factories were turning them out in great numbers, for many years the thing that was to replace them began to be seen soon after we bought the new buggy. This was the rubber tire that much later was to change the method of transportation in a wonderful way.

I believe that I have mentioned that the road ran diagonal across the section where we herded the sheep and this trail was used up til the time that

the breaking plows made it into crop land. From the back of our house we could see who was coming along this road for a considerable distance before they passed the house. One day as I was looking out that way I saw what appeared to be a tall man coming down the road on foot. As I watched something made me wonder how he could travel so fast on foot as he was getting closer by the minute. While his feet were going up and down they didn't have the motion of a man walking as the motion was too fast for that. As he came nearer, I was surprised to see that he was astride a wheel which was turning between his legs and taking him down the road at about the speed that a team of horses would travel.

What I was seeing was one of the first bicycles which consisted of a large wheel with a seat on top of it and a small wheel which followed along behind and kept the seat from falling either to the front or back. The reason that the wheel didn't fall to the side was because the man had a bar with which he could turn the wheel and keep it in a balance straight up from the ground. The motive force was the man's legs and feet which rested on a crank fastened to each side of the wheel. This was so arranged that when one was down the other was at the top. The cranks were called pedals and there was a part where the feet rested that would turn so there was no wear on his shoes. The height of the man somewhat governed the size of the wheel although there was some adjustment to the seat. The wheels had a narrow rubber tire that made the riding less rough and the whole thing was so light that it took a small amount of energy to make it go.

All of these things I found out when I had a chance to see it in town and could examine the way it was built. This was a somewhat dangerous way to travel as when the large wheel would strike some obstruction the small wheel would raise off the ground and the rider would go over forward on his nose.

The arrangement of the wheels was changed in later models and the small wheel was put in front; but all of these were quite unsatisfastory and it

was not until the safety model as it was called was hit upon that the general use of the bicycle increased. The safety model had two wheels both the same size and the pedals were fastened to a shaft about midway between them and the power carried to the rear wheel by a chain belt. A long tubular frame carried the seat that could be raised or lowered to suit the height of the rider. The hard rubber tires were improved by making them larger with a space in the center that could be filled with air under pressure. This was a very satisfactory conveyance and a very economical way to travel.

Many people bought bicycles and it soon became a common sight to see a group of several going down the road on a pleasure trip. The frame on some was modified to make a bike for the ladies and others were lengthened so that two could ride, one part for the men and the other for his lady.

Bicycle repair shops were established in every town and did a thriving business. Speeds were governed by law and rules were made governing procedures of meeting peoples' horses on the road. Bicyle races became a part of every celebration. Racing bikes were built that had a larger sprocket wheel in front to increase the ratio and drive the machine at greater speed with fewer turns of the pedals.

CHAPTER IX

The next member of the family was a girl and she was named Blanche Ethel. While she was a small baby all the children had the whooping cough. This was an experience to be remembered and bothered us for several weeks. Earl and I seemed to be the ones that had the most serious trouble with it. Often when a fit of coughing would come on we would put our hands on our knees and lean over and cough until we were exhausted. Then we would fall over on the ground where we would rest until we were able to get up again.

The baby also had a very serious time and would sometimes be without breath for so long that her face would turn blue. Mother would watch her in despair thinking that she would not breathe again. Once I saw her pick her up in her arms and start running to the field where father was working not expecting that he could help in any way, but to be where he could see and so she would not have to endure the terrible ordeal alone.

Fay didn't have the shooping cough, but the other five spent weeks coughing and wondering if there was ever going to be an end to it.

It was at about this time that work on the farm reached a maximum. Beside the home place, we were now farming a good deal of rented land. Three of us boys were able to do a man's job when it was driving a team in the field. Many long days we followed a plow or seeder or harrow. The land was new and rich and the crops were good. There was hardly a year but what the harvest was heavy and the work of getting it in was just a little too much for the crew that had to to do.

Sometimes it was possible to get some help from men who came along following the harvest and would work until the grain was in the stack. I had gotten to a point where I could do the stacking. One year the number of stacks I put up were 87. Two stacks a day was the regular program during all the days when the grain was in fit shape to stack.

Our neighbor to the south was a german who had

not been in America very long and his stacking was done by creeping along the stack on his knees and placing the bundles with his hands, something he had probably learned in Germany. While his stacks were smooth and well shaped they were packed so firmly clear to the outer edge that they would not settle there any more than they would in the center. Consequently the outer bundles didn't hang down and the rain would run into the interior of the stack and when threshing time came they were found to be wet and unfit to thresh.

This man had a nephew who had just arrived from Germany to make his home in America and it was arranged that he would come to work for us beginning in the spring and staying all through the season. He could not speak a word of English and there was considerable trouble in telling him what he was expected to do. He was a very willing worker and when evening came, he was so tired that he would find a place to lie down and would stay there until it was time to go to bed.

There was an old work bench on the north side of our house, where it was his habit to rest after supper when all the work was done. He generally would remove his shoes and his feet would be exposed in such a way that it was a temptation for a small boy to pass without trying to find out whether his feet were as subject to tickling as were feet that belonged to people who were born in America. The first time this was tried the results were more than expected. After several tries there would be a pouring out of German cuss words that were quite beyond anything we had ever heard and well worth another attempt. Soon the little dutchman as we called him was mad enough to throw anything he could get his hands on with deadly aim at his tormentors. Father had to take a hand and prohibit any more of this kind of amusement or there would have been someone badly hurt.

As listening to a language he couldn't understand was not very entertaining, he would spend every Sunday at his uncle's place and would not return until late in the evening after we had all

gone to bed. One Sunday evening it was raining when he was about to return. There were showers with thunder and lightening as he walked the short distance back to our place and the shiny eyes of a small animal didn't disturb him much as he was carrying a heavy stick. The eyes which reflected each flash of lightening didn't seem to move out of the way. With a well directed blow with the stick. he proceeded on his way; but something took place that he didn't understand and had never experienced before this. It was a smell that was overwhelming and something to get away from as fast as possible.

When we went out to do chorses the next morning there was Henry's best suit hanging on the clothes line. Although it rained considerable during the night, there was still the smell of a polecat so strong that we didn't care to go near the line. In broken English and a few motions, he told us about the trip home and said that he never had seen such an animal and didn't care to meet another.

The nice suit of German clothes hung on the line for several days and then was not fit to bring in the house, but was hung in an old shed where it hung for several months. That fall during harvest, he began to wear the jacket to work, but whenever it was laid down on the wagon or on the ground the crickets would eat holes in the cloth. He would spend his time as we rode home from the field killing crickets with a pitch fork and uttering cuss words with each stroke of the fork.

The hired man helped to get the farm work done and made it possible to take on more. It didn't help any as far as mother's work was concerned but added to the food that had to be cooked and there was one more to sleep in an overcrowded house. I do not remember of mother ever complaining about this but when I consider what must have been the kind of life she was living I wonder how she ever was able to endure it.

There were a few times when she got a way for a day, but very few. One of these was a trip to Sioux City to the Corn Palace. This was a name for

a kind of a celebration that was put on by the business interests of that city to promote the raising of more corn as this would increase the number of livestock such as cattle, hogs, and sheep. They did this by building a large temporary building that each year was covered over with corn from top to bottom and the interior had many decorations made of corn. Many people from all around the surrounding territory made trips to see the Corn Palace. The railroad ran excursion trains that brought new crowds to the city everyday.

It was on one of these trains that mother along with a neighbor lady and her son went for a day at the Corn Palace. At that time I was under twelve years of age and could travel on the train at half fair, so I was the one to go along to be company for the neighbor boy.

Father took us to the train early in the morning. I had layed awake for a large part of the night wondering what the trip would be like and worrying that I might get lost in the city and might never get home. It was to be my first ride on the train and I watched everything about how the people had to buy a ticket, how they were loaded into the cars, and how the motion of the heavy train was a lot different from the wagon in which we came to town. The smooth even ride of the cars as they sped along the rails was wonderful and the speed that we went was unbelievable. As we looked out the car window, the telegraph poles seemed to fly past and when the train passed over a bridge the sound changed until we were on solid earth again.

The trip was not long and it seemed but a few minutes before we were pulling into the city. For a time we were passing through what appeared to be where the poorer people lived. Their houses were small and unpainted and the surroundings were junk piles and box cars. The train went more slowly as we came to the depot and rolled along beside a long platform lined with some kind of vehicles drawn by horses. They had the drivers seat upon the top while the passengers rode in the lower part. As we

got out of the train, the noise seemed deafening as these drivers began yelling their story which was their method of getting passengers. "Have a hack. Take you right to the Corn Palace". They would walk right up to the people and act as if they were going to take their hand bags. We didn't take a hack, but walked and the things that we saw as we went along were different and quite interesting. The first thing to notice was a car somewhat like the one we had rode in coming but a lot smaller. It ran on rails but was pulled by horses. I at once noticed that it was hard for the horses as they had to pull real hard to get the car going and then it would run up on them before the driver could slow it up with the brake. Many people were riding on them as it appeared to be much cheaper to travel that way than with a hack. Further along we came to a high hill that had one side cut away for the street to pass. The side stood up very straight and did not crumble as would be expected. We could see where people had carved their names in the dirt which didn't seem to wash away. Then there was a small carriage drawn by two small ponies and carrying a man and two children. We saw them stop and the man get out and take the ponies by the rein so he could lead them around so that the children could drive back home while he went to work. There was a never ending view of things that were new and interesting and the distance to the Corn Palace was quickly covered.

Inside the corn palace there was much to see. Corn was used for everything. A large map of the United States was made by gluing kernals of corn on the wall. Different colors of corn made the rivers and state boundaries stand out plainly. Corn was everywhere and people were bound to get an idea that it was a very important article.

I was soon free from the rest of the party and was roaming around taking in the many sights. The thing that stands out in my memory most was a thing that at first appeared to look like mother's sewing machine. There was a young lady sitting behind it and all around there were people standing with

tubes sticking in their ears and an expression on their faces that showed that they were listening to something. When some of them went away I immediately took hold of the ear tubes and before the lady started the machine she collected five cents from each listener. After this she began to pedal the machine and we began to hear frist a peculiar squeaking sound that gradually turned into a faint far away music. This lasted for two or three minutes and the machine again stopped ready for another bunch of listeners. The machine was called a phonograph and what we were hearing was some of the first recorded music. Later in the day, I came to this machine again and now there was a man running the pedals and only men happened to be listening. I determined to hear it again and waited until there were ear tubes free. One of the listeners told the one who was operating the machine to give us something quick and devilish. As the thing began to squeak again there came forth a story that I never supposed was allowed, at least in a public place.

In the middle of the day we took our lunch to the top of a high hill which looked out over the Missouri River and there we could eat our lunch while we could watch the boats on the river.

After several more hours at the Corn Palace, we walked back to the depot to be ready when the train would go back to our town. Late in the evening we were back again at the farm, in my case with many different ideas of what the rest of the world was doing. One thing that we heard in Sioux City was of a man being killed just across the river in Nebraska. The story was that visitors went across the river and visited places where liquor was sold as the laws of Iowa didn't allow it to be sold in our state. It was natural to think that our state was the best; but later years saw many developments of the laws governing the sale of liquor and many different ideas as to which was the best way to govern its sale.

Another time when mother was able to get away from all the work and care of the farm was when we

went fishing over at Round Lake, Minnesota. It is very hard for me to remember the time that these trips were made and an only judge when the time was by my own age at that time.

The next member of the family was Roscoe Freeman, the youngest of all, and he was born at least three or four years before the fishing trip. I am quite sure he was one of the party that set out in the farm wagon for a week camping and fishing. There was Uncle Charlie's family and all of ours except father who was to stay home and take care of the farm while all the rest were gone.

It was on the second day of June, I remember the day of the month as it was Fay's birthday, that we started on the trip to the lake. All the equipment, feed for the horses, food for the group, (eleven in all), a tent and a great many other things were all loaded into the wagon and we were on our way. There were two spring seats near the front and some hay in the back where some of the youngsters could ride. A very jolly party had much to see and a great deal to talk about as we went slowly along. At noon we stopped and fed and watered the horses and got something for ourselves to eat. We made a camp fire along side of the road and rested a little and then we were on our way again. It was near the end of the day when we got to the lake. When we had found a camp site and got a boat hired for the next day, it was dark.

At daylight, we were awake and ready to go out on the lake to try our hand at fishing. Only a few of us went on that trip. None of us had ever ridden in a boat and of course never had any experience in rowing one. All were willing to try and it was not long before the boat was moving along and we were ready for fish. The method used was to troll with spoon hooks and we had one out on either side and one in the rear. The job of rowing was not the burden then that it became later. The first fish hooked came out of the water and swung back and forth across the boat slapping the fishermen in the face but finally was landed safely in the bottom.

That morning, fishing was good and after an

hour or more we were back to the tent where breakfast was ready and everybody ready for it.

Our boat was continually on the lake during all the daylight hours during the next four days. Sometimes it was loaded beyond any rules of comfort or safety, but always bringing in fish. When it was time to pack up for home we had two large tubs full all cleaned and salted.

The trip back was like the one going except that the passengers were a little less enthusiastic and a little quieter. We arrived safely toward evening Saturday and found father glad to be through with his job of housekeeper as well as farmer.

Several times in the following years I have gone to that same lake but never with the pleasure that we got out of that trip. While we were all day on the road, later trips could be made in the afternoon of one day with some hours of fishing and getting home the same day. There was no such thing as a fishing license and the lakes were full of fish.

CHAPTER X

While education was considered necessary, work and making money seemed to be more important. When there was work to be done at home, we were often kept away from school to do it. As we grew older, the only time we got to school was in the winter time when there was little that could be done except chores which we were supposed to do before and after school. Even with this kind of an arrangement we made considerable progress with our learning. The program that the school followed was very flexible and missing a day now and then didn't handicap us to a great extent.

There was quite a variety of different kind of teachers. Some were the kind of person who impressed the pupils with their desire to have them learn and some were minor characters that were soon forgotten. Of the many that I came in contact with during the short time I had in school there are a few that I can remember but many that I have forgotten entirely.

Of course the first teacher was the easiest to remember as she was the first person of authority that I had come in contact with besides my father and mother. While she made no attempt to teach me because she thought that I didn't belong in school because of my age, I believe that I gathered more knowledge during her term than any other. While the methods of teaching now are compared with that one room school of the last century, there are a few things that can be said in favor of the earlier methods. While now there is a great deal of time spent in making school days pleasant, then it was little of amusements and a great emphasis on work.

All the grades being housed in the one room gave the pupils in the lower grades a chance to absorb a lot that was being taught to the more advanced. There wasn't much heard about grades. We were either in the first reader or perhaps the second, third, fourth, or fifth. Swinson's readers were used and while we were studying the first

reader, we were listening to others who were reading in the second and so on until when we were near the fifth we could repeat from memory nearly every story in it.

Some of the teachers had fairly good control of the children while others could do little to make them mind. It was always a great temptation to raise up in one's seat to see who ever might be passing the schoolhouse. The windows were too high to see out without standing up and the things that were going on outside too interesting to pass up, so we would disobey the rules about looking out the windows. One teacher had so little control that the whole school would stand whenever there was the noise of a wagon going by. He was considered a failure as a teacher, but later when he had studied for a doctor, he became a somewhat noted surgeon.

Another man teacher was a large heavy fellow who could easily handle the toughest pupil but never did. He was a victim of the tobacco habit and would try to chew tobacco during school hours thinking that he could do it without the pupils knowing it. Of course, they knew it immediately.

Another man teacher, a very nervous firey kind of person, had himself on edge as well as all the rest, most of the time. It was not very long before some of the pupils found out some of the ways to keep him roused up and spent much thought in figuring out situations that would cause his lack of self control to show up. I remember that one day he had a spelling class lined up along the wall and was pronouncing words for them to spell. He told them that it would be well for them to pronounce the word after him as that would make sure that they understood exactly the word that they were trying to spell. It had never been the practice to do this and many of the pupils would forget what he had said and would begin to spell the word without first pronouncing it. When this had happened several times, he at once began to expect that there was a conspiracy to cause trouble. This seemed to him to be made doubly certain when he saw some of them conferring in whispers. When the time came for them

to spell, sure enough the first one forgot to pronounce his word. Fire seemed to fly from his eyes and he reached out and caught the pupil by the collar and pulled him over a seat and twisted him around and forced him back in line as he shouted, "Pronouce your word". This made some of the class a little scared, but for the most part it was a feeling of disgust that showed in the faces of the rest as the spelling went on.

At the next recess, this was discussed and the pupils were more than ever agreed to take every advantage that came in sight to make him trouble. For my part, this kind of doing was wrong but was something that would happen only because of the way the teacher failed to see that he wasn't using the proper attitude toward the pupils. While he was a really intelligent person and would do a great deal to help advance the learning of the pupils, he never got their confidence, but let them drive him nearly crazy before the term was over.

Then there was the school mam whose boyfriend came each Friday night a little before time to close school. He had a livery rig and of course was interviewed by the children as to where he got the teams, what it cost him and why he came after the teacher. More questions had to be answered by the teacher on Monday when she came back. Brother Earl seemed to have considerable trouble with this teacher as she seemed to have him locked in the coal shed a great many times.

I never did have much trouble in school. I believe that this was not so much because of any angelic qualifications but more because of the few days that I could be in school and the great need I saw of spending all the time there in getting what learning I could while I was there. One lady teacher got me to take the job of building the fire and sweeping out the schoolroom and dusting off the desks. This made it necessary that I be there a little earlier than the rest and was generally working when the teacher arrived. This gave her a good chance to do some visiting with me which the rest knew nothing about. She seemed to enjoy this

and I believe came a little earlier on that account. One day she asked me to give her a definition of a "gentlemen". When I thought it was some kind of a high classed Englishmen, she said that I had better look it up. Several days later she asked if I had found out, and when I told her, "No," she told me that the best definition that she knew was myself. Later she made me a present of a book, the name of which was The Gentleman. Later when I had time to read the book I found many passages marked which was something that I didn't understand then; but upon reading it again in later years they did make some sense when I looked back to those fire building mornings.

Schoolhouses were located every two miles and sometimes several schools would go together in organizing a literary society or a debating club which would meet perhaps once a week in the evening, the meetings to be held at different schools. This would be a fairly well organized society having a president, secretary and treasurer and what ever other officer was needed to arrange for heat and light and to have the building ready when the people came.

A great deal of interest was taken in this and the room was generally filled to overflowing. Someone was assigned to be the editor of a newspaper, the weekly issue of which was read at the meeting each week. This gave anyone who like to air his literary ability a chance to write for the paper. Many a tall tale came out about the happenings of the community as well as vague hints of the things that were going to happen.

After a program in which different ones took part, the paper was read. Then began the debate which generally was between someone from one school taking the affirmative and someone from another taking the negative. The judges were generally picked from visitors who had no knowledge of the rivalry that might exist. These debates were the main event of the meeting, created much interest as well as some oratorical achievements. It was surprising how many were anxious to get themselves

named as a debator and how much time they would spend in looking up material for the talk. Quite often it happened that a teacher from one school would be opposed to a school boy from another and find himself out classed completely.

When there was snow on the ground it was generally a bob-sled party that gathered up the people of the neighborhood and took them to the school where the meeting was being held. Young and old alike would go and a great part of the weeks fun was in the trip on the sleigh. Cold weather never was allowed to cause the postponement of the meetings. Often it was as cold as 20 below zero and blanketed teams were tied where they would be out of the wind near the schoolhouse. Sometimes when it was impossible to find enough to make up a load those who were on the program would go on horseback.

Now there is a great deal said of the inefficiency of the one room school but, be that as it may, the job it did and the people who came from it have been ones who have made the country what it is today.

After my time in the country school, I thought that it would be great to go to high school in town. This was when I was about sixteen. It was about four and one half miles to town and I started out by going on horseback but found that it was not a very nice way to travel when one needed to have his clothes looking somewhere near as well as the other pupils did. During the first weekend my time was spent in building a short wooden sleigh so that the horse could pull me instead of me riding on his back. It was made of the wide boards taken out of the hay mow which were reinforced with steel that came from an old sickle. This went along very smoothly and was much better both for me and the horse than riding on his back.

I found that there was several other farm boys going to school there and we soon became a group separate from those who lived in town.

It seemed that the country boys were the only ones that could answer the questions and were the ones who responded when asked to recite. The teach-

or seemed to have little influence with the town pupils when she tried to have them do anything and they always were looking for the easy way out.

During the first week I was in school, the teacher asked the whole room to write a composition and gave them the subject of dreams. To me this was a very easy thing to write about, so I went to work at once to make good use of the alotted time and did not notice that others in the room were making no attempt to do anything. When the time was up, beginning at the front of the room the teacher asked each one in turn to arise and read what he had written. To me this was a calamity. To stand and read what I had written to this room full of pupils whom I thought were far more wise than I could ever hope to be was too much. The surprise came when each pupil in turn confessed that he hadn't been able to think of anything to write. As my time to stand came closer, I was in near panic. To say that I didn't have anything would never work as I had noticed the teacher watch me at work. No excuse seemed possible and there was nothing I could do but stand up when my name was called. While the story I had written was nothing to be ashamed of and got praise from the teacher afterward, the ordeal of trying to read it to the school was something I would never forget. After I had stumbled through the reading in a voice that quivered, I sat down thoroughly disgusted with town school and all its members. When the same thing happened again, I too was one of those who couldn't think of anything to write.

There is one other thing that I want to mention about this going to school in town and that is the experiences I had with the horse that pulled my homemade sleigh. I would leave him in the barn at the hotel where he was somewhat lonely having never been confined alone. When I would return after school he was somewhat impatient to be going. If everything went just right and we got started at once, there was no trouble; but let some one come along that I would perhaps stop to visit with for a minute and things were different. It was then that

Bill, as we called him, would put on a performance. If I wasn't ready when he was and held him from starting he would rear up, stand on his hind legs and probably throw himself on the ground. This was very frightening to anyone who was not used to his antics and scared whoever might be passing.

While this would be expected to break up the rig or the harness it never did as I had reinforced the shafts with steel. While they would crack and sliver, the shaft was still safe to use. I would generally stay in the sleigh and speak to Bill as well as to apply that buggy whip that I carried. He would come to his feet in quick time and off down the road we would go as fast as I would dare to let him.

It soon came to be noised around town that there was a circus to be seen when I started for home, and Bill and I never lacked an audience whenever we were ready to put on a show. Here was one place where I didn't feel that the town kids had anything on me and I could show them something that was out of their line.

Trying to remember about schools, brings up another school that was just across the road from our house. This was a Lutheran Parochial School. There had been a church built there but I can not remember just when. The church building was used for a home for the preacher, a school room and for church services. The preacher's family was our closest neighbor and of course we were quite familiar with all the things that happened on their side of the road.

The preacher was a newly married man when he came to live there and as time went on there came to be quite a large family that was growing along side of ours. There was always a lot of things that had to be done for the preacher as we came to know him. A large part of the salary he received came in the way of things that could be given by his congregation. Probably this developed a method of getting his salary by asking for the things that he was in the greatest need of. Although we could not in any sense of the word be considered one that

that was to furnish his needs there was no hesitation on his part to ask us for whatever he wanted if he thought we had it.

Back of the church there was a small barn where the preacher kept his two ponies which he used to pull him around the country in his trips to attend to his pastorial duties. The preacher's wife became a very good friend of my mothers. Greatly afraid to stay alone, it became a regular duty for some of our family to go over and stay with her whenever the preacher was called away. Quite frequently there was need for considerable attendance there when a new baby was born. This my mother gladly accepted being able to fully sympathize with them in such cases.

During a part of the year several pupils came to attend the confirmation school that the preacher taught. Some of these came on Monday and returned on Friday and some made their home at the preacher's house until they had finished. Confirmation day was a big day and people came early and from many other communities. There was never enough room for the teams, so, many came over to our side of the road and asked for a place where their horses could be fed and watered. Many of these families that we met there when they were caring for their horses became our friends and some of them will come to see me when they get near even to this day.

As the chore of going over to protect the preacher's wife when he was gone got to be something that we didn't like, it was quite natural after we found out about her fear of being alone, that we should do some things that would make her think there was reason to be afraid. I remember one evening when the wheat was high on the corner across the road from the church. Just to the west of our house was a real jungle of waving grain that Earl and I, knowing that we were going to have to spend the evening with her, sneaked out into before dark and began creating a little wild man celebration. This was entirely too simple to fool anyone but it was not long after we had fired the toy pistols we had, that we heard the preacher's wife go

screaming across to our house. She was altogether too greatly scared to ever consider any protection two boys of our age could give as being adequate. Mother had to go over to stay with her after she had made it plain to Earl and I what she thought of our wild west performance.

The carriage that the preacher used was a queerly designed rig having one seat and the rear part of the body behind the seat covered but that part in front was entirely open. There were not any sides that kept anything from falling out, and it was curved to the dashboard. It was much of a skeleton like thing to ride in. One night the preacher and his wife and their small son attended a school entertainment at the schoolhouse where we attended school, going there with the carriage pulled by the two old ponies. When the entertainment at the school was over our family was the last to leave the building as it fell to us to lock the door and Fay was carrying a lamp that we had taken to help light the room. We had all walked the mile to the schoolhouse. As we came out into the open air of a beautiful spring evening we heard a scream that sounded like the preacher's wife. This was followed by the hoof beats of the ponies which sounded as if they were traveling very fast down the road toward home.

Fay set the lighted lamp on top of a hitching post where its light made a bright spot as there was not enough air moving to blow out its flame. Up the road we all went wondering what had happened. Fay was in the lead and soon overtook the preacher who had fallen out of the carriage and was running down the road after the ponies. It took us all sometime to travel that mile on foot, but some of us got over the ground preety fast. Fay, who was first to arrive, found the preacher's wife holding the baby and waiting for someone to come. The ponies had ran as far as their barn and stopped. When he came close, he began to receive a lecture in German that sounded as if the preacher really had a pretty good chance to find out quite a little of her opinion of a man who would fall out of a

carriage and let the team run away with his family. As more of us came her anger subsided and she fell into a faint. Mother stayed the whole night with her wondering if she would be able to survive the experience.

Later she told of how she got the baby between herself and the dashboard of the carriage and held both him and herself there while the ponies ran the mile home with no one in control.

While there was some little difficulty in having a neighbor like the preacher, the advantages of having another family so close that the trials of one got the sympahty of the other was something to be appreciated. Years later the preacher moved away, probably transferred to a better parish and another preacher took his place. We could get little out of their church services as everything was in German. Sometimes we did go there on Christmas Eve which is understandable in any language.

The new preacher had pupils come to live at their rooms over the church. One year there were six girls who lived with them and that year, it was discovered that the preacher's wife was suffering with tuberculosis. In later years we found out that of the six girls who stayed with them all were afflicted with the same disease and that five of them died because of it.

CHAPTER XI

Iowa was now, that is about 1890, the principal grain raising state and the four northwestern countries were fast developing into the finest grain fields of the nation. At threshing time a great deal of the grain was shipped to markets toward the east. Chicago was then the principal market and train loads of grain were leaving for there every day. Often the elevators were overloaded and there were a string of farmer's wagons a half mile in length waiting to be unloaded. Threshing had become a well organized operation. There had been several new things added to the threshing machine, such as a self feeder, the swing stacker to handle the straw and a measuring elevator that would register the number of bushels threshed. The crew that handled the threshing were men who were trained to do the whole job and all that was left for the farmer to do was to take care of the grain. Threshing time was also a time when the farmer took account of what he was doing. If after paying all the bills, and it was a time when bills were expected to be paid, there was some money left, then the farmer was getting ahead. If the money didn't quite go around, then things were tough and the farmer was unhappy.

Many times that was the situation at our place. All the family had worked early and late, had wasted nothing on things that were considered luxuries, and het there wasn't enough coming at the elevator to pay the banker and the store. Probably a lack of business methods both in buying and in selling had a great deal to do with this and there is no doubt that the farmer was being imposed on by the local grain buyer taking a little more than he was really entitled to.

Of the five boys in our family, I think that nearly all had decided that the farm was too much of a drudge and that he was looking for something else to do when he could leave home. The long hard days in the field were something to be gotten away from. Very little of the machinery was of the rid-

ing kind and the man or boy who drove the team had to walk on the plowed land where the dust would work into his shoes and as quitting time approached his walk was that of a lame person. Another thing that was not understood was the lack of things to think about during the long hours in the field. Someone had said that there is no class like the farmer when it comes to crabbing about how things are run. This might be because he never had a chance to know of the better things that happened. He just let his thoughts ramble along with the bad ones while the dirt in his shoes made his mind turn to the wrong channels.

Usually I had some kind of an invention that I tried to work out as I followed the team in the field. Shelling corn with the small corn sheller was always one on the chores. It seemed that there might be a way in which we could get the sheller to run by the power of a horse, something along the line of the horse power that ran the threshing machine. I had found an old binder in a neighbor's junk pile and believed that I could build a power for one horse out of that. I found that I could get this for fifty cents and had it hauled to our yard where I spent a lot of time trying to arrange it in to a power. There wasn't much time that I could spend on it, but it did furnish a lot of food for thought when I was in the field.

The tools with which I could work were very limited indeed, but that homemade horse power worked out very well. It led to many other similar construction jobs which in turn led to the construction of a very small shop which had a homemade forge and a press drill made from a small gear arrangement taken from some old machinery. All this was something to take up all the time that we were not at work and gave us a project to think about while we were in the field.

A new washing machine had made mother's work a little easier as now some one else besides her was brought into the job of doing the washing. The thing had a tub that stood up from the ground on legs, and to the top of this was arranged a gear

that was operated by a hand lever. It turned a contraption, that looked like a four leg stool inside the tub. This would drag the clothes that were in the tub around in a half circle which was reversed with every stroke of the lever thus forcing the water in the tub back and forth through the clothes. This same idea was later used in many much improved washing machines in later days. While the old machine did the washing very well, the power it took to do it was quite large. When the tub was full of clothes, there was need of a very strong man to operate the handle. On wash day someone of us boys was delegated to run the washing machine. When this duty fell to me I generally fell to wondering how the power from the windmill, which was about three hundred feet away, could be transferred up to the washing machine and made to push that lever back and forth and wash the clothes.

A neighbor had a windmill that operated two pumps, one directly under the mill and the other nearly a quarter of a mile away. When I saw this arrangement I began to get an idea of how it could be done. Two large wires could be strung from the windmill to a small tower over the washing machine. Through their use the motion of the pump rod on the mill could be transferred to another similar one on the washing machine.

While this was quite simple, I found that the stroke the windmill gave the pump rod was only about six inches while the stroke needed for the washing machine was more than four times that. How to increase this stroke was a problem that required much thought and took many tedious hours as I followed the team behind the harrow. The gear, that made it possible to build the horse power, furnished the answer. I knew where there was another old harvester that could be had and the plan was complete to make the windmill run that washing machine.

It had been said that laziness is the mother of invention. In this case it was more the foolishness of having to be tied to that washing job when there were so many easier and more pleasant jobs

that I could be doing instead of exerting my strength on that washing machine.

I lost little time in getting to work on this. I had the project with me in everything that I did or wherever I was for the next several months. Much of the material that was necessary could not be bought but had to be made. This made a job in the shop for every day when the fields were not fit to work.

After a lot of time and a great deal of thought, the thing was finally completed. The stroke of the windmill was made to move a large gear a small distance, while a smaller gear with which it meshed moved the handle of the washing machine over and back, the same as we did it by hand.

The next wash day there happened to be plenty of wind and the windmill was at its best. Mother filled the washing machine with the usual amount of clothes, water and soap and the thing was ready to go. I pushed the stick that engaged the washing machine handles and the thing was off. Soon soap made a foam that boiled out of the tub showing that there was plenty of action inside. When we shut it off and opened the cover, mother pronounced it the best washing the machine had ever done.

For a short time the new power washing was fine but it was not long before the weaknesses began to show up. First one thing and then another would happen. As I was the mechanic that built it, it was me that had to be around on wash day to keep it operating. The load was too heavy for the wires that ran from the windmill. They would break and the washing would have to wait while I climbed up the windmill tower and spliced it or put in a new one. While the first time it was used, it appeared fine, it was not long before it was out of repair most of the time and a little later was abandoned entirely. I got a lot of good experience and I had a lot of the drudgery of field work forgotten while I was figuring out the construction details.

While the project of making the windmill run the washing machine might appear that I was trying

to make mother's work easier, it was really a selfish thing on my part as pushing the handle of the washing machine was something to get out of. Then there was the fascination of making the contraption and putting it to work.

We all knew that mother's work was too hard, but didn't know what to do about it. At about this time, there was a married couple with one child, a girl about the age of Earl or myself, who was looking for a place that both could work. This appeared just made to order for our family. They came to live with us and while the missus helped mother the man worked with us out in the field. For a time this worked very well but the troublesome part began to show when they were with us a short time. First there was not room in the house for all of us and we had to give up one room upstairs to the new people. Then there was the girl who had to be around with us boys most of the time when we didn't want her. Whenever Earl and I were out to do something, she was always there to report back on what we were doing. This got to be a great nuisance and quite unbearable as far as we were concerned.

One day we thought that we would try and do something about it. As we left the house to go out to the grove, we noticed that as usual our girl friend was following which was as we wanted it. I picked up a garden hoe and we went out to where there was a tree stump and as we had arranged Edie came on to see what we were going to do. As she came close Earl took hold of her hair and pulled her head down on top of the stump and said, "We are tired of you following us around and we are going to put a stop to it right now." With this he adjusted her head on the stump and told me to be ready to chop her head off. The whole show must have been quite realistic. Earl had considerable difficulty in keeping the screaming girl's head across the stump as I posed the hoe ready to bring it down on her neck. When we had carried the mock execution this far we exacted a promise that she would never bother us again and let her go back to the house where she told her mother what had hap-

pened. Of course, Earl and I heard more about it later but there must have been some sympathy for us as we got no scolding of any consequence. I believe there was a hint of a smile as father told us that we better not do anything of the kind again.

It was not long that the people stayed and they could not have been the great help that was expected as everyone seemed to be glad to see them go.

While the living such as we were experiencing was some what hard, being mostly all work and not much play, it was beginning to pay off as the land was becoming more valuable. I remember the day when some strangers came and looked the farm over. Before they left they asked father if he cared to sell and how much he wanted for the farm. After some consideration, he told them that he would sell for $30.00 an acre. The men evidently also wanted to consider as they left without saying what they would do but in a few days they were back ready to close the deal. Mother evidently had been doing some considering as she now entered into the conversation and gave the men to understand that they were not buhing the place as she was prepared to refuse to sign any deed. Father at first appeared to be disappointed but it was only a short time before he concluded that mother's idea was right, as indeed it was. The price of land had only just began to raise and increased in price each year for a great many years. This incident seems to be what was needed to establish the fact that we were all tied to the farm for some time and that we make the best of it.

Another incident that perhaps illustrates the kind of family we were is the story about Rover, the sheep dog, that had been so mouh of a help and a needed companion to us as we watched the sheep when our surroundings were all prairie. Rover was now living a life of ease, although helpful in every way he could be.

It was on a rainy dismal day that father and Eva had gone to town taking the spring wagon and expecting to bring home things needed. As they

passed the farm of a neighbor about two miles away, they saw a dog very much resembling our dog Rover standing beside the road. They remarked as to how much he looked like our dog. On the way home, they saw him again and noticing his beraggled appearance stopped to find out if it might be Rover and why he was so far from home. Upon getting closer, it was evident that he had been wounded by a shotgun as there was blood on his shoulder and he didn't care to move. All this led them to believe that he was Rover and someway had been shot and wounded and left by the side of the road.

The dog didn't act very friendly but father lifted him into the spring wagon and covered him with an old blanket. He had considerable trouble keeping him there as they drove home. As they drove into the yard at home, the first thing they saw was Rover as he came out to the road to meet them. It was then that they saw that there was some mistake and that they had run off with someone elses dog. The two dogs did look very much alike even when they were right close together. The next problem was what to do with the strange dog, wounded and not among friends, he didn't appear very happy. As I was the hunter of the family and had a shotgun, it was suggested that I lead the strange dog out back of the barn and finish the job that the other marksman had fumbled. It was not a very desirable job but that was the way it ended.

The next week the local paper got the story which gave the editor a chance to air his ability to write, which he did with all the humor he could muster. Later a letter came from the neighbor who accused father of stealing his dog and that he was going to claim his rights even if he had to take it to a justice court.

This is a copy of the letter which was received:

Ashton, Ia. March 5th, 1898

Mr. Pettengill
Ashton, Iowa
Dear Sir:

What is the metter that you took our dog a

long and kill him that was a good dog and never done any harm to you. The hole Family feels sory about, that was the best dog in Gilman town. All our neighbors know it. And it cost me over $8.00 the time he was young four years ago. Pretty near you took him away from the boys hands, but I belive you thought I can play a nice trick on that dame sick Dutchman now, he can't fallow me now. But maybe after I am well again we will have the naxt miting in a Just. Office. Just think if I played a trick like that to you, how high you had kicked about.

Yours truly,
W Schaa

Nothing was ever done and the whole incident was forgotten. The reason it had stayed in my memory is the fact that our family remembered the faithful service of the animals that helped us go through the hardships of those pioneer days and we would try to return the help with whatever kindness we could. Rover lived the rest of his natural life in ease knowing that he was where his life was appreciated.

CHAPTER XII

The town of Sheldon, which was ten miles directly south of our place, was where a circus came every few years. As our chance to see anything, except the things around home, was very slim and we needed a vacation once in a while, it was decided that when the next one came we were to go and see it. It was with a good deal of excitement that we saw the bill of a circus on the side of a building in town. We certainly gave it a very good examination and made a mental note of the day it would be seen. There was no question that we were to do anything but see the circus on that day. Arrangements were made in advance. Father was to take all the children and mother was to stay and see that everything was taken care of at home. We were to leave as soon as the work was done in the morning. The drive to Sheldon would take something over an hour and we would be there to see the tents put up and see the parade that took place before the show. Well can I remember the excitement and enthusiasm with which we got the work done and got dressed to go to the show. As always on such a trip we took a lunch along and were all set to see everything that there was to see. Anyone who can remember the first time that they saw a circus knows just about what a group of kids like ours was going to do on such an ocassion.

When we arrived at the circus ground, the thing was still being unloaded from the freight cars. There were four or five trains, some that were already unloaded and others on which the circus people were at work. The big tent was stretched out on the ground and stakes had been set that showed where the workmen were to dirve the stakes to which the xopes were fastened that held the bottom. The driving of these stakes was something new from anything that we had ever seen before. There were five men in the stake driving crew as well as a boss. First, the boss would set the stake lightly in the ground where it was to go and then the first man of the crew would hit a light tap with his

sledge and then at a word from the boss the whole crew would hit with their sledge in turn. Each blow would follow another in rapid order and the stake would move into the ground almost without stopping. Here was an example of team work that would hardly be expected from the kind of men that made up the crew. As they moved along from one stake to another we could wonder at the kill and speed with which they were doing the job.

The heavy cages that held the animals were on flat cars and to these horses were hitched and they were pulled down a ramp. A tent for the horses had already been erected. It was filled with the show horses where the men were brushing their coats while they were eating hay that was placed on the ground in front of them. A dressing tent had been put up and circus performers were taking care of their clothes and polishing up for the parade that was to take place just before the show.

A wonder to us was the sixteen horse teams that were hitched to some of the heavy wagons, and the way that one one man would guide them and how they would pull the heavy wagons even though they sank several inches into the soft earth.

The morning was short and very interesting. More people were coming and there was a crowd watching every move that the circus people made. The big tent was soon in place along with a great many other tents that were to be used for other than the big show. We had to take a little time off to go and get our lunch so as to be ready for the big parade. This parade went through the principal streets of the town just before the main show started. We found a good place from which we could see the parade as it passed and to us it passed and to us it was truly wonderful. The string of horses that pulled the band, another that was hitched to the calliope, many horseback riders in their bangles and dress of foreign countries, the cages with the wild animals all making a parade that took quite a long time to pass. Next we were back to the big tent where there was a crowd of people filing up to the ticket wagon all eager to get in and see

the inside.

The entrance was through the animal tent where the cages were drawn up in a big circle where the people could see them. Some of the animals we had seen in the parade, such as the elephants and the camels that marched along the street. Many others were entirely new to us and we wondered that there was such an animal, particularly the giraffe. The first glimpse of him was when we saw a head sticking up from behind a cage in which there were monkeys. It was unbelievable that any kind of an animal could have so long a neck and we had to rush around to where we could see the kind of a thing the rest of it could be like.

After some time in the animal tent we went on into the big tent that was fast filling with people. Most of the seats were a plank but a few were fixed up a little with cushions for which more was charged. Near the entrance where the horses and actors came in, the circus band had their stand. Clowns were entertaining the people and vendors were selling peanuts and popcorn.

It was not long before the show started with a grand parade around the inside of the tent and back out again. As the last of the parade left the tent, the band began with fast music and the first of the performers came in and from then on there was something going on all the time. Trapeese performing, fancy riding, as well as animal trainers from dogs to elephants kept us enthralled for the next couple of hours. Then after we had listened to the tales of the ticket sellers for the concert or after show, to which we did not stay, we were out and ready to be on our way home still seeing how the circus people lived and did their work. Taken all together, it was the most entertaining and educational trip we had ever had.

For the next few weeks, we had many things to think about and wonder at and talk about. The surprising thing was the number of people that gathered to see the circus. People came long distances by team and some by excursion trains, everyone intent on seeing what the circus people had ready for them

that year. Later when we could go to the show by ourselves, there was never so much interest and we could never remember the things we saw like the things that took place on the day of the first show.

A year later another show came to Sheldon. This was a somewhat different type. Instead of the big tent, there was an enclosure made by a high canvass wall and the performances were of a different kind. This was Buffalo Bill's Wild West show and featured indian fights and stage robberies. It had some of the world's best marksman and the exhibitions they put on were very surprising. Buffalo Bill himself, while sitting on a horse would have an attendant throw some colored balls into the air. Then he would shoot and break them never missing a ball although there must have been possibly 50 that the man threw into the air from the basket that he held as he stood beside the horse.

After seeing this show, the air rifle and the throwing rope were our principal diversion. From both of these we learned a good deal about how they did their unexpected stunts. The rifle with which Buffalo Bill made so many hits without a miss, we thought must have been loaded with shells that contained shot instead of a bullet. We found that it was only a matter of practice to be able to throw a rope and catch a moving object. Some years later we were to find that some of the things we saw trained horses do, were not so hard to teach them and we did have some trained horses on the farm a few years later.

CHAPTER XIII

As the years passed and we gained in experience as well as age, it became apparent that the family would not continue to be the close unit, and possibly might be scattered to distant places. Transportation was very slow and when one got even a short distance from home, it was not the easy matter that it is now to come back and visit the home folks.

Fay being the oldest was the first to leave home. First he went to stay at the hotel with Uncle Charlie and attended the Ashton High School. While going to school, he became acquainted with the man who worked in the depot and spent some of his leasure hours listening to what went on in an office that had to do with the running of trains. It was quite natural that he would accept a job there when it was offered and he had graduated from school.

It was at about this time that a traveling photographer with a portable studio came to town and located on the vacant lot beside the hotel. Mother looked over the pictures that he displayed of his work and got the idea that it would be a good thing if we had our family picture taken. No doubt there was no one but her that understood the trouble that would have to be gone through to get nine people, most of whom never owned a suit of clothes that they could call their own, presentable enough to stand before a camera and have their appearance recorded for future generations to look at.

Easter Sunday was the day finally chosen when the trip to the photographer was to be made. This was probably because on that day we might be dressed in our best as was the custom and there might be a little less trouble to get in fit shape for the picture.

Transportation was also another trouble as we could not all ride in the spring wagon as its two seats weren't large enough to hold eight. Fay being already in town made one less and it was determined that Earl and I could go on horseback. This cut the

load down to six who could comfortably get into the buggy. When we were all dressed in our very best, it was quite evident that there were still some clothes that were not entirely fit. Father and the three older boys had suits of their own. Mother's clothes were made by herself as were the clothes of my sisters and Charlie and Roscoe. As we were lined up for inspection, it was not an appearance that mother thought was good enough to have in a picture.

Our two cousins in town were about the ages of Blanche and Charlie. As we were lined up again in the hotel parlor before going to the studio, Aunt Lucy brought out a suit for Charlie and a dress for Blanche and a ribbon for Eva and some of the bad spots began to improve. At last we were lined up in the little studio and the man was discussing with mother the best way to have us posed. Interest was not all inside the studio as many of the town people had taken notice of the Pettengills that were to have their picture taken.

Well the thing was finally complete. Two plates were exposed and we were ready to go home wondering what we were going to look like when he had the picture finished.

Sometime during the following week, the proofs of the picture were brought home and it was with a great deal of disappointment that we saw a picture that had so many defects that we could never accept it.

It was decided that we would go again the following Sunday and give the photographer another try. This was done and about the same proceedings were followed out and again about the same quality of picture was obtained. As now it appeared that the photographer didn't have the ability to make a better picture, the later one was accepted and a few of them were brought home.

Whenever this picture was brought out for inspection of course it was the photographer's lack of skill that was noticed first. But for a clumsy job of retouching which had made mother's eyes very unnatural, it still was a very good reproduction of

how we all looked at that time. The trouble was that we expected something a little better than the camera could produce from the model it had to work with.

In those days getting a picture taken was not the common event that same thing would be today. To the members of the family that remember the event, it brings back a great many memories and even with its defects it is something that would have greatly been missed if it had not been taken. To father and mother, it was a record of the results of a long hard time of sacrifice and hope, a kind of grouping together of events they had fought for and had realized. To the older ones of the children, it marked the nearness of the time they would be able to get away from, a life they had come to look upon as something they did not wish to continue. To the younger ones, it was not something that could be looked upon as an end of an era but as the beginning of one that was sure to bring better living.

Some ten or twelve years after the picture was taken, the youngest one of the group was killed by a stroke of lightening. It was only by having a copy of his picture taken from the family group that we could get a record of how he looked.

As I look at the family picture now, it brings back many more memories than the ones about the trouble of having it taken. A description of the picture would be about like this. Seated in the front were father and mother, father with his beard and mother with the long dress worn those days. Between them stood Roscoe unconcerned and relaxed. To their right was Charlie in his borrowed suit and to their left was Blanche in the borrowed dress, and Eva very unconcerned. Back of them stood the three older boys. To the left was Fay with a dark suit and the steel watch chain knotted across his vest. My place was on the right wearing a brown suit with a small check and Earl was in the middle looking somewhat frail and sallow.

It was not many years after the family picture was taken that the family was all together except on occasions when they came home for a visit. Work

on the farm was becoming a little easier and somewhat more profitable. The price of farm land was getting a little higher and there was prospect that mother and father would have some security in their declining years.

It was at about this time that father began to catch up with his difficulties and to be a little more ready for trouble when it showed up. The farm work was better taken care of perhaps because of the help in planning that the boys were able to render. Farm work was now not the full daylight job that it had been but was completed early enough so that there was some little day left for something else.

The bicycle had become a common means of conveyance at least for pleasure trips and a chance to go to the neighbors and find out what he was doing. Earl was the first to own a bicycle. It was a fancy new model with clincher tires and I believe cost $36.00. He had gone to town one afternoon with father and mother and when they came home, we were all surprised to see the new bicycle in the back of the spring wagon. Of course every one clammored for a chance to try to ride it and all wondered how it was he that was entitled to have something that none of the rest dared to ask for.

It soon became quite a common thing for any of us to ride as well as to do a great many tricks on the bicycle. Sometimes two of the smaller children, one standing on either pedal would ride around the door yard. Sometime after the new bicycle was brought home, I found where I could get a second hand one for $10.00 and asked for the money which was given to me at once. Those two bicycles were the only ones any members of the family ever owned and they took us over a great many miles of road before they were worn out. The whole neighborhood was filled with the wheels as they were called. From the time the work was finished in the evening until it was dark, we were somewhere out on the road with the wheels. Riding became our best and fastest means of transportation and we did not hesitate to start off on long trips that took us a

whole day. A trip of this kind was no more tiring than many other things we had to do.

After Fay had spent some time in the depot at Ashton, he was able to get a station of his own. The first one was at Humbolt, South Dakota. It was while he was there that I went to visit him using the bicycle to make the trip. The distance was about 75 miles. I started about seven in the morning planning to go to Sioux Falls first and attend a circus that was to show there that day and finish the trip after the show. It was about eleven in the morning when I got to Sioux Falls and about four, I left for the last part of the trip getting there about eight o'clock in the evening.

Bicycle trips were planned in which many persons took trips to other towns. Sunday morning it was a common sight to see twenty-five to thirty bicyclests straggling along the road. Many had special clothes for riding. Bicycling was a very popular means of travel until the automobile came and even then people who couldn't afford a car kept to the bicycle.

The bicycle and its air tires was the means of leading to the invention of many other means of travel. It was in a bicycle shop that the Wright Brothers began to think of the possibility of making a conveyance that would travel through the air.

When the time came that there was no land that we could rent and our farming operations had to be cut down, the farm help had increased so that there was some time that we were not fully occupied. Therefore we were looking for something to occupy the time.

Experience with building things out of cast off farm machinery made us turn to construction and a shop was much needed. There was an old shed that would be a start in this and it was moved to a location that would not be in the way and fitted up with some homemade appliances. There were a blacksmith's forge, a post drill, an emery wheel that was powered by a horse power. With a few hand tools that we had been able to pick up we had an ideal place to spend any time that we were not needed for

work in the fields.

Sometimes when we had all the work done and there was a chance to work for the neighbors we would do that and get a little spending money in that way. One fall when we had all of our corn in the cirb, Earl got a job helping a neighbor finish while I thought I would rather spend the time in the shop. I believe that he earned about $40.00 picking corn by the bushel while I worked on a sleigh that I had wanted to build for sometime. The construction material that I used for the sleigh were some old wagon tires that I could pick up in the junk piles that could be found on any farm. There were several of these around our place which gave me the idea of building the sleigh. There was a lot of satisfaction in heating them in the forge and bending them around in the shape that I had in mind.

I was at the sleigh building job for a few weeks enjoying it very much. At the end of that time I had a sleigh all finished and painted a bright red and a black body that was designed so that the seats and cushions of the spring wagon could be used. The sleigh was complete before there was any snow, but that was sure to come sooner or later. One morning we found that the ground was white and snow was still falling.

I believe it was the next day that I transferred the front seat from the spring wagon over to the sleigh and suggested to father that we hitch the team to it and drive to town and find out how it would go. I was a little surprised to find out that father was even more eager to try the thing than I was and away we went down the road in the new homemade sleigh. There was a string of bells that I did not forget to put on one of the horses and these ehlped people to take notice of our sleigh as it came along by their places. In town there was interest taken in the red sleigh that was like nothing that anyone else had. Father even drove up in front of the blacksmith shop so the blacksmith could inspect it. It was with a good deal of pride that father told him to look it over

as much as to say, "Look what my son has built."

The sleigh gave good service whenever the roads got filled with snow so that wheeled vehicles couldn't travel. There were many things that we could make in the farm shop and many repairs of farm machinery that could be made without making a trip to town. Blacksmith work was not done as it was in later years but nevertheless it was something that not everyone wanted to tackle.

The history books in school seemed to stress that the U.S. was always on the right side whenever there were squabbles with other nations. The idea we got at school was that whenever we did go to war we were entirely sure of winjing as we had never been engaged in any war that we did not win.

When we heard of how the battleship Maine had been sunk in the harbor at Havana and the newspaper headlines were screaming war, everyone was entirely confident that if we did engage in war with Spain, that country would certainly get the worst of the deal. Later on when the war with Spain did begin, the newspaper accounts gave us lurid descriptions of the battle of San Juan Hill and Dewey's victory at Manilla Bay. It seemed that we were always on the winning side and that any country that ever engaged in war with the U.S. was bound to get a licking. After many years and three more wars there was reason to believe that the history books didn't always have the right slant.

It was when I made the bicycle trip that I had a chance to see what a real soldier's camp looked like. At Sioux Falls there was a soldier's camp where some of Teddy Roosevelt's rough riders were waiting to be sent to Cuba and the tents all set in straight rows with guards posted gave a picture of something that meant real war.

There was no trouble to get all the soldiers that were needed to fight this war. We heard nothing of the draft or of anyone being forced to go to war that didn't want to.

The excitement about war got everyone stirred up and whenever a group of people were together their conversation was generally battleships, guns,

soldiers or the many things that were concerned with war. During this time we got father to tell us more about his brothers going to fight the Rebs and what they had told of their experiences in battle. Mother's brother, our Uncle Charlie, also had been a civil war veteran and she also had some remembrance of war days. At school we talked of what we heard and considered when we could enlist and find out more of the glories of army life.

The Spanish American War didn't last very long but it made every one rejoice that lived in a country that could go out and ship any other that dared to oppose us in anyway. When it was over and the U.S. was enlarged by the acquisition of Cuba and the Phillipine Islands we bagan to realize how the geography could be changed.

As we look back on the events of the Spanish American War, we can hardly help but notice that war does bring out the need for a nation to be awake for all the new discoveries and to be able to put them to their best use for the defense of the country.

It was along about the beginning of the 19th century that many new things were being discovered and gradually made use of. It was along about this time that we began to know the word appendicitis. We heard how surgeons had found out that a serious illness that the Drs. didn't exactly understand could be cured by an operation that removes a small and as they said useless organ they call the appendix.

The first I ever heard about the internal combustion engine was when a neighbor boy and I made a trip to Omaha to attend an exposition which they called the Trans-Mississippi Exposition. Among a lot of interesting things we saw were some small gasoline engines. A group of these were standing on the floor of one of the buildings and I spent so much time looking them over that a representative of the company that made some of them came to me and asked if I was interested in a gas engine. I told him that I was interested in seeing what made them go and he was good enough to explain how they

worked. He explained how a small amount of gas was drawn into the cylinder. Then as the wheel revolved the stroke of the piston compressed the gas and the next revolution exploded it giving the heavy wheel such a start it would make more revolutions and continue the operation.

He showed me how the gas was made to explode by heating a kind of blow torch arrangement before starting the engine and how the explosions in the engine kept it hot while the engine was running. When he had explained all this he proceeded to get one of the engines ready to start. When he had the torch hot he placed a common match inside a little plunger that went into the cylinder and after making a few revolutions of the wheel to get the gas into the cylinder and compressed he struck the plunger with his hand and exploded it. The wheel began to revolve and the whole operation to continue. The heated torch caused the explosions to continue each time as more gas was drawn into the cylinder and compressed.

No one at that time knew what a change the invention of that engine was to make in the world's transportation and how much it would do to improve the living of the people of the whole world. It was such an engine that made the development of the automobile possible and also showed those who had visions of man traveling through the air a way that it could be brought about.

Another thing that we saw at the exposition was a demonstration of the x-ray by which one could look right through his own hand seeing the bones as if the flesh had been removed. This was accomplished by placing ones hand inside a box with a glass front so arranged that an x-ray machine caused it to reveal the part of the hand that the rays didn't penetrate. The fellow that was with me had a deformed thumb through having it caught in a corn sheller and when he placed this hand in the box we could plainly see what had happened to the hand. If it had not have been for this, we would have been inclined to think that there was some kind of trick being played on us as it was entirely unbelievable

that anyone could see right through his own hand.

Another discovery that came to be known at about this time was when a man by the name of Marconi managed to send a signal across the Atlantic Ocean by wireless. When the signal that was being expected was received in Canada the newspapers told of the great event in big headlines and many visions of what it would do to our communications in the future were set out.

CHAPTER XIV

Any account of how a country was changed from a grass covered prairie to a fertile farming territory would not be complete without some mention of the faithful animals that helped bring about the change. Of these the horse was probably the most helpful and did most to aid man in taking the country from the other animals that were the only inhabitants. While the horse was not living on the western hemisphere when the white man came from Europe, he was brought here as the best method of transportation. He seemed to thrive here as if it was the place that nature intended him to be.

To think of the human being going only as far as he could walk is to realize that if it were not for the horse there would have been only a very limited movement into new territory. The native indian took very readily to the horse as a method of travel. His way of living seemed to be the best way to get the horse spread over the plains where he was soon living in a wild state that caused him to transform into a kind of animal entirely suited to the indians needs.

As the white man began to take over the country, the horse was right there to aid him in many ways and without his help the conditions of things today would probably be considerably different.

At the present time when the horse is becoming less of a need and is being taken away from the farms where he had been so helpful and his body made into the many products for which is is suited, it would be entirely wrong not to set down a few of the characteristics that made him man's best servant.

Early settlers all remember the ox as the draft animal while the horse was considered as too flighty, too unstable and not suitable for heavy work. Outside of the long strings of oxen that pulled the ditching machines, I can remember of only one ox team that was used to do farm work. This was because their owner wanted to do something a little different than his neighbors did.

As horse breeders began to pay more attention to the heavier horse, he began to become more useful as a draft animal and the lighter breeds took their place as the carriage class. The ideal farm horse was a middle class animal that could work on the farm and was also valuable as a carriage or driving horse. The horses that we had on the farm were of this middle class that could either do the farm work or were able to get over the road when such travel was wanted.

There must have been something about horses that made a lasting impression on me as today after half a century I can still remember their names, their color, and the general disposition of all the horses we had while I was at home on the farm. In the first stall in the barn stood Topsy and Ned, the team that father always used for both driving and farm work. It was they that pulled the wagon on all of the trips to town. It was their method of travel that made it so easy to recognize the sound of the noise of the neck yoke as the tongue of the wagon bounced up and down as they made their way toward home when father had stayed in town later than usual.

Topsy was a dappled gray and Ned was a bay and their size was about the same, their weight being about 1100 pounds. Ned was impatient when it was time for his feed to be brought and would paw with his front foot whenever he heard someone filling a basket. He had done this so much that he had dug a hole in the front of his stall and standing with his front feet on an incline had made him knock kneed.

In the second stall were Nimrod and Joe, two that were a little heavier and able to handle the heavy loads. They were faithful animals that were ready at all times to pull whatever load they were hitched on to.

In the back stall stood the two mares, Bessie and Kit, mother's of some of the later horses but doing their work at the busy times of the year. Kit was the baulky horse of the group and whenever she was hitched to a load that she thought a little

heavy, she would refuse to move and there was not much that could be done about it. I remember having her hitched to a load in the field when she concluded it was too heavy and refused to go any farther, so I walked to the house and left the load, horses and all stand until late in the evening. This was no help and ended as always with the baulky horse winning the argument.

Another mare that became the mother of a colt that she wouldn't have anything to do with was Luny. She was so named because of the way that she responded to any kind of training. The colt was turned over to me to raise on a bottle and became a great pet. We had her hitched to many kinds of conveyances when she was only a few months old.

Bessie was the mother of the horse that I drove when I went to high school. While he was a little unreliable, he still was the best horse we had to get over the road fast and he was the one we all like to have when a trip was to be made.

In later years when there began to be range horses from the west shipped into the country, we had several that we bought and tried to train but they were never very valuable as farm horses. It was more the thrill of trying to train them that we wanted then anything else that we could get out of them.

At the present time there are some horses on the farms but they are mostly standing in the pasture where they are left. The farm owner remembers the good help they have given him and he hesitates to sell them to be hauled away to a packing house to be made into tankage or glue.

As proof that the horse is a companion of men, we see the many riding clubs that have been established and the many horses that are brought to shows and fairs. All of these show that the human race does not want to abandon the horse entirely. They do have some conception of what he had been even though the automobile had taken over and filled his place in a way that is more speedy and practical.

While the livery barn has given over to the

filling station and the garage, and the people are killing themselves by the speed that they think they need, many of us will remember the days of the top buggy and the good driving team that was to be strived for not so many years ago.

CHAPTER XV

At about the time that weveral member of the family were ready to leave and seek jobs for themselves somewhere else, the finances were in shape where there could be some improvements made in the living conditions which had been long neede.

The first was a cistern to store water that fell on the roof and was much needed for washing. This was the first job and was started as soon as the field work was done in the spring. The first part of the hole we were to dig in the ground was thrown out by hand until we got to a depth that made it impossible. Then a derrick was rigged so that a large bucket, made by sawing a barrel in two, could be pulled out by a horse after the dirt had been shoveled into it by those who worked in the hole. The hole was made quite large and was about 12 feet deep when finished. It was made water tight by plastering on the dirt bank with a mortar made of line. The top of the cistern was made by laying brick in the form of an arch until the top had been narrowed down to a size that could be covered with a plank top.

This was quite interesting work done by boys that never had even seen this kind of work done. This job was very satisfactory as proven by the number of years that water was held there for the better convenience of the family.

Later that season carpenters came to construct an addition to the house and it was from them that I learned a great deal about many things that I had often wondered about. Whenever there was any chance for me to be around where they were working and asking questions about the work or the tools that they had, that was where I was.

The new rooms on the house were a much needed improvement. They were a great help to provide sleeping room for the family, some of which had been quartered during the summer months in a small shed built to help out the crowded condition of the house.

Another thing it did was to give me an inkling

of the kind of work I would like to take up whenever I was to leave the farm. Other improvements we undertook were to finish digging out the cellar under the house and walling it up with rock that we bought in town. It was during this season that the whole family was sick with scarlet fever and we were quaranteened for several weeks. While most of us were quite sick, I escaped with only a light touch and spent the time in the field cultivating corn. While it would have been quite a hardship for most families to be shut off from the rest of the world for so long a time, it caused us very little trouble. Someone brought us groceries about once a week and the lack of not being able to get away from home did not bother.

The scarlet fever with its after effects left Earl sick for nearly the entire summer and the first work he was able to do was the comparitive easy work of driving a riding plow that fall. The long spell of sickness was quite a seige for mother and father both as the hospital care that was needed had to be furnished right there at home. Their hours of duty ran the whole twenty four hours of the day and night.

As we look back now it is hard to realize that there is a great deal of difference in the way things had to be done in those days, a half century ago. Roads were not the smooth thoroughfare they are now and to get anywhere after a rain was not easy. Travel at such times was best on horseback. When rainy days found us with nothing to do we would sometimes ride a horse to town just to see what other people were doing. I remember one such afternoon when I had made a trip to town and had gone down to the depot where Fay was working to see the train come in and to hear the comments of the train men as they took on the mail and loaded the baggage. It did not occur to me that the people on the train got some enjoyment in seeing the kind of people who came to hang around the depot.

As I stood leaning against the depot wall, dressed in bib overalls, a broad brimmed hat, and with large leather boots that were covered with

mud, the conductor stopped as he walked by and spoke to me as if he was an old acquaintance saying, "Hello Rip, how are you? Bring your girl down someday and take a trip with me to the next town." It was then that I saw by the glances of the other train men that I was their object of attention. It was quite sometime after this before I got rid of being called Rip which the conductor had shortened from Rip Van Winkle.

CHAPTER XVI

There was always a chance where we could earn a little money by working for the neighbors, and there came a time when I had saved up nearly a hundred dollars and was looking forward to the time that I could take a trip so that I could learn about the rest of the world. At this time which was about the last years of the eighteenth century, the railroads were advertising reduced fares to what was called a World's Fair that was being held at Portland, Oregon. I found that a ticket that would take me there and back would cost $45.00 and I could have the privilege of extending the trip to include a trip to Vancouver and home through Canada at no extra cost.

I determined to go on this trip and as there was no one that wanted to go the only way was to go alone. When I mentioned the trip and how I wanted to go, there was no opposition from the folks so I went down to the depot and bought the ticket. Well do I remember the depot agent getting out a long strip of paper with different places where it could be torn off as I went from one place to another. The ticket was more than four feet in length and it took some time for the man to fill in all that was required. My weight and the color of my eyes were all recorded and when he had it ready he folded the whole thing and put it in a card board case and handed it to me as I counted out the $45.00.

Little did I know of what was in store for me on such a trip. Very little had I traveled by train and that on only short trips. There was no chance for me to talk to people who had, as there was none such among my acquaintances. Where I would get food to eat and where I would sleep was unknown to me but were things that I was bound to find out about.

There was an old telescope traveling bag at home and I got this out and put a few clothes and some food in it. I was to take a night train to Omaha where I would change to a Union Pacific train to somewhere in Utah and there I could get on a train that went to Portland. There were some hours

to wait at Omaha and a chance to get breakfast before getting on the train to go west. I had been told that the train was to leave at seven o'clock. I went to the ticket office to inquire where the train would be and the man looked me over from head to foot before he answered. Then he told me that I couldn't ride on that train. I asked him why and he said, "Because you haven't money enough." Upon asking how much money it took to ride on that train he told me that I would have to buy a sleeping car ticket that would cost me $24.00 and that a better train for me was the one that left a couple of hours later, having only a chair car.

It was here that I found out that people traveled in classes according to their wealth and that I was not in the class that could command the best conveniences. I was pleased to wait for the cheaper slower train which I found to be plenty good and quite a little better than I had expected.

People on the train treated me very well and I found the trip very enjoyable. There was nothing to do but look out the window and wonder about the great expanse of land of which I had seen so little. Sometimes the train would stop 20 minutes for lunch and if it didn't then I could get out the sack of apples and the loaf of bread that I had in the suitcase. When night came, it was only necessary to tip the chair back to a reclining position and go to sleep. In the three days that I was on this car, I learned to know the people that were sitting near me and found them swell people to associate with.

As we got farther west and other people got on the train, I became acquainted with a young man from Montana who had been raised in Ohio and had gone west because of trouble with asthma. He was going to the same place I was and for about the same reason. After getting to our destination he and I found a room we could share and attended the exposition together which made the whole thing more interesting and enjoyable. Later after getting back home, I received several letters from him.

There was much to be seen and much to be found

out as we wandered through the crowds that attended the exposition. The main theme of the show was timber. There was a large two story building built entirely of logs that housed many of the exhibits. Before it stood a tall flag pole that was 196 feet in height and consisted of one log that was clean and straight and not so very large at the bottom where it was set in the ground.

We saw many things that were surprising to us who had seen little of the world. The time soon came when it was necessary for me to be on my way and I had to take leave of my friend and get back on the train. I still had several feet of that excursion railroad ticket and there was a time limit on it when the last of it would be valid.

From Portland I was to go north to Vancouver. For part of this trip the train was run onto a boat that took us across the Williamette River. Well do I remember how the boat seemed to tip when one half of the train was uncoupled and allowed to coast down on the ferry and how it straightened up when the rest of the train came down on the other side.

For most of this trip, the road ran through country that was covered with timber which rose to great heights on each side of the track. In some places it was as if we were going through a tunnel.

After we got to Vancouver and changed to the Canadian Pacific, the way was over the Canadian Rockies and some of the most wonderful mountain scenery. At one place there was an observation point where the train was stopped and the passengers allowed to get out of the cars to see the end of a glacier and to get a breath of the cold mountain air. After the mountains, the balance of the trip was across the treeless plains of Canada and back home through North Dakota. It was my first experience in going into a foreign country and I was interested in seeing how the custom men went through the passenger's baggage.

There was a lot of education as well as enjoyment on such a trip. I came home determined that I was going to get around and see something of what the rest of the world was doing and I would at once

begin to earn money that would make it possible to start.

CHAPTER XVII

We were not all needed to handle the work at home and the idea came to me that I might get a job with the carpenter that built the room on our house. In this I was successful and began working for him the next spring. He had other men and we were all busy at work on buildings for neighboring farmers. The wages for this work amounted to $1.25 per day. We lived with the farmer while we were working at his place. There was little expense to a job of this kind and all the money earned could be easily saved. Except for a few tools that I had to buy, the money could be all laid away. Saturday night I was back home with a chance for a late Sunday morning snooze and a chance to partake of mother's late Sunday dinner.

The second season our work took us to a new town that was named Melvin. It was located on a branch of the Rock Island Railroad. This town was about 16 miles from our home and it was my practice to leave home on a bicycle, ride the 16 miles to work, and ride back again on Saturday evening. Sometimes the Saturday night trip was made after dark over country roads with no light to show the road.

The life after working hours was not so good. There was a pool room in the new town and also a saloon where drinks were sold over the bar. It was the time when a saloon license could be obtained by getting a certain percentage of the voters to sign a petition indicating their approval of such a way of selling liquor. The man who got the license had to pay a considerable amount for the privilege and there were some well set rules that he had to follow. Some of these were refusing to sell to anyone who was over indulging, closing exactly at the proper time, and not allowing minors in his saloon.

There may have been some advantages to his kind of a method of selling liquor but there were certainly a great number of disadvantages. It was the means that made a great many people get the liquor habit. It was supposed to be an improvement

over the prohibition law that we had before.

We had board and room at the home of a blacksmith who was also the town marshall and had the idea that he was a man of importance. He let his wife take in boarders as that made it easier to get along and he could spend less time at the hot forge in his shop.

His wife was a pleasant woman that cooked us very good food and kept our rooms neat and clean. As there was no place in their house where we cared to spend the time after work we would go down on the street where all the other workers were. There was a pool room and the saloon was open until ten. Our boss like to drink beer at the bar of the saloon but did not go there very much when the rest of us were with him. He would leave the work sometimes during the day to go there to drink. It was the practice when the bar was lined with drinkers to hand out the dice bos and give each man at the bar one throw. The one who got the lowest number was stuck for the price of the drinks for the whole group.

This was a terrible practice as a man who wanted only a glass of beer would be ashamed to leave when others had payed for his drink. He would probably stay until the number of drinks he had had rendered his judgement unable to make him know that he should be somewhere else.

There was a tower that ended in a steeple on the church we were building. I was somewhat afraid that I would have trouble in enjoying work that was so far above the ground but as we worked up gradually I found that it wasn't bad and didn't mind being up there at work.

On the day that we were shingling the steeple, there were three of us working, the boss, myself, and another man. The narrow roof was quickly covered and we were frequently raising the platform on which we worked. When the time came to raise it the boss seemed to always have some errand that made it necessary for him to go to the ground and when he came back he seemed to be more energetic and also a little more reckless in the way he would climb a-

round the narrow steeple. That day we all but finished the job having only a few shingles to nail on near the top when it came time to quit for the day.

The next morning was cloudy and some what stormy. When the boss asked me to go up and finish the job at the top of the steeple, I didn't exactly know whether I could do anything up there or not. I took my tools and climbed the ladder that took us up to the roof of the church where another ladder was fastened from the steep point of the main roof up to the roof of the steeple. As I climbed I could only notice how flimsy was the ladder and how high the steeple. When I did finally arrive at the top I was in no mood to do the rest of the work and could only cling to the scaffold and wish I was back on the ground.

The best thing for me to do was to climb back down to the ground which I did. Then came the problem of going to the boss and admitting that I was afraid and couldn't do the work up there. It was then that I thought of the other man who worked with us and how he had no sense of height and felt greatly pleased to be able to do something that others couldn't and I asked him to go up and finish the job.

A few days later when the painter had finished his work at the top of the steeple, the boss went up to take down the scaffold and came back crabbing about the large nails we had used to fasten it. It was then that I wanted to tell him that we wanted to feel that we were working on a scaffold that was strong enough to hold us up and that we did not feel the need of a trip to the saloon for something to bolster our courage as he did.

During the two years that I worked for this man, it was possible to save a little money. During the winter months, I was back at the farm where there was nothing that could interest me and little that I could do. Those were months in which I became determined that I was not going to be satisfied until I had seen what was doing in other parts of the country.

Where to go and what I was looking for, I did

not know, but of one thing I was sure and that was that idleness was something that could not be endured. It was in late January that I determined to go some where. I found myself at the depot inquiring about train schedules and the cost of travel. Finally I bought a ticket to the end of the Rock Island Railroad which was at the town of Mangum, Oklahoma. The next day with a few clothes in a suticase I was on the way. As the trip was toward the south and warmer climate it was easy to take a more hopeful view of the future as we went along and when I left the train at my destination things were fairly bright.

As I had arrived at the last town that had a railroad and there was a lot of country farther on that had to have some kind of a way to get supplies, I had come to a very busy place. Stores were doing a rushing business and the goods they were selling were loaded into wagons, that took them on out to the small trading places far to the west.

The wagons were pulled by four and sometimes six horses. They were not the kind of horses that I had been used to but they were much smaller and quite rough in appearance as they never had any shelter from the weather. While they were waiting for a load, they were tied at a hitching place where the whole team would lie down in harness resting for the next trip across the prairie.

For a time I was interested in watching how things went on in a frontier town. As it was a county seat and court was in session, it was very interesting to go there and see how they handled law breakers and what kind of crimes there were. Sometimes I would take long walks out away from the town and look for the different kinds of plants and different soil formations. The people were friendly and easy to talk to and in no hurry at all. They would sit down on the curb and visit for hours. Anyone who came from some place far away was a welcome person to join any such group.

There was only one hotel and by staying there one came in contact with all kinds of people, well to do, needy, educated or illiterate, lawyers and

judges. All gathered around a long dining table for their meals and visited as they ate.

After a couple of weeks stay in this town, I moved back to the next town that was somewhat larger and there got work with a contractor. With a saw and a hammer which I got at the local hardware, I reported for work and was sent with another carpenter to put the ceiling joists on a small brick office. This was work that was new to me and the man who was with me seemed to have less knowledge of how the work should be done than I did.

For a few weeks we were busy at different jobs and there was a good chance to find out more about the country and its disadvantages. There were days when the wind raised the sand in such clouds that we were unable to work. On pleasant mornings when I thought the temperature was ideal, the men would gather around a fire they would make on the ground and we would wait for the day to warm up while we talked over experiences in other places. On a Saturday when the heat had been quite oppressive and we had received our pay for the weeks work and we were loafing around the streets, I thought of what kind of weather must be in Iowa on a February night like that.

Sunday morning was somewhat different. The wind was blowing a gale and the thermometer had gone down to a point where an overcoat was a necessity. My idea of southern weather was changed and as I walked over to the job we were working on, I saw that the rafters that we had put up the day before had blown down and the next day's work would be a tearing down of what we had done.

After a good deal of consideration, I got the hammer and saw and the suitcase and went over to the depot to catch the next train north. The idea was not to go back home but to some place that might be a little better than where I was. Uncle Charlie was then living at Toronto, Kansas, and there was where I was headed and where I stayed on the farm where they lived until there was work that could be had. The work that I got was building houses for some people who were trying the con-

tractor game with little experience and were having difficulties.

Work lasted for some months and when the time came that I was not busy there was another uncle whom I had never seen, father's brother, who was a railroad engineer and worked at Ogden, Utah. It was there that I made the next stop and I found myself trying to find people whom I didn't know. After some little difficulty, I found where they lived and tried to explain who I was. It took some explaining but when they were satisfied that I really was a blood relative they treated me very well. It was the daughter, my cousin, that I first met and I found that her husband also was a railroad man and was away from home most of the time. The uncle was running an engine on a gravel train that was building a road across Salt Lake.

As visitors were not allowed out on the grade that was being built, I began to wonder how I was going to see my uncle and of course I was eager to see how a railroad across a lake was built. He only came home weekends. My cousin's husband was a conductor and when he came home from his run, he suggested that I climb into a box car that he knew was going to be pulled out to the construction job and stay there until I got to where I wanted to go.

There was quite a long wait in that box car before it was hooked on to the train and began to move out over the lake. When it stopped I climbed out and found myself in a large construction yard where there was railroad equipment of all kinds. A long train of gravel cars was standing on a side track ready to take its load out to where the grade across the lake was being widened. I thought that this must be the one on which my uncle worked so I began to look for the engine that unloaded the gravel. This was at the rear of the locomotive that pulled the train.

I walked out to the queer looking thing that was a wooden cab mounted on a flat car. It housed a large drum on which a cable was wound as well as an engine that powered the drum and a place for the man who operated the engine. The thing was operated

by steam that was furnished from the locomotive. When I told the man who operated this outfit who I was and where I had come from, he at once knew who I was and he invited me to get on board and ride out and see how they handled a train load of gravel.

This I was very pleased to do and as the train of gravel was ready to start and there was nothing for him to do until the spot to unload was reached, he had me tell him about the folks at home and why I was traveling so far away. Then in answer to my questions he told me about the railroad and why they were building it across the lake.

It seemed that the railroad as originally built went around the north end of the lake. To do this the road had to be built over some mountains making a road that was hard to keep up and a heavy pull up over the mountains that required two or more engines to get the train up over and around the lake. This also made passenger schedules slower. Competition was getting some of the business which made the railroad company willing to spend a million dollars to build the shorter and more level track across the lake. There was a point of land that extended into the lake on which there was a large hill. By building out to this, they could utilize the hill for filling to build the longer distance from there to the other side of the lake.

They began this work by first building a tressel to support the track and then using the track so built to haul gravel and rock that would be used to fill in the tressel and make a solid track clear across the lake which was several miles. At the time I was there, they had been sending some freight trains across but considered it to dangerous for passenger trains. The first freight trains that went over settled the track which in places rested on a bed of quick sand which sometimes would let the track settle so much that the engine pulling the train would be entirely under water.

My uncle showed me pictures he had of such a condition. He told me how they had chained his hoisting engine to the rails and gotten the cable

hitched over to the engine on the sunken track and how he pulled it over and up out of the water. All this was very interesting to me and I was eager to see how this mighty but humble machine really did work.

The gravel train had reached the place where the gravel was to be unloaded. It was stopped and the large calbe that was wound around the drum on the hoisting engine was fastened to a pole along side the track. Then as the train started again the cable unwound and when it was pulled out far enough to reach to the back of the train another stop was made. Then the end of the cable was transferred to a large plow that was on the last car. The operation of unloading the train load of gravel was now ready to begin.

Steam from the locomotive just ahead of the car in which we were riding was turned on to the engine that uncle was to operate. When he got a signal from a man at the plow he started it and the drum began to revolve and we could see the gravel begin to shove off the side of the car. This continued until the whole train was unloaded which was in a matter of a very short time.

On the way back he showed how a long arm that extended out from another car was used to spread the gravel and smooth up the grade sinking into the lake. He said the only way was to keep dumping more gravel until the bottom of the quicksand had been filled with the material they were dumping in. All the time they were running more heavy freight trains across to push the grade down until it was solid. He told me of how people had asked to be allowed out on the road to see the construction and offered considerable amounts of money for the privilege but that none had been allowed to come.

I was pleased to know that I had been able to do something that people with money couldn't do. For a couple of days I rode back and forth on the gravel train while I was getting acquainted with my uncle. While it would have been a glorious chance to find out a lot about my father's life when he was young, our talk was mostly about the work and

how people lived on construction jobs on our western railroads. He told me of a carpenter gang who were working on the farther end of the cut off, as they called the road over the lake, and said there might be a chance for me to get a job with them if I would go out there and see their foreman. I inquired where people lived on such a job and he said that it was easy to see that I was from the soft east as out there if a man had a blanket and there was a cook shack close he didn't worry about his comfort. He could lie down and sleep anywhere.

I walked over the western part of the road in search of the carpenter gang, more for the experience of being able to see how a railroad track across a lake really looked. It was a long and somewhat lonesome trip. There was just enough of a grade sticking out of the water to carry a single track and when I got out a ways there were no surroundings except water. This was a peculiar kind of water, very salty, several times more salty than the ocean. No fish lived in this water and no bird flew over it, except a rough looking gull who seemed to fly over the edges. During that long quiet walk, I had plenty of time to consider this island sea with no outlet. It was evaporating so fast that its surface was about ten inches lower every year and how long it would be before the lake would be just a salt flat no one knew.

I found the carpenter gang and also found that they were not in need of anymore men. At this I was not very much disappointed as I was beginning to wonder what was going on at home and if it wasn't a better place to work than out there.

After getting back to the construction camp and spending another day I took leave of uncle and got aboard an eastern going freight train on the way back to Ogden. The men on this train had no objection of me riding back as they were not disobeying any orders by letting anyone ride off the cut off. In the caboose some of the train men had a bucket of water from the lake in which they had emersed a fan shaped wire and said that in a few days it would be a beautiful fan sparkling like

diamonds as the salt from the water gathered on the wire. This kind of an ornament they said was much in demand by tourists that came out there trying to see the road across the lake.

It was not much longer that I stayed in Ogden but I did visit Salt Lake City and its Morman Tabernacle. I heard about the great man of Mormanism, Brigham Young, and how he had led his followers from the east where they were not wanted to this, which he was sure was the promised land for them. I also heard how it was considered the duty of every good Morman to go on a missionary tour to teach others about their church and listen to the many religious speakers who were speaking on the streets in the evening, mostly about things entirely different from Mormanism.

One speaker waited for one that had a good crowd to finish and then had immediately tried to get them to listen to him. He told of how a well known young Morman, when he was ready to go on his tour was too drunk to get aboard the train and had to be carried on board. A bystander took exception to this and walked up in front of him and shaking his fist in his face called him a liar. Surely there was a conflict of religious views in a city built by the Mormans.

My travels took me as far as Butte, Montana, where I saw a city that had so many gas fumes that the grass wouldn't grow and was called the Pittsburgh of the west. From there I was headed back toward Iowa and hardly had enough money left to buy a ticket. Seeing a billboard advertising one way tickets that people who didn't care to return to the east were willing to sell for what they could get for them and that was half price. There was very little danger of their not being honored by the railroads. The first place that I inquired about such a ticket they looked over their stock and said they didn't have one that fitted my description. I soon found a place where they had just the kind I needed and at much less than the regular fare. With this I was soon on the way back to the land of grain and hay that I had not seen for more than six

months.

After only a few weeks at home the old restlessness came back and I thought there must be some place where there was a need of the kind of work I like to do.

Hearing of a man who I had known at Melvin where he was the owner of a creamery and who was then located on a lake in Wisconsin and was building a new home there, I thought there might be a good chance to go and work for him. Picking up a few odd jobs around home to get money for a railroad ticket, I was soon on the way with a few tools that I carried in a homemade chest that I could carry like a suitcase. There were other people that I knew lived in the same general neighborhood which was on Bear Lake about one hundred miles northeast of Minneapolis. I went to see these people and to learn more about the country and where the man was that was building the home.

It was then that I learned of a new railroad that was being built, a short branch line that went from Rice Lake to Winter. It extended through land that had recently been cut over and all the marketable timber taken out and now the district was expected to become homes for farmers. A furniture factory was being built at Birchwood which was one of the towns that the new road went through. Thinking that this might be a good place to find something to do I took a trip over this road. It was on Saturday and a very interesting trip through land that was entirely covered with timber, through which a small strip had been cleared where the track was laid. The train was a combination freight and passenger that stopped for some time at all the stations to unload freight. On the way up I didn't leave the cars as I was afraid of getting left. At the next to the last station, I got off the train not caring to go any farther as I had been told that the last station was just a place where the engine was taken off one end of the train and coupled on to the back for the return trip. The name of the town at which I stopped was Cuderay and there was a sawmill there and considerable activity

as several men worked in the mill and the logging camp that was close by.

There was no depot and no stores or residences in this town in the brush. There was a place called the Pig that was a combination of a saloon, eating house and resort generally. Piles of lumber lined the railroad and more was being added as it was brought from the mill.

For a couple of hours I wandered around the poace. There was a carpenter gang that had a contract to build some small houses for the men that worked in the mill to live in. By talking with some of the men, I got as much information as I could and found that the boss would be going back on the train that afternoon. I thought this would be a good chance to see him about getting a job with his crew. The men also were going back as no one cared to stay in this place over the weekend.

On the slow strip back to Ric Lake, I had plenty of time to make acquaintance with the boss and found him to be a very jolly friend indeed. After visiting with him a short time during which I tried to show my interest and ability in the building line, I finally told him that I would be greatly pleased to join his gang and was quite surprised to find that he would be greatly pleased to have me. When I got off the train it was with the understanding that I would be on board again Monday morning with my tools and ready to work.

What I did not know about this man was that on Saturday he generally was not in shape to remember the promises he made. On Monday when I got aboard the train at Rice Lake to go up to the job, I quickly found him and was surprised to see that he didn't know who I was and had no recollection of having promised me a job. When I told him about being up where his work was and riding back with him Saturday he seemed to listen and after a while he said that he thought there might be something that I could do and when we got to Cuderay walked to the job with me and told me what I was to do.

For a couple of monthes I worked with this gang. We were building a group of small houses all

of them just alike and in a row where the ground was covered with brush and old timber. There was a small cellar and the men of the carpenter gang had to take their turn digging this. Sometimes there would be a big tree lying across the place where the house was to stand and we would saw a section of it off where the sill of the house had to be and the rest was left if it did not interfere with the cellar.

We got our meals in the cook shanty where the men who worked in the woods ate. This was a long log structure that was both a kitchen and a dining room with a long wooden table extending down through the middle and having a plank bench on each side. The table was set so that every four men could reach all the food they were expected to have and nothing was passed along the table. The food was good and we had plenty but became very monotonous as each day of the week we had the same food that same day that we had the week before.

Each man had his place at the table and it was not well for him to be found seated in someone elses place. The method of finding your place was to count down from the door so that you were sure to get in the seat where you belonged. The door of the dining room was barred so that no one could get in until all the food was on the table and every bench was in its place. Before each meal the men could wash up at a long trough where there were about a dozen wash pans and some cakes of the strongest laundry soap I had ever seen. When the water from the wash pan was dumped it flowed down the trough under all the rest of the pans and into a hole in the ground.

After the men had washed they would walk over to the door of the dining shack and wait for the bar to be lifted so they could get in and take their seat. Between fifty or sixty men became crowded around the door. The ones farther back were crowding upon the ones near the door who were watching through the window to see when the cook would drop the bar. Then the whole group would crowd in. Sometimes the door would swing back so

quickly that the cook didn't have time to get out of the way and would be thrown back by the swinging door. The language he would use as he tried to tell them what he thought about their entrance was more like that that the farmer used when he was feeding his hogs. In reality the rush to get to the food was a compliment to his ability as a cook and his energy in preparing enough food for so many men with only the help of his wife and the sleeping shanty boss who was called the Bull Cook.

The first few nights, I was given a bed in the sleeping shanty along with the mill hands and there I had a chance to see humanity in its lower stage. The beds were filthy and lice and bed bugs left unmolested. Men were hired by the employment agencies in Minneapolis and shipped out there to work. Some of these were from good families who had gone on a binge and were afraid to go home and so were shipped out to the camp to have a little time to think it over. Others were men who had followed this kind of living for years and did not see anything wrong with it.

For my part, I wondered how long I would be able to stay and if there wasn't some way that I could get a better place to sleep. Our first job was lining the inside of a large log building with new lumber to make more room for men to sleep. The men began to think how nice it would be if they could be some of the new occupants.

The young man who had charge of the sleeping quarters came often to see how we were getting along. We all became very friendly with him knowing that he had the power to say who the men would be that got a bed in this new place. In a couple of days this was done and new single beds with new bedding were installed. There was room for twenty two men and when the bull cook announced who was to move to this room we found that along with others who were chosen because of their cleanliness and sobriety, the carpenters were included.

This was a very good place to stay. There were rules that had to be obeyed such as no lights after a certain time and the keeping of the beds in good

order by each individual who occupied them and anyone coming in late was not to turn on lights to awaken the others. This was a very good group and they were kept that way by knowing that any wrong doing meant that they would be moved out by the bull cook's orders upon any complaint.

There was a large wood burning stove in the middle of the room and a line of beds down each side with the heads to the wall. Every one was awakened at a certain time when the Bull Cook came in to start up the fire and if there were any laggards who didn't immediately get out of bed he was hauled out without any question. The time of waking the men whas such that there was only a chance for them to get to the wash pans, which was a very cold job, and be at the cook shack when breakfast was ready.

The time I spent with this group of men was pleasant as they were all on a friendly basis. One fellow who slept in the first bed near the door had a nervous disposition. Someone who came in the door noticed that his toes were sticking out the foot of his bed and stopped to tickle them. The fellow let out with a loud yell and it was the custom from then on to stop and see if there was a chance to repeat the performance which there was and he could not take this. It was only a matter of time until he had to leave to get away from his tormentors.

As we began to get some of the new houses finished a few of us got some beds and a stove and moved into one of them where we had a more independent life and where we could be free from the rules of the bull cook.

The houses we were building were to be occupied by the families of the men who worked in the sawmill. They were mostly French Canadians and spoke mostly French. There seemed to have been a change made in the plan for the houses and another room added after the order for doors was given for we were always one door short of completing the house. One morning the train brought thirteen doors which was one for every house we had built.

By this time many of the houses were occupied

and it was going to be someones job to visit all these families and hang a bedroom door. It so happened that this fell to me and I began to visit the French Families and to spend enough time with them to fit and hang and put the lock on one door.

I found the people quite friendly and their family life interesting. While they could speak English quite well, the only talk I would hear was French and the short words and their manner of speech was something quite different from any foreign language that I had ever heard.

The lumber company was building a plaining mill near the sawmill and the big boss from Minneapolis was there looking things over and was a noticeable figure wherever he went. He had a weight of perhaps two hundred and fifty pounds and a red face that appeared to be that way because of his indulging in too much whisky. As he had no different accomodations than the rest, we soon came to know him quite well through contacts we had at the dining table and when he came around to inspect our work. It became quite clear that he wanted some place where he could be somewhat by himself and perhaps entertain some of his friends. Near the plaining mill there was a spot that he chose for the club room he intended to build and the contractor that we worked for got the order to begin work. Electricity and water could be had from the mill and the plans were for a fairly modern joint as the men called it. The job was to be somewhat of a hurry up affair and must be completed by Thanksgiving as he had planned to have guests out from Minneapolis that date.

Our boss didn't want to be tied up on any exacting job such as this was likely to be and asked if he couldn't sublet the job to me which I was very pleased to have him do. He said that I could have Nelse as a helper and that we shoudl go at the job at once.

The material for the job was run out on trucks from the plaining mill and we were ready to go to work. Nelse was a very good worker when he didn't get mixed up with the gang that hung out at the

place they called the "Pig", which was a place where liquor was sold. It had a large card room and was a general hangout where the men spent after work hours. There were some sleeping rooms above and at the end of the month when the men were paid there were some female visitors who came out from the cities to help entertain the men and to relieve them of their hard earned money. This was so they would be willing to go back to work and not have the idea that they were rich enough to take a few days off and continue drinking.

Sully Heffinger was the name of the Lumber Co. official who wanted the clubhouse. He was the head of a concern that had the sawmill and owned considerable timber land. His orders were final and all the people around the place did as he ordered. He kept in touch with the construction of the new clubhouse and was continually asking if there was anything he could do to help the job along. He said that if we wanted to work evenings he would have the men put up a string of lights and give the engineer at the plaining mill orders to keep the generator going as long as we cared to work. This was done and when we didn't quit at a reasonable time the engineer would come out and while he could not say anything about our quitting work, we could plainly see that he thought that it was time that we did.

When Thanksgiving time came the job was so nearly complete that the doors could be locked and Mr. Heffinger thought it safe to bring in a lot of choice liquors and all the other things he needed to make the party successful.

The morning after when we went back to finish the job up we had no more than got close to the door before we could hear the loud snoring of the occupants, so we went away and did not disturb their sleep. The news about the liquor got around and during the day some of the men came to me with an offer to pay me for the use of the key so they could get in and see how good it was. Of course an offer of this kind had no appeal to me. Later that night someone got one of the windows open and tried

FARM NEAR ASHTON
(my childhood home)

with a fish pole to lift some bottles off a table that was in plain sight from the window.

When there was no more work to be done on the blubhouse, I thought it about time to go back home and planned to leave as soon as I could get settled up for the work. It was then that Mr. Heffinger came with a proposition to build a large barn to shelter the horses that they used in the woods. While I greatly appreciated being asked to do this work, cold weather was coming on and we had been working seven days a week and many times in the evening and it seemed to be the best to pass up this job and go back and see how things were coming on the farm.

Sometime before Christmas I was back to the old farm and very contented to just hang around and take it easy.

CHAPTER XVIII

I had been away from home just about a year and had been over a considerable area. While I had spent a good deal of the wages I had earned, the steady work in Wisconsin had brought in enough so that when I got home I had about the same amount left as had been earned the two years that had been spent working there.

Rural telephones had been put in and some of the isolation of life on the farm had changed. People were using the telephone to visit. While there was not a very efficient service, it had brought the whole neighborhood into a closer association and all the troubles of the neighborhood were known to all that had a phone. Some of the older people did not take to the telephone at once and could hardly be persuaded to talk over it, but the younger ones did not hesitate to make very good use of it.

It was at once apparent that I had lost interest in all the old things and must look for something that would give me a chance to get into something in which there was a chance of advancement. Earl had left home and was trying to do a little farming for himself and was located at Rock Rapids which was about 22 miles to the northwest. By going over to visit him, I found that there was a chance to get some work with a contractor that was doing work for the farmers and for the next season worked for him.

Much of the work we did was for men who owned a lot of land which was rented to farmers. We generally lived with them during the week and returned to town Saturday evening. Some of the work we did was putting roofs on concrete block buildings. I was at once struck with the practical way that this was to make a permanent building that had many other qualities needed for farm use.

There had been a corporation formed to manufacture the machines needed to make the concrete block. They had a shop in which they were built. As the season for building came to an end in the fall

I found that there was a chance to get work in this shop and spent the winter months at that job.

Many people came to look at the concrete machines we were putting out and part of my job was to demonstrate the use of the machines. Many concerns over the country had started the manufacture of this kind of equipment. It was the practice for them to get together at some point and put on a show of what could be done with a new way of handling concrete as building material.

That winter the show was held at Sioux City and along with another man I was asked to go along and help demonstrate the things that the machinery we were making could do. This was an interesting trip and quite new to me as it brought me into an entirely new class of people than any I had ever been with before. We lived at a hotel and spent most of the time at the place where the show was held.

The surprising thing to me was the interest that people took in this new kind of building material. The Anchor Company, which was the name that the corporation called themselves, had a place where they were manufacturing concrete blocks just as a place to demonstrate their machinery and they wanted someone to buy its equipment and go into the business of making the blocks and their president asked me if I would not like to own this. At once it was plain to me that I didn't have the capital necessary for this but it did seem to have wonderful possibilities for the future.

Back at the home town of Ashton, I knew there was a man who did mason work and might have some money he would like to invest. I made a trip back there to see him and found out that he was eager to leave the place where he was and would come along and take a part in a venture that this appeared to be.

Late that spring he moved over to the new job and we formed a partnership and began to get ready for the new order of things in which we could be the boss, the workers, and the owners. I believe the whole establishment cost us $300.00 which we

paid in cash. As soon as the weather was warm, we began the manufacture of something of which we had little knowledge, but we were not lacking in energy and interest to make the thing go.

The advertising of the Anchor Company did bring a great many visitors to their shop and from there to our yard where they could see the demonstration of the equipment they were interested in. This gave us plenty of opportunity to talk of people who were doing the same things that we were and they could tell us a great deal about the problems we were encountering.

As one looks back to those days and remembers the different set up of things as compared to those which came later, it is easy to see that there were many things that had to be done differently and at a much slower pace. No one had ever seen a truck. Everything had to be moved by wagon drawn by horses. The first automobiles were just making their appearance and very peculiar things they were with a one cylinder engine set crosswise of the car, generally under the seat. It was started with a long crank at the side of the car. No one was sure he would be able to get one of them going once he got it stopped. When he did get out on the road there was always the danger of scaring someones horses and causing them to stampede down the road or perhaps dump some family in the ditch while they ran off with the carriage.

Sand was the raw material of which we needed the most and this could be found in quanity in many places along the river. I had a carriage horse and my partner had one also and we bought a wagon to haul the materials we needed. Neither of these horses had ever been in a sand pit and neither had they ever pulled a heavy load so it took considerable patience and some broken harnesses before we got them educated to the things we wanted them to.

Our establishment was set up on a vacant lot one block off main street and consisted of an open shed in which we could set the new made blocks out to cure where they would be sheltered from the wind and rain. The equipment consisted of a wooden mix-

ing bos, some shovels, a hoe and a cast iron mould in which we tamped the concrete after it was properly mixed and the right amount of water added. The mould called the block machine was one of those manufactured in the shop I had worked in and it was considered the best of many that were being made in different places around the country. What made it considered the best was because it was designed so that the two sides of the block were separated so that moisture or cold if it did penetrate the outer one couldn't pass on through into the inner one. The two pieces were fastened together by some pieces of heavy wire that were moulded into the block as it was made.

The theory was that when this block was used in the outer wall of a house there could be no conduction of cold or moisture and that the inner wall would always be dry and warm so that the wall could be plastered directly on the block thus getting rid of the cost of furring strips and lath and requiring only a small amount of plaster. All this made a story that sounded very good to those who were wanting to get into the business of building this kind of house. It was a good many years later before we found out that the sotry was not as good as it sounded and that this kind of a house needed much more in the way of insulation to make it a comfortable place to live. While we made a good many of these kind of blocks that were used in houses that are still in use, they are causing prospective builders 50 years later to look for other material than concrete for their houses.

For the first few months we were very busy getting blocks made that we hoped would be in demand later in the season. Building was not very brisk that year and there were also two or three other places where they were making concrete blocks. Each had different kinds but they all had something that they claimed made their block the best for building purposes.

At the end of a few months we had all our storage space filled and our money was all gone and no one had come to buy our building material. We

were buying our cement from one of the lumber yards and we owed them considerable on account. It seemed that the best thing to do was to quit for a while and perhaps find something else to do.

My partner being an experienced plasterer was soon offered work plastering a house several miles to the south. I was offered a job of making blocks for a house in the town of Doon about 13 miles away. I immediately moved our equipment to that job and hired some helpers and stayed on the job until it was finished.

Something like a month later, we were both back and had enough money to pay up the bills. That fall brought some demand for blocks and by the end of the season saw our small stock nearly all sold and there was a chance that we would have plenty to do when spring came again.

This kind of building material was new and many people were slow to accept it. We were strangers and they had some fear that we did not have the know how to make good blocks, but when the stock we had disappeared this fear seemed to go also and there was little question about our being able to do good work.

The second year there was somewhat better demand for concrete block as building material and we were busy most of the time. The other block manufacturers were helping to get them introduced and the competition helped to make people conscious of the new material.

It was during this year that the news came of the San Francisco earthquake and fire. I mention this to kind of place the date, while I am not sure but I believe that the year was 1904.

It was during that year that some of the people of the town decided to start a county fair and after a little solicitation for funds and material, construction on the grounds was begun. A half mile race track was built along with a grandstand, some barns, and a floral hall. This work was rushed so it could be completed in time for the fall fair.

Everyone was enthusiastic about the fair and all worked to put it voer. We were asked to furnish

the foundations for some of the buildings. As the man who had done the most to promote the manufacture of the concrete block was the head push on the starting of the fair, much of his activity helped to bring out notice of both.

Some of the citizens had made enough money so that they could spend the winters in California and had come to have a lot of interest in horse racing. These were made the ones to have charge of the racing. There were plenty of farm people who would help out with the agriculture exhibits and the display of livestock. During the weeks before fair time almost anyone could be found at the fair ground and they all seemed to be enjoying the work.

Groups were sent to all the adjoining towns to advertise the fair and every issue of the county papers had something to say about it. Attractions not usually seen at county fairs were bargained for and fully advertised so that when the date for the opening approached everyone was keyed up for the occasion.

The day came with good weather, and the fair gates were opened at seven o'clock. Ticket takers were there waiting for the people to come. As I had the job of being one of them it was interesting to note the many different kinds of people that came through. The early ones were the farmers who came to care for their stock and they all had exhibitors tickets. Along with them were the horsemen who came to care for the race horses and they had another kind of ticket. Others who had the duty of taking care of the floral hall and other exhibits made up the early visitors.

The grounds were covered with nearly every kind of farm equipment that was used at that time. Compared with what one would see at a place of this kind now it was much different. No one at that time had ever heard of a farm tractor and gas engines for use around the farm, as they were just starting to be developed. Later in the day when the people who wanted to see the fair began to arrive they all came in horse drawn vehicles.

By the middle of the forenoon the farm people

people began to come in. Whole families came in horse drawn carriages who had come to spend the day. There was room on the grounds where they could leave their teams and as a good many of them had brought a lunch by noon the fair took on the nature of a picnic.

In later years all the concessions such as merry-go-rounds, rides and such were allowed on the ground but this first year there was none of this and people devoted all their time to the fair. All the other things that make up the carnival were located up on the streets of the town. All of the visitor's time was taken up entirely with things that concerned the fair.

By two o'clock when it was time for the races to start there was a large crowd of people on hand and the grandstand was not large enough to hold all that wanted to get in. There was some kind of a free attraction that took place between the different races which with the band kept the people amused and everyone seemed to agree that the fair was a success.

When the races were over everyone went back to town where the amusements most of them wanted to see were beginning. All the stores had declared a holiday and the streets were blocked with amusements that made it impossible to get around. A larger platform had been built on the court house lawn and a dance was being held there. There were enough people so that every place was doing a rushing business and everyone was having a good time. This continued until as late as anyone would stay and spend their money.

By establishing the county fair something was brought to the people that a great many didn't know existed. There was much that was educational and amusing, but there was also a great deal of filth and sin that followed such a show. A great many of the younger people who came to the fair had never come in contact with the kind that followed the fairs and of course were easy prey for the gambling devises and the lewd women that were there looking for some easy money.

A merry-go-round was set up in the street right in front of where we had our block yard. They did a thriving business. Rides cost a nickle and old and young made up the crowd that kept it busy. Here it was that the strange women got in touch with the young men from the farms and from where they could be coaxed away in the dark down over the hill toward the river. In the days following the fair it was often that we would hear some young man boasting of his experiences and telling his friends about the thrills of fair week.

Each year the fair grew in importance. The railroads ran special trains which were met by the town people with a brass band and many flags. Our town was fast becoming a center of amusement.

As we look back to those days it is well to remember that people of these days had never seen an automobile. They had never been farther from home than could be traveled with a horse and buggy. Almost everything seen at the fair was new and strange. While there were a lot of things that came from the farms there were also a great many things that could never be seen on any farm.

The manufacture of concrete block in those days was a slow process and called for a lot of hard work. The block machine as it was called was not a machine at all but just a cast iron mould. The concrete was mixed with a hoe in a mixing box with only a small amount of water being added so that when tamped into the mould it would be firm enough to stand up when the mould was removed. The tamping was done by hand with some heavy cast iron tampers and the top of the block was finished with a wooden float. Then the mould was removed by an arrangement that did not disturb the freshly made block which was carried away on a wooden pallet.

After a ten hour day of this kind of work one was entirely willing to sit down and rest. As the use of concrete block increased and people began to find out how practical and economical they were, the demand for our products began to increase. At about this time the use of electricity was also increasing. Our town had electric service only at

night but now started to furnish day current so that it was available for motors in the day time. It was then that we bought a concrete mixer which lightened the work in the blockyard considerably. It did not increase the quanity we could put out but did make the job a little more bearable and the product somewhat better in quality.

The Anchor Company had many visitors who came from a distance in answer to the advertising they put out. They were always brought to our place where the manufacture of concrete blocks could be demonstrated. While this took up some of our time it was always interesting to meet these people and hear of their plans and expectations.

During the first year we had a vacant lot in a very good location but this was sold and we had to look for another place. Although we had little idea of the amount of room needed we did find another vacant place that we thought would be alright and made inquiries as to whether it could be bought. The idea of buying the new site was so that we would not be forced out and have to move again. We found that the owner was very lenient and would give us a deed for the ground. In return we had to give him a note.

While I do not remember the price we were to pay, it could not have been very much. Our shed and equipment were moved and now we were located to stay. It was then that we began to plan for the future. What we needed most was a building in which we could store cement as well as to have some kind of an office where we could keep our records.

It was during these first two years that we saw the first automobiles in town. First there was a one cylinder Cadillac that one of the doctors bought. There was also a second hand one cylinder Reo that was brought in by the man who owned the telephone system. About the third year after we were in town the first automobile dealer got started and had a thriving business in a short time. The car he sold was the Mitchel and compared to cars of today it was somewhat crude. The engine was in front which was different from the ones we had seen

which had the engine under the seat. The crank to start the engine was in front where sometimes the man who was trying to start it would get run over. The body consisted of a floor on which there was a driver's seat. In front two persons could sit. There was a somewhat larger rear seat for three passengers in the back. There was nothing between the seats and anything left on the floor could easily slip out onto the road. The whole thing was covered with a canvass top like that of the horse drawn carriages that could be let down or put up as they wanted.

There were headlights which burned kerosene or perhaps in the higher priced ones would be fitted with an acetylene tank on the running board and the lights would be fed from that. It had pneumatic rubber tires that had a guarantee of three thousand miles and carried an air pressure of 60 or 70 pounds. There was a three speed transmission and the lever for shifting gears as well as the brake lever were mounted outside of the body at the end of the dirver's seat where it was in his way whenever he wanted to get in or out of the car. The steering wheel was on the right side of the car because here was where the driver always sat in horse drawn vehicles. There was a dashboard in front and a foot rest like the one needed to hold the driver from sliding off the seat as he pulled on the reins when driving a horse.

The man who had the agency planned on building quite an elaborate building and really must have had a pretty good idea of how the car was to be the conveyance of the future. It was to be 50 feet by 110 feet and have two stories and a basement. The walls were to be of 12 inch concrete blocks and the first floor to be of reinforced concrete.

It was the later part of August, after the fair was over, and we got started to make the blocks and the help had to be increased so as to have the job completed by cold weather. The blocks were terribly heavy to handle. They weighed about 120 pounds. With the power mixer to mix the concrete and an extra mould we could get out about 200

blocks in a day. The building also had a lot of special stuff such as sills and cornice that had to be made in a wooden mould.

We had a blue print of the building and could get all the information we needed from the contractor. It was planned to have the building finished by winter but when cold weather came it was up only to the first story height. Our part, that of getting the blocks made, was finished however.

When the building was completed it stood as an accomplishment for concrete blocks and for a number of years it was known as the largest concrete block garage in the United States. It was also a great help in the selling of more concrete block machines and the bringing of more interested people to see how they were made.

This job brought us in some profit and the desire to improve our equipment. What we needed most was a place to store our cement and a place to keep a team of horses. A building 20 or 40 with an upper story for hay was what we wanted and we got it constructed the following fall. The open shed where we made the blocks wasn't what was needed and plans were taking shape for a new factory building in which concrete blocks could be made all through the winter.

CHAPTER XIX

My first few years in Rock Rapids were spent at several different boarding places. The first year I spent at Earl's place, a farm just on the edge of town. At that time we did our own cooking and the living was not of the best. Later I had boarding at several different homes where the food was good and there was a clean room to sleep in. At other times I had a room and took my meals at restaurants of which there were several and along with several other fellows I would move from one to the other hoping the change would bring an improvement.

There was little in the way of amusement in town and after some little time in a poolhall which I never cared for, the evenings were spent in the room generally going to bed at an early hour. About once a month there would be some kind of a theatrical company come to the opera house and we could attend their show. Moving pictures had not been invented. It was several years before the first one came to town and then it was so hard on one's eyes that no one cared to go to see it. Later as their projector was improved people flocked in. They came in crowds for several shows during the afternoon and evening. Admittance at first was ten cents but when there were two rival theaters the cost was only five cents. Those were the days of the silent pictures with a few words appearing once in a while on the screen to tell you what was really going on. While one could see the lips of the actors moving, only a lip reader could tell what was being said.

Plans for the new factory began to take shape but there was the difficulty of keeping a supply of blocks ready for our trade and also getting enough on hand for the building. It was late in the fall when we began rearing down the shed and digging a trench for the footing. It was on Thanksgiving day that we had the walls up to the top of the windows and it began to rain which turned into a snow storm that brought enough snow so that we had to give up the work until spring.

It was on the first of March that the weather

turned warm and we could get to work. That month turned out to be a very unusual time. After the first week the snow was all gone and from then on every day was nice and warm. Soon the walls were completed and we were working on the smoke stack which also was of concrete blocks. The large cottonwood tree leaved out and it seemed like spring had really come.

During the first part of May our warm weather took on a different aspect. It turned quite cold and began to freeze. The leaves that had come out on the trees froze and the wind russeled them like late in the fall. All the leaves fell off and it seemed that we were going to have another winter. Later the demand for blocks kept us from finishing our building and it was several months before it was entirely done. Work in the new building was much less strenuous and we could produce much more in a day's work. Curing rooms made it much less trouble to keep the moisture in the concrete until it was strong enough to handle.

Any detailed account of the troubles and hard work we went through in getting the new factory would be of little interest. The main facts are that it was completed and was thought by many who saw it that it was the most up to date place of its kind anywhere around.

It was not long before the inadequacy of the place began to show. We got a drain tile machine and sometime later the Anchor Company began to experiment with the building of a mechanical tamper and it was then that the small building site that was more than half covered with the building began to appear to be a very follish thing indeed. There were lots that joined us on the north that we did not know could be bought and there was no money for that purpose even if they could. The only possible future with any hope of success was the getting hold of this land to make a storage yard. At that time there were three old buildings on the lots and the one farthest away became for sale and it seemed that we must find some way to get control of it with the hope that we could get the rest some time

later.

The house on this lot was of some value and could be rented and I found that the purchase price was not high and thought that I might induce brother Chas who I new had money to spare to buy it as an investment, promising that we would take it off his hands whenever we could get ahold of the money to do so. This worked out alright.

In the following months we found that the other places were for sale at a price not too high for our purpose. During the following years as we got ahold of a little money that we could spare, these properties were bought and the old houses pulled down and the property cleared up for a storage yard. When we could take over the house that Chas owned, that house was moved to a lot in the next block and we thought that our hopes were realized.

It was not long before our building proved entirely too small and an addition was added to it. A couple of years later another was added. With the drain tile and the large well tile, the yard room was soon crowded and we had no more room in which we could pile our products.

Across the alley to the west there were a couple of vacant lots that were owned by the postmaster. One day I asked him if we might use them on which to pile our tile, promising to keep the weeds down and the place in good shape. I was very pleased to find out that he was glad to have us do that and there was no charge for their use.

During the few years that it took to transform that tumbled down neighborhood from old houses to a manufacturing plant, the people of the town could see that we were making some progress.

It was Sunday morning about the second year I was in Rock Rapids and staying with Earl, that a messenger came to the house and said that there was a message at the telephone office for him. Immediately he got on the back of a horse and went to the telephone office. In a few minutes he was back and I at once saw that something had happened to make him excited.

What he found at the telephone office was that there was a call from home and someone had called to tell him that Roscoe had been struck by lightning. No particulars had been given and as there had been no rain storm that morning, we could hardly realize that anything like that could have happened.

Arrangements were made for someone to take care of Earl's stock and we started immediately to drive back to the home place. It was 22 miles and with a horse and buggy it was a drive of nearly three hours. Nothing was said on that long trip. We were both in hopes that there must have been some mistake and that nothing of the kind could possibly have happened.

When we arrived at the farm we were quick to find out that it was true and that Roscoe had been instantly killed by a bolt of lightning that had come out of a very nearly clear sky. He and Chas had arisen late as was usual on Sunday and had left the house at the same time to go to the barn to take care of the morning chores. One went out the back door while the other went out the front. When they were about half way and about 30 ft. apart the bolt had struck while Roscoe was passing under the limbs of a tree. The electricity had passed through his body going into the ground through his lef and tearing the sole of the shoe off the foot that was in contact with the ground. The next tow days were gloomy indeed. The undertaker came and we drove to town to pick out a casket. There was no telephone but news of what had happened traveled fast and many of the neighbors came to offer their sympathy and to talk to us.

The funeral was on Tuesday and the procession began at the house and stretched for more than a mile. As we passed the schoolhouse and turned to the right we could look back and see the carriages a mile away as they took their place in the procession.

This was the first time that our family had experienced anything of this kind and it seemed quite unfair that the youngest should be the first

to go. Mother's parents, grandfather and grandmother Freeman, were buried on the same lot where Roscoe's grave was dug. When we had attended their funeral it seemed more as it should be as they had arrived at an age more like the time people could be expected to die.

The Ashton Leader wrote this account of Roscoe's death.

KILLED BY LIGHTNING

It is The Leader's lot this week to chronicle one of the saddest deaths that has occured here for some time. Roscoe Pettengill was killed by lightning Sunday morning, May 20th at about 7 o'clock on his father's farm northwest of Ashton just as he was going to the milk house to separate the milk. In the morning we had a few showers of rain accompanied by a little vivid lightning though it was not at all severe. When the lightning struck Roscoe, he was under large trees and not ten feet away from his father who was already in the milk house and who experienced no shock whatever. The bolt struck the young man at the back of the head and passed through his entire body, both heels of his stockings were torn out and one heel of his shoes torn off. His clothes were considerably torn by the force of the stroke.

Roscoe Freeman Pettengill, was born March 5, 1888, and had reached the age of 18 years, 2 months and 15 days at the time of his death. He attended the Ashton Public School last winter and they were closed Tuesday afternoon when the body was laid to rest. Rev. A. L. Howarth of Sioux City, delivered the funeral sermon at the M. E. Church, assisted by Revs. Bowen and Tracht of Ashton. The church was crowded to its utmost at the time with sympathizing friends and relatives. He leaves to mourn his death his father, mother, two sisters and four brothers. The following relatives from abroad who were in attendance at the funeral,

F. B. Pettengill and family of Adrian, Minnesota, E. E. and S. H. Pettengill of Rock Rapids, and Eva Pettengill who was attending school at Cedar Falls, Iowa.

Beautiful floral offerings were furnished by the Order of Railway Telegraphers and by the Ashton Public Schools."

Earl and I had to go back to our work and it was not until sometime later that I drove over again to the farm to find out how things were getting along. Starting after work it was dark before I got there and a storm was coming up. For the last few miles the lightning was getting preety severe and while I had never been afraid of getting hit by lightning, I began to wonder on that trip if I might not be the next one to meet an untimely death.

I found out that the void left by taking one of the family was being noticed in many ways. While Roscoe was the younger of the two boys left at home, he had been the leader and now there was no use in wishing he was there to say what the next move would be. Mother's mind was not just as it should be and she was wondering why she was not feeling the frief that seemed to be getting the best of the rest of the family.

MR. & MRS. BYRON TOWNE PETTENGILL (1908)

This is an article that was in the Ashton Leader on September 8, 1921.

CELEBRATE THEIR GOLDEN WEDDING

CHILDREN AND GRAND CHILDREN
AT OLD HOME

Mr. and Mrs. Byron T. Pettengill
are Honored--Was a "Red
Letter" Day For Them.

Aged Couple are Esteemed by Many
Friends and Neighbors.

AUGUST 31, 1871.
AUGUST 31, 1921.

BYRON T. PETTENGILL
MARTHA FREEMAN

Fifty Years! What multitude of thoughts these words suggest, and with them what a flood of memories they recall--memories of yesteryears and yesterdays--memories of friends whose faces have passed from view--memories of scenes and incidents that have taken lodgment in the heart and fail to become dispossessed there from with the flight of time--memories sweet and tender--memories, undying memories--memories, cherished memories; all of them, and as dear as life itself.

In the common acceptation of the word anniversaries are mere events in the life race; in the broader and better acceptation of the word they are talismanic, marking unerringly days and are stepping stones in the endless cycle of eternity.

The above was not a common place day--it was more, it was not only an anniversary, but also a "Red Letter Day" in the lives of Mr. and Mrs. Byron T. Pettengill. In future years, Wednesday, August 31, 1921, will be recalled as an eventful epoch in their lives--the fiftieth anniversary of the wedding of this most worthy couple.

On the date named children and grandchildren from far and near assembled at their rural home, four and one-half miles northwest of Ashton, in honor of their parents and grand parents. The occasion was as delightful as it was joyous to each and all the participants.

The following is the roster of those in attendance, including all of the children of Mr. and Mrs. Pettengill: Mr. and Mrs. Fay Pettengill and four children, of Magnolia, Minnesota; Mr. and Mrs. Vet Pettengill and two children, of Rock Rapids, Iowa; Earl Pettengill and five children, of Rock Rapids, Iowa; Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Guyon and two children, of Colton, South Dakota; and Charlie and Eva Pettengill, of Ashton, (All the grand children, thirteen in number, were present,) Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Douglass and three children, of Crete, Nebraska, were also present Mrs. Douglass being a neice of Mrs. Pettengill.

Because of this event the life story of Mr. and Mrs. Pettengill is of more than passing interest. Both were born of rugged New Englanders, in the Green Mountain State. Mr. Pettengill was born at Sheldon, Vermont, February 12, 1846; Mrs. (Freeman) Pettengill was born at New Haven, Vermont, May 18, 1851. There they were reared and grew to manhood and womanhood in their parental homes, and were married at Newport, Vermont, August 31, 1871. Following their marriage their marriage they moved to Lowell, Vermont, where Mr. Pettengill secured work in a machine shop and Mrs. Pettengill in the cotton mills. In 1878 they emigrated to Iowa, locating near Ashton, jointly occupying a farm with C. W. Freeman, now owned by Mike Strouth. The next year they rented and occupied the farm now owned by Fred Schaa. In the fall of 1879 they moved into Dale Township, Lyon County. Two years later (in 1881) they bought the claim of Theodore Gardner, and have resided there continuously for the past forty-four years, and are known and esteemed by many friends and neighbors, for their rugged honesty, strict integrity and uprightness of character. In their long residence they have witnessed manifold changes--once vast rolling prairies, sparsely settled

have been transformed by scores of people into richly cultivated fields, and bestudded with stately farm homes.Countless other changes have also been wrought.

That they may continue to live enjoy "The evening of life" with many recurring anniversaries is the wish of a host of friends. In this the Leader heartily joins.

CHAPTER XX

When the new factory was finally complete, we had a building that was 65 by 110 feet. It extended entirely across the lots and was divided up into a large work room, several curing rooms, a storage place for cement and a small office. It was fitted with a large steam boiler for heat and for curing the products. We were lucky in finding a second hand boiler that the city of Sibley was offering for sale and we bought that and installed it in the first part of the building.

With the setup we now had we could continue the work all through the winter months and have a considerable stock on hand for the next seasons work. The years 1912 to 1918 were on the wet order and the farmers were willing to spend considerable money to tile out the low places on their farms so as to have better fields. This brought a good demand for drain tile so that we were busy both summer and winter. Looking back to that time it appears that they were about the most normal business years of the first half of the present century. Prices of everything were not high but were in good proportion. People's income was small but enough so that they could buy all the most needed things and the value as well as the prices of their land was increasing. People had not gone luxury mad but were happy with things they could afford. The automobile was about their only extravagancy and that was fast coming to be considered a necessity, for the ones who had to depend on the horse to travel were getting so far behind that he really had to find something faster.

No one was expecting anything but that this kind of living would continue and everyone was hoping that it would. But, a very different condition was about to take place, a condition that was to stay with us and it is now more than 40 years later a part of our every day life.

The thing that was about to take place was a war, a global kind of war that was to bring the greater part of all the people on earth to take

sides and join in trying to kill as many of his fellow human beings as they could. The thing started when a prince over in Austria was shot. Why, or what for, or by whom didn't seem to matter but what it did to a then peaceful world, was terrible. The heart of the trouble seemed to be in Germany and there the whole nation seemed to be ready and eager to go after revenge for things they claimed had been done to them.

Immediately many nations began to mobilize their fighting strength and the German army began its march across Holland and the Netherlands. Their goal was the invasion of England. France was in the heat of battle and the American ships that were engaging in trade across the ocean became a target for the German submarine of which they seemed to have a great many.

As the American people began to hear of the loss of ships that were carrying people as well as cargo across they became much aroused and began clammoring for action against letting this happen.

It was in 1914 that the trouble in Europe got started but not until 1917 that the patience of the American People got to a point where they could take it no longer and the United States joined with all the rest and declared war on Germany.

A democratic president had just been elected, a man by the name of Wilson, who ran on a platform that promised to keep us out of war, but was entirely successful in getting us into one that already had grown into something entirely unheard of up to that time.

Before going into details of what the war did to a country that hadn't had a chance to try out their military equipment for more than a half century, I must take a little time to bring the story up to what had been happening to my own part of it.

To say that I had grown tired of the boarding house life I had been subjected to for more than ten years, would explain in part that I needed a change. In other words, living alone had become monotonous and had a future that I must escape from soon. My partner in business was a very good exam-

ple of what might happen. At the time I was 35 years of age and my partner was ten years older, his daily life was a glaring example of what the future was bringing me into.

Sister Blanche had been married for a couple of years. Her husband was from the eastern part of the state and had a sister that came to visit them while they were living on a farm about 20 miles north in the southern part of Minnesota. In visiting them I met the sister and had written to her ocassionally after she went home.

A trip to eastern Iowa and a few more letters and the way was cleared. On the 10th of May, 1916, I was there again this time to bring home my wife.

Ot explain where we were to live when we got back to Rock Rapids, it is necessary to go back a little and enlarge on more things pertaining to the concrete business. When we arranged to buy the outfit from the Anchor Co., there was a small piece of land included in the deal where we could get gravel to use in the making of the concrete blocks. When our building was nearly complete the gravel in this piece of ground was exhausted and we must needs look for more. Whenever I had an idle time it was used in scouting around looking for a place where some more gravel could be found.

At about this time our city found itself in the need of a new well to furnish water to the city mains as the old one had been condemned as a matter of health. The spot they chose for the new well was along the road leading north from town and the well they dug was 18 feet across and finally was completed when it was 35 feet in depth.

Many times I went to where the well was going down to watch the work and I was struck with the nice clean gravel that was found in the first few feet and continued the same all the way to the bottom of the well. Here was surely a good supply of gravel for the use of our factory. By going over to the bank of the river which was only about 20 rods away I found there were indications that the gravel reached clear over there. Upon inquiry I found that the land belonged to a man who was try-

ing to make money out of sheep. There were several farm buildings, a fairly good house and a sheep shed that was 300 feet long.

Fron the banker, I found that the place could be bought and the price was $8000.00. While this was more money than we had or expected to have for a long time, the banker said we had better go ahead and buy the place and they would take our note for seven thousand and we could give them a check for one thousand as a down payment. When I reminded him that there was not enough in our account to take care of that kind of a check he said to go ahead as the bank would take care of that.

Later we were to find out that the bank held a mortgage on the place and lost hope that the man who had it would ever be able to pay it off and they had used the mortgage as an inducement to get the man to sell the place thinking that there was a better chance for them to get their money from the new owners.

In later years when I had more experience with banks and their ways of loaning, I often think how it was possible to buy a farm then without any money whatever. The only thing being the hope that the banker had that we would be able to have the energy and desire to get ahead that which was necessary to pay off. In later years to come when the banks were in trouble and this man, who had allowed me to make the deal that got us on our feet when things looked somewhat black, was in trouble himself with his bank closed and his health gone, I would remember how the banking methods of that time that got them into all the trouble was the means fo me getting a good start.

When we were able to get possession of the place and began uncovering the gravel, we found a tenant to live there for the first few years when I made a deal with my partner in which I took over the part of the place with the buildings.

For several months I spent all the time I could on fixing up the house and when we came home there was a place for us to start living. The only conveyance we had was a motorcycle which I had been

using for some time and with it I would go back and forth to work and sometimes we would both ride on it. Automobiles were becoming quite common and a great many people of small means were buying them and a demand for more and better roads was having an effect.

It was in 1916 and almost all of Europe had been engaged in war for two years and each week there was news that made it plain that it would be only a matter of time until the United States would have to take a hand in the fighting. Our ships were being sunk on the ocean because it was claimed they were carrying war materials to the enemies of Germany.

Having a home was much better living than the boarding house life I had been used to for so long, but the extra hours of work that seemed to go along with it were making me a very tired and worn out person. It was during the following year that our first baby was born. It was a fine well formed baby girl.

At first everything seemed to be alright but a little later trouble developed and the doctor thought it best that we have a nurse and one was brought from Sioux Falls. For a time it appeared as if there was danger that the mother would not be able to come through the ordeal.

The doctor told me of some medicine he wanted to use and said that he had conferred with some of the other M.D.s about its use and they thought it best that it be used not only on the mother but on the baby as well. For the mother it seemed to be all right but for the baby it was more than she could stand and in a few hours after the use of the medicine she died.

As I look back to this time it seems as if I was in a kind of stupor just too tired to fully realize what was happening. The funeral, the gradual improvement of the mother and the whole time was one of a sad memory that one would rather not recount.

In 1917 after the sinking of a large U.S. passenger ship, the patience of the American people

came to an end and war was declared on Germany. This ended a peace that had lasted for 54 years. We started on a time that was different from anything that anyone then living could remember.

A draft law was passed and people began to wonder when their turn to go would come. The first call for men was met with a train load going from each community. I can well remember that morning when the special train was to go. Everyone was at the depot to see them off. Many of the families of the men who were leaving seemed to think that their loved one was going to a funeral or at least they would never see him alive and well again. Many of the farm families drove into town with horse drawn vehicles which could be seen parked not far from the depot and their occupants were sitting in them weeping as the one who was to go went to get on the train.

For the boys who were to go it was somewhat different. They would enter into it as a gala excursion and were cutting up like it was only that. The younger single men were the first to go but all in the age from 19 to 40, I believe it was, had to register with the draft board and were subject to future calls.

As I was in the age limit, I had a registration card but the war ended before the age group that I was in were needed. That it did not take very long for the drafted men to get to the front was demonstrated by the speed with which the name of those killed in action began to come back to the folks left at home.

There was a grocery store along side of the yard where we were piling tile and a young man who worked there often came out the bake door to talk to us as we worked. For a time we didn't see him and it was with a great deal of surprise that we heard that he was killed in action over in France.

It was the list of killed and wounded that made the people take notice of how serious the world troubles had become and the war to end all wars was spoken of as surely to be of lasting benefit to all the world.

A great many changes began to take place. Everything done was for the purpose of winning the war. Many cargoes of food being shipped to the fighting forces were sunk by the German submarines and as there seemed to be no way of stopping this it seemed to be up to the American People to raise enough food so that there would be enough get through after the submarines had gotten all they could.

The phrase "Rood will win the war" was to put expression to the most important thing that could be done. Not everyone could make guns and amunition but a great many could help with the raising of food. Prices of farm products began to raise and everyone had visions of owning some land and getting enough payed on it to take care of their future.

The prices of land began to soar and much speculation in farms was to cause a lot of trouble in the years after the war was over. Fabulous stories were soon coming from the war fronts, unbelievable and mostly untrue, but were used to install hate in the minds of the people and make them use their greatest energy to do their utmost in every way to help out with the war effort.

Men who had been wounded at the front and disabled to a degree that was very noticeable were formed in speaking bands and toured the country telling their war experiences and doing all they could to inflame the people. Everyone would go to hear these men and form an opinion of what they had been through. The meeting would wind up with a professional speaker who would tell the people how necessary it was to buy liberty bonds and help out our government win the war against these ruffians.

A great many German people who were for the most part loyal Americans were suspected of having sympahty with the Germans. They were watched by their neighbors who thought it a great honor to report that he had seen a picture of the German Kaiser hanging on his neighbor's wall or that he had a suspicion that a group of his neighbors who always talked German were plotting against the U.S.

The selling of liberty bonds as they were called began to take on a method and groups of people who had some knowledge of people's affairs met with the bankers and they made out a list giving the amount which everyone could be expected to purchase. Then a notice of the amount and when it should be purchased was sent to each person.

Everyone was told that they were expected to donate to the Red Cross and sales were held on the streets of things donated for the purpose. Often an article was sold, then turned back and sold over again sometimes several times.

All these things acted to inflame the people and sometimes cause them to do things that they later lived to be much ashamed of. Groups who would gather and talk about things they had heard of would form in bands and pay a visit at night to someone they had heard was a German sympathizer. What took place on these visits could only be told by men who were in the party and later developments made them so ashamed fo the action that they never cared to reveal what did take place.

Shortages began to appear in a great many materials. Their use was restricted to things that had to do with the war effort. Cement was one of these and our last shipment came in July and we didn't get any more until the war was ended.

People were prosperous and wanted to buy a great many things. The stock of material that we had on hand quickly disappeared and we had nothing to sell. My partner who was in poor health wanted to sell out. He first arranged to sell to a man who ran the laundry in the next block but when I asked why I wasn't given a chance he said that that went without saying and also that he was willing to take notes for the amount of his interest.

When the stock was all sold there was little to do except wait for the time when we could get material so that we could make more stock. My nephew Clark was with me as a bookkeeper and the time was somewhat of a vacation. This time was used to experiment with a smaller block. It was one that could be made without the steel ties that were used

in the one we had been making. Ever since we had started to make concrete blocks we had been making a block that was 24 inches in length and very heavy to handle. While the war was on men could get work that was easier than lifting concrete blocks that weighed more than a hundred pounds and it became very evident that we were in need of equipment that would turn out something lighter. Other places had begun to make a block that was 16 inches in length and very much lighter.

It was then that I began the construction of a machine that perhaps would solve the problem of making a lighter block as well as one that did not require the steel ties that had become so expensive.

It was in the later part of 1918 that the news from the war fronts began to take on a optimistic trend and stories began to tell of the many shortages that were troubling the Germans. One was of how there was a great need of grease and that the German army was going to great effort to fill the need. A newspaper account told of how there were some accounts of seeing human bodies gathered from the battlefields and how they were wired together with bailing wire and loaded into a truck and transported to a rendering plant where they were processed for the small amount of oil they would produce. While this probably was just another tale, some liked to tell this to people who wished to believe something of the kind. There was no doubt that the German army with all of its efficency was getting near the end of its power.

News of the surrender came on the 11th of November and then followed a celebration by all the people that showed that there was a great relief to be free from that kind of thing.

The next great trouble that bothered the world was an epidemic of influenza that began in the army camps and continued into the homes. People died in large numbers and for a time the news of its ravages was as bad as the news that had come from the battle fronts. While the disease seemed to be the same as bothered people for ages it took on a fa-

tility that was terrible. People first had what appeared to be a common cold, next it was pneumonia and next it was a funeral. Sometimes there were several members of the same family taken by the dread disease.

CHAPTER XXI

Our second child was born in the spring of 1918. It was a boy. No trouble such as happened with the first one developed and in the fall of that year the day the whole world was celebrating, the end of the war, we moved to the rooms over the block factory which were empty and warmed from the furnace that heated the factory. It was here that we lived through the winter months and it was here that I suffered with the terrible flu that was killing so many people. Like all the rest, the first part of the sickness was soon over but the months that followed were the ones that were the worst to indure. It was not until the warm days of spring that I was able to work, like before the disease came along.

When spring came we moved back to the home by the sand pit where the advantages of living in the country were combined with that of living in town. It was at about this time that we got our first automobile which was a model T Ford touring car. This was the car that many people considered not worthy of being called an auto but should be designated as a Ford. The price I paid for the car was $385.00 and before I took it out of the garage I sold it and bought another, a somewhat better car called an Overland that had the seats so arranged that one had to pass between the front seats to get into the back one. This was a much safer car in which children could be kept where they couldn't fall out.

Chas had drawn this car as an attendance prize at an auto show at Sioux City and as they had a car on the farm at home he was willing to sell it to me. This car was a sport model with wire wheels and was considered quite the thing at that time.

With the end of the war many things began to happen. Shortages disappeared and prices began to come down. Things were soon back to near where they were before the war started. The high priced farms that so many people had bought with a small payment down were to cause a lot of trouble but one that

was not to come until about ten years later.

The rainy seasons that made the sale of drain tile so good began to change to seasons that were more on the dry order. There were fairly good crops and the farms were prosperous. Farmers who had bought a farm lived in hope that they would be able to get them paid for.

Business at the block factory went on much as it was before. Each year it was possible to make enough money so that the notes for the purchase of my partner's share were all payed and we were able to remodel the house and have a balance in the bank. There were three banks in town and as each had some interest in farms, we sold each some of our products and of course it was necessary that we deposit money in each of them. This led to a condition that, when the real adjustment came, was not so good.

There was enoguh time that there was a chance to develop the new block machine and get it working. I applied for a patent which was allowed but did not protect the idea that I thought was worth patenting. A few years later I was able to sell the patent for about the same amount of money that it cost to get it. The firm to whom I sold it made use of the idea it was supposed to cover in the machine they manufactured.

CHAPTER XXII

The war to stop all wars was over and the outlook for the future was bright. The nations were getting together to form a league that would be used to settle all international difficulties and everyone was sure that there would never be the need to send our boys out to fight again.

The Leauge of Nations was formed and headquarters were established at Geneva, Switzerland, where some quite extensive buildings were put up and the many things they could do were heralded far and wide. There had to be a ratification by the United States Congress before we could become a part of this wonderful organization. Some opposition to our joining it developed in the senate and it looked as if we were not going to become a member. President Wilson did his utmost to get things straightened out so we could become a member. He even took to the road on a speaking tour telling the people how the last chance to end all wars was being lost and that everyone should do all they could to get behind the League. A few senators still were opposed and blocked the ratification. President Wilson not in the best of health when he left Washington became sick and had to return without having accomplished much and in a few weeks the nation was told of his death and that he had died of disappointment. No agreement was ever reached in the Senate and the U.S. never became a member of the United Nations.

Things went on as before. Those who had gone to join the army were soon back at their old jobs. Everyone thought that the United States had demonstrated to the world that she could win any war she chose to go into. There was little that a League of Nations could do except perhaps involve us in trouble which they had gotten into trying to grab something that didn't belong to them.

Promotions to establish new manufacturing plants were many and as people had been making money there was little trouble to get them to spend it in these get rich schemes that the war had proven a

need existed for their products. New oil companies came into being as did new packing house facilities and cement plants. While stock for these was sold with little difficulty and some of the new plants got into operation, the next few years saw nearly all of them sold out to their creditors and the people's money gone to enrich some rich company who had been in the business before.

The automobile had brought out the need for better roads and the country was engaged in a change for better transportation. Families were beginning to use their auto for vacation trips that would take them clear across the country and they came home knowing more about the land they lived in. No doubt it was the automobile that did the most to take up the slack in industry caused by the end of the war than anything else.

Remembering the days when our block yard was empty and there was nothing that we could sell, we were determined to keep going with our manufacturing as long as there was any yard to pile our products. The vacant lot that we had bought from the postmaster was piled full of drain file and with the coming of dry years their sale came to a stop and there they were a stock that no one wanted and one that was subject to a lot of breakage. Each week it was necessary to go over the piles and straighten the ones that had been torn down by children and each time there were several broken tile that had to be taken away and hauled to the dump.

The narrow space that was left where the tracks had been was just enough wo that the tracks which could be taken apart in sections were piled in this space. Before the tracks were piled in this space it had become a habit for an old man who lived to the east of our yard to take a short cut through the yard across the alley and down through the narrow space in the tile yard whenever he wanted to go up town.

When the tracks were piled, the space was filled so that this short cut was stopped. The pile of track made a barrier that was hard to get over

and made a pile four or more feet in height. There was a billboard across the end of the lot so that there was no view from the street. When this man made his first trip after the tracks were piled up he found himself stopped down in the middle of the lot behind the billboard. In trying to climb over the obstruction he fell into the hollow part of the pile of tracks and was unable to get out.

When the man failed to return home the whole neighborhood began a search for him. People looking for him passed a few feet from where he was but it was a couple of hours before he was found and then it was too late as the old man was dead.

The farm to the north of our home was one of the first to feel the financial pinch that was to come to so many more. When I heard that they wanted to sell it I immediately thought of the large deposit of gravel that surely extended into this land as it joined our gravel land on the north. In addition to the gravel, this place governed the approach to the river where the ice was put up for the use of the whole town. It seemed to me that with its value as a farm, its wonderful deposit of good gravel and the chance to make some money out of ice, that this farm was a wonderful investment. By inquiry at the court house, I found that the mortgages all added together amounted to $550.00 per acre. Some of these were second and third mortgages that had been filed by relatives of the man who had the farm which goes to show how much people thought the place might be worth sometime in the future.

For this place the time of deflation had come and the bank that held the second mortgage was ready to sacrifice a good deal to get the farm out of their files. Upon inquiry I found that they would be willing to sell the 100 acres for twenty five thousand dollars. This was an investment the size of which I was not used to and a little more than anyone else could see as being a reasonable amount to invest.

Probably the greatest argument in favor of buying the place was the man who owned it and who

had been our neighbor for the several years that he had been living on it. He had a large family, the children being all girls and all of them quite young. Most of his time was spent at the pool halls in town and as so small a farm would not support a hired man there was no one to take care of the farm and do the chores. Late hours at the card table made a late sleeper and there was little of the morning work necessary on the farm that was ever done at his place.

Uncared for stock, of which he had considerable, were not satisfied and his were continually breaking out of his unkept yards and foraging on his neighbor's crops. Many times I had been forced to drive his animals out of our garden and ask him to see that they did not get out again. Although the river ran along one side of his barn yard much of the trouble of his stock breaking out was caused by thirst as there was no one to pump the water so they could get a drink and they couldn't get down to the river. Hunger was another reason as there was no one to see that they were fed until late in the day.

Many times we had found hogs digging in our garden and had driven them back to his place and asked that he see that they did not get out again. As that did not seem to do any good some advised that I pen them up and advertise the fact that they could be had upon the receipt of the damage they had done. This was tried and found not to be the legal way as after a trial in the justice's court I had to turn the hogs back without any damage payed for.

There was some advantage in going to court as the trial brought out the legal way to handle things of this kind. One way was to turn the stock over to the pound master and let him collect damage but as our town had no such officer that was not practicable. Another was to pen the animal up and make four notices, one of which was to be sent to the supposed woner and the other three psoted in conspicuous places around the town. Then after a given time one could sell the animals and out of

the proceeds keep some of the money. The rest of the money was to be turned over to the authorities who could put it in the proper fund to which it is supposed to go.

Another experience that showed another way to handle such cases was when a calf came to feed on our lawn early in the spring when the grass was first getting started. As he appeared to be quite satisfied to stay I turned him into our pasture with the cow that we had and there he stayed until the cold weather in the fall. I put a notice in the paper telling of the where abouts of a stray calf but no one called for the calf. During the summer months he grew into a large animal. It was then that to get some of the value of the feed he had lived on I determined to sell the animal to a stock buyer who was going to ship a carload. To get him down to the railorad was the next thing. Perhaps I could lead him down on the end of a rope and this I determined to try. The trip down through the streets proved to be a wild west performance of which I was the minor actor while the calf was the major. It was several days before my muscles got back to their normal shape but the calf was delivered and went into the far end of the car that was being loaded.

The neighbor's brother-in-law who was the ice man saw me taking the calf to market and reported it to the neighbor who went immediately to the cattle buyer to tell him that it was his animal that he had purchased but as he was already loaded into the car there was no chance to get him out and all he could do was to with hold payment until the affair was settled.

When the cattle buyer told me about this and that he would not be able to make payment I immediately replied that such a course was entirely satisfactory to me as my idea was only to get rid of the animal and the fact that he was so quickly loaded into the car had accomplished this in fine shape.

Nothing more about the calf deal was heard for more than a year when the cattle buyer asked if

there had been any settlement made as to who would get the money and was not at all satisfied when I told him as far as I was concerned there would be no settlement made and that if he couldn't pay anyone for the calf, he better keep the money and forget the whole deal.

Later the cattle buyer told me of consulting an attorney about the matter. He had been advised to make my neighbor show proof that the animal was his and if he did not do do within a specified time then to turn the money over to me. This he did and after the time had expired he turned the price of the calf over to me and the incident was closed.

The calf incident was in my favor and helped to balance the one I lost at the trial in the justice court. Many more incidents were to follow and as the methods of handling them became more according to the law there was more of them settled in my favor.

The place where we lived had about five acres of land that was a good place to raise some corn that would help out as feed for the four horses that we used in hauling sand and delivering our products. In August when this corn was nearly matured about 50 head of the neighbor's stock cattle came through the fence and sent into this field of corn. It was in the evening and I was at home and saw them enter the corn. My first thought was to drive them out but upon trying this found it impossible as they were quickly scattered and out of sight in the tall corn. My next thought was to get the neighbor to help. There was little difficulty in finding him as I knew he was in town and that he could be found at the pool hall and that was where I found him and got him to go out to the field and help drive the cattle otu of it before it was entirely ruined.

By the time we got back to the corn field the sun was beginning to go down and to find any cattle was impossible in the fading light. For a time we tried but had to abandon the job. My neighbor said that he would bring me a load of corn to make up for the loss. Well the cattle ate their fill and

went back home in the night and I waited in vain for the load of corn but it never came and I could place this incident as one that I had lost.

Then there was the time when a 400 pound sow came to our barn and made a nest in a vacant stall where she gave birth to seven fine pigs. This was before I had found out the legal way to handle things and the new family was fed and cared for and an ad was put in the paper telling everybody where she was.

No one was ever looking for any lost hog and the pigs grew to good sized hogs themselves. While the sow was penned in the stall the pigs wandered wherever they wished.

It would be a Sunday job to build a pen to keep the pigs from going to the neighbors but before the next Sunday came the pigs were gone. As these were thorough bred hogs and quite valuable it was easy to guess that they would be well taken care of and would not be able to return.

The sow became fat and the next problem was what to do with her. As experience had proven that it wasn't feaseable to try to take her to market, I determined to turn her into pork which could very readily be made use of right there at home. The man who hauled our sand and Earl, my brother, came to help butcher and both advised against it as the sow was entirely too valuable and would surely bring on a lot of trfuble when her rightful owner found out what became of her. I told them both that trouble was what I was looking for and perhpas the best thing to settle the matter of stray stock.

It was a couple of years later when the pinch of hard times had begun to be noticed that an attorney sent me a letter saying that he had a matter of the loss of two thorough bred sows that he wanted to settle and that if I would call at his office we would try and adjust the matter.

I answered the letter stating that I had an office where I could be found any time from seven in the morning until six in the evening and that if anyone had a claim against me that it could be brought there where it would be settled promptly. A

few days later the attorney came and I explained the hog deal and that I had only one saw. I told him that she had raised a brood and how the brood had disappeared and that I very strongly believed that my neighbor had impounded them.

The attorney thought the deal was about evenly divided and so explained to his client and that was the last I ever heard of that deal.

There were several more incidents of the same kind. There was one in which I had gone to the neighbor who was picking corn not far from our house and told him that there were hogs digging up our yard and how he came and got the hogs started for home. Then he sat down on the top of the cistern with me where we spent an hour visiting and I found him very friendly and fully agreeing with me in many things that we discussed. Coming just after I had used the most forcing language I could in telling him what I thought of his stock ruining other people's yards and garden.

Experience taught me that it was a good thing to be prepared for anything that might come our way from the neighbor's barnyard. When a group of young pigs came to dig in our potato patch it was an easy matter to scatter some corn along a route toward our barn and to coax them into it where the door could be securely fastened. There were 20 of them and they were a nice bunch of pork.

Remembering the justice who told me the legal way to handle such matters, I immediately made the notices and tacked them up where they could be seen and sending one to the supposed owner on which was added the further information that we were doing this the legal way and that he could get the pigs by bringing ten dollars for damage and that to this he could add one more for every day they would be left in the barn. Knowing well that he was beat in this deal, he brought the money but left the pigs for another day probably getting a little satisfaction in knowing that he still owed one dollar.

I still don't know which was the main reason for my wanting to buy the place but did decide to take on the deal. Several judgments that belonged

to merchants in town who had sued to collect bills showed up to cloud the title to the farm but these were all settled by the bank and I began making payments to them. The first mortgage which was held by the bank of Brookings was transferred to me.

In later years after having seen so many land deals that did not turn out so well this debt would have been a great worry but as I remember it now there never was any fear in my mind that I might not be able to get the place paid for.

With the acquiring of the new farm several new projects immediately began. There was little time to worry about anything in the way of finances. As soon as the deed was delivered we began the construction of a concrete block ice house that was to be half in the ground and half above. For the blocks for this we went back to the old anchor block as that appeared to be the best as it had a complete air space that would do a great deal to keep the outside heat from melting the ice. The building was to be 50 feet by 50 feet. The walls were to be 20 feet high. These high outer walls were to be reinforced with poured concrete plasters that extended out from the base about 6 feet and tapered to nothing at the top. Engineering this and planning the roof that would have to span the whole building without any supports in the storage room kept me occupied with plenty to think about. A man with two teams of horses was hired to excavate the bank of the river where the ice house was to stand, paying them 35 cents a yard for the work. This was a slow monotonous job and several times before it was done I began to wonder what in the world I was entering into all this for. At that time I had no idea of all the many difficulties that were to come with the putting up of ice.

At that time the first electric refrigerator had been installed in town and the man who had had the ice business told me that in a few years that would be the only refrigeration in all the houses. He wanted to renew the lease on the ground where his ice house stood but I was determined to get all the revenue that new farm could produce and told

him that the best thing for him to do was to move his ice storage to some other location. Of course I knew that there were not many places where he could get ahold of space along the river, but he did get ahold of some ground at the lower end of the old millpond and moved his ice house to it. While part of the river at this point belonged to the place where we lived I did not make any attempt to claim any rights to it.

CHAPTER XXIII

As this is being written at the beginning of 1954, it might be well to try and remember how life was back at the time when we were trying to get into the ice business and just what the living problems were at that time.

An average days activities then were about like this. Arise in the morning about 5:30 and if it was summer go to the pasture and bring in the cows and after milking get back to the house for breakfast which would be ready by then. The milking was a necessary thing as there was another boy who came in March of 1920 and who was named Leon Harry. His brother who was now two years old was named Roscoe Robert, a name not too easy to use and which was shortened to Jiggs from his resemblance to Jiggs of the funny papers.

Getting through breakfast by 6:30 it was then time to get to town so as to be on hand when the men came to work at seven. The trip to town was made with the motorcycle or as in later years with a pickup truck made by rebuilding an old second hand ford car. At the block plant there was always enough going on to occupy all the time. I went back home at noon for dinner and a chance to see the family. Back to the shop, I went then for another five hours of hard work. The evenings were taken up with lawn mowing, gardening and the many other things that come up on a farm.

While we had an automobile that was in shape to take us anywhere we wanted to go, a years travel rarely showed more than 3000 miles on the speedometer. There was little time or desire to get out on the roads which were not the kind that could be traveled after a rain.

To get ready to put up ice was something of a problem. It had been the practice to use horses on the pond to pull an ice plow as it was called. This would cut a groove a few inches in depth and when the ice field had been plowed in both directions there was a field that was ready for the start of getting it into the ice house. Horses were used to

pull the cakes up a long chute where the men would shove them into place.

While there was nothing that we could copy, we were determined to use a more up to date way of handling it. When the contractor who built our courthouse was through with the job, he left an old power winch they had used to pull the stone up to the top of the building. I got this and rigged it up so there was a reverse gear and the whole thing could be run by an electric motor. To cut the ice we planned to use a power ice saw. It would be built using a model T Ford engine mounted on runners and having a large circular saw blade that could be made to go down into the ice just as far as we wanted the cut to be.

A local garage man would build the saw. The blade we got by having one put in a car load of sawdust that would be shipped from Minnesota. We thought that it was necessary to have the sawdust on hand so that a space between the ice and the outer wall of the house could be filled with it as the house was filled. Later we found that this was not the most practical way to do it and that it required several more men to do it that way. The hand tools were hard to find but we did get ahold of a few and used some that we built out of things that could be found around the block factory.

With no experience and little equipment the week of the first filling of the ice house was a very strenuous week. About 15 men made up the labor force at the height of the operation. They were about evenly divided. Half were working on the river and the other half in the house. The cakes were placed several inches away from the outer walls. The space between was filled with sawdust which required several men for that work alone. In later fillings the ice was placed directly against the wall and when warm weather had melted it away a few inches then the sawdust which had been elevated to the top fo the ice was poured down along the wall until enough was put in to stop further melting.

Thts week of very hard work was cut down to three days in future filling. It always was very

hard work at a time when the weather was cold and sometimes stormy. Always there was plenty of men who wanted to help in putting up ice. Sometimes as in the depression years there was a considerable line up of men waiting on the bank of the river hoping there would be a place for them to go to work. In 1932, the men who wanted work got to be a crowd and one of my most dreaded jobs was to pick out the few we could use and tell the rest that I was sorry but there wasn't a place for any more.

The putting up of ice only lasted a few days but the delivering of it to the homes and business places lasted the whole season through. For a time the old ice man continued and we had him as a competitor, which was an advantage for me who had had no experience. It kept our men on their toes and they would do much to get and keep customers.

A man who had worked at the block factory for several years became my business partner in the ice business and after the ice was put up the rest of the work was turned over to him. When the whole day was not taken up at the ice work he would go back to the factory and work the rest of the day. We arranged to have a room fixed up for the storage of small amounts of ice so that people could come and get it at any time. This made it handy for the farm people several of whom became steady users of ice.

When one looks back over the many difficulties that were a part of the ice business, one thinks of the things we went through such as trying to dam the river because the water was so low that the cakes of ice would drag in the mud and we could not float them down the channel. While this was not in any way a successful attempt we did learn a lot about the river.

One morning on the second day of the ice harvest when it had snowed a little in the night, we were getting the channel open and the new ice on the part that we had cut the day before looked the same as the solid ice of the river. Brother Earl stepped out on to it and immediately went through to the bottom of the river which was then deep enough to be over his head. When his head came up

someone pulled him out but with the temperature below zero this was a chilly dive. By getting him into the shack by the stove and then getting him into a car where he was taken to our house and put into a bath tub of warm water he was none the worse for the experience and was back to work in a couple of hours.

The reason for the deep water was because the city had built a dam in the river to raise the water level in the city wells, doing the very thing that we had so vainly tried to do and at no cost to the ice business.

Another experience was the time when the ice saw was being pushed out to the end of a field they were going to cut and the corner of ice that it was resting on broke off and the saw went into the river. A day later when we had pulled it out by hitching it to a tree on the far bank and by the use of a chain hoist and some plank to slide it up out of the water, it was back in service after the coils had been dried out in the oven.

Then there was the time that the horse that we were using to load ice into trucks, backed up a little too far and stepped off into the river and got one leg tangled in the iron chute and we had to spend the rest of the day getting him out.

Those were the harvesting troubles and along with them there were some delivery troubles. Our ice man was a very accomodating fellow and to pay him for some favor, there were customers that would tell him that when he came to their ice bos to just look on the back of the second shelf and you will find just what you need to finish up the day. When this would happen several times in succession on the same day he would come in at the end of his work not in the best shape to know whether he had kept a correct tally of his deliveries or where he had been.

Sometimes people would not have room for their ice boxes and they would be found in the queerest places. When the place happened to be a bedroom and the lady of the house was not one that got up in time to cook her husband's breakfast many stories

started. The ice man's account of these things though probably truthful left much to the imagination and probably gave rise to the story about how the electric refrigerator had at least one advantage and that was that the children now could be reasonably sure who their father was.

The bottle in the ice box became a major trouble and several times on celebration days such as the Fourth of July and fair days I would have to go out and get the ice man who had stopped to rest in the shade of a tree and was not able to go on with his work. In one such case someone said that he had been overtaken by a sun stroke and when he had been taken to his home and a doctor called and I had watched the M.D. try to revive him and I heard him ask if the man were covered by insurance then it was that I began to realize that a sun stroke was better on which to collect insurance than too much liquor would have been.

The free use of the whisky bottle was the final end of this man as a delivery man and it was necessary to remove him entirely from the ice truck and to cancel the partnership agreement and get someone else to take over the job.

The final chapter of the ice story came when I found a man who was willing to buy the business. While this man had no money he did have ability and did fianlly pay all he was supposed to and continued the business for several years each year laying some of his earnings away until it was time to give the whole thing over to the electric refrigerator.

CHAPTER XXIV

One of the first buildings that we sold blocks for was a creamery building that was being built on Main Street near the bridge. The project was being financed by someone from out of town and it was being promoted for the purpose of it being sold when it had become a prosperous concern. For a time it was operated by the original prompter and then was taken over by others who thought it a chance to make some money and who expanded it to include an egg and poultry business. For a time this was a going industry but later got into difficulty when a couple of car loads of dressed poultry were condemned and were the loss of the men who shipped them.

After the closing of this there was no place where the farmer could market his cream but it was gathered by trucks that came from other towns where there were Co-operative creameries in successful operation. Another place where a lot of our cream went was to a big centralizing plant at Sioux City. They had established a collection place in town where trucks that had gathered cream farther north would stop and where the loads were transferred to larger trucks each pulling a trailor which took the load on to the plant at Sioux City.

The large trucks with their load of cream cans were much in evidence on the streets. Many people began to think that the town was losing a lot by not having a marketing place for the cream from our locality.

What brought it to my attention was when the world's largest creamery with the name painted on their big yellow trucks began building a small building as their transfer station. I visited the man in charge to see if I might convince him that the best and cheapest material he could use was concrete blocks as were made by our factory. Trying to sell him our products was not successful but he did tell me what he thought of concrete blocks as building material.

By conferring with his mason who was building

the building, I found out that there had been no provision made for sills and trim and that they would probably have to come to us for them. This happened later when the mason needed the sills and I did have the satisfaction of furnishing the material for a small part of the construction.

In my contact with this man it was plain to see that there was no consideration for the other fellow and that his concern was the only one.

After my experience with this man it was natural when a small group of farmers began holding meetings looking toward the forming of a co-operative creamery that I would get interested in their project. Several meetings were held and the thing didn't seem to be gaining interest and I spent a great deal of thought on what could be done to make it get going. My interest was because of seeing the chance to sell material for a new building as well as the benefit it would bring to the community.

It was quite apparent that the men who were the heart of the movement were not the right ones to inspire the confidence that it took to get more interested. At one of the meetings I proposed that a publicity man be elected and that he be given the job of telling the public through the newspapers of the things that were being done.

His instructions were to give the papers a news item saying that the meetings in regard to establishing a creamery were drawing more attention and that a larger attendance was had and more interest manifested. While this was not entirely true the next meeting proved that it was true as more people came to see what was being done.

Later the Kiwanis Club took over the creamery project and did much to help push it along. Their first move was to have Kiwanis Members invite one farmer or more if he wished to come to a meeting that was to be given over to the discussion of a creamery. Several men who were interested in creameries in other towns were invited to come as speakers and the thing was advertised as something that would be very interesting.

It was to be an evening meeting and when the

evening came the men who had charge of the program were disappointed to receive telephone messages from two of the men they were depending on saying that they were sorry but they would not be able to get there. Later developments proved that no men from surrounding creameries were interested in getting one started in our town that wojld probably work as a competitor to their own.

The meeting was ehld in the hotel dining room and when the meeting was ready to begin discussion there was no one there who had any knowledge of the thing being considered. There happened to be a guest at the hotel that night that knew a great deal about creameries and when he heard that the gathering was for the consideration of a creamery he made known his interest hoping to get into the meeting and find out what it was all about.

This man was invited to come into the meeting and a little later was introduced to the group of about 30 town people and about the same number of farmers as an expert on the starting of co-operative creameries. I remember that one point he made was the importance of a good well to supply the creameries water as a large percentage of the butter that was made would be water and quite a good amount of the profit made would be by selling this water along with the salt and all the other things tha went into butter.

He also told of the necessity of knowing how many cows could be pledged to the support of the new creamery and that it would be well not to start until the desired number was on the list. The whole thing, along with the questions asked took all the time and the verdict when the people left was that it had been a very successful meeting. The number of cows that were signed up that night were enough to insure enough cream for a successful creamery.

Later events proved that there was going to be a good deal of opposition to getting a creamery started as the surrounding creameries had cream routes established all around and were going to do all they could to hold the cream that was coming to them from these routes. About the only bright out-

look was the fact that a good many farmers were selling their cream to the centralizer and would just as soon see it go to a local institution.

The Kiwanis meeting gave the project a good start and made every one familiar with what was being done and most of the people were in sympathy with it even those who were at that time letting their cream go to outside creameries.

The Kiwanis meeting established the creamery project and everyone thought that it was just a matter of time until the local cream would be made into butter right here in town. The real facts were that there had been only a small start made in surmounting the many difficulties that must be overcome before a creamery could be established.

No one had any idea of how the money could be raised that was necessary to go ahead with the project. An insurance man and myself spent sometime canvassing the town to see if there was any money that could be gotten from the business people. The idea was to borrow it giving a debenture that would bear interest and this debenture to be redeemed whenever there had been enough money with held from the purchase of cream to do so.

The Iowa law under which we were to organize allowed for the withholding of one cent per pound of butter sold for the building and operation of the creamery. When we went to the business people it was with the promise that we wanted a loan for a short time and that whatever they would promise to put in would be returned with interest as soon as the creamery had been in operation for a time. There was no due date to these debentures and once the money had been put in there was no reason to fear that it would have to be paid back at any special time.

The first place that I went to was the bank that had helped me to buy the farm. When I had told him of what we hoped to do, his immediate response was what are you going to put in. He pushed back the subscription paper and said just put your name at the top.

I thought that one hundred dollars was about

the proper amount to head the list and when I had put this amount down the banker immediately put the bank down for the same amount. This was putting me in a class with an institution that had money. After we had spent some time at the canvassing job, we had a subscription list that totaled $2200.00. Later some farmers went around to the farms and got about the same amount subscribed.

It was now time to organize so that there would be someone with the legal right to the spending of money as well as to have the power to make the purchases. A man from the agriculture college at Ames, Iowa, came and a meeting was held that formed an organization and elected a temporary board of directors and the thing was started. Because of my active interest in the project I was chosen as one of the organizing board and we began a series of meetings that becmae quite frequent.

A lot was purchased for a site for the building and the money we had in sight was just about enough to complete a small building. In planning this building we took the stand that if the creamery was unsuccessful it would be a type of building that could be used for some other kind of business. It could be sold for enough to perhaps pay back some of the moeny the people had been good enough to subscribe.

A contract for the building was let and work on it began and we began to have visits from sales men who had creamery equipment to sell. Sometimes the board held meetings several times a week all the time learning what was necessary and often wondering how we were ever going to get money to buy it.

The new creamery building was to be of concrete blocks and instead of money I was to recieve debentures in payment of them. The debentures were to be paid off whenever there had been enough butter sold so that one cent of the price for each pound had accumulated into enough money to do so along with the many others that had been issued.

Probably if the ones who had gotten the idea of starting a creamery had known a little more of

the problems that had to be solved they would have been less eager to get into the job.

A manager butter maker was a major problem and there was none we had in sight and we did not know how to go about finding such a man. It so happened that one came along at about the time we were ready to begin looking for one. This man must have read a news item of how our town was starting a creamery and drove over from where he lived in southeastern Minnesota to see if he might get a job. Later information was to the effect that he had been a manager for a creamery but had been let out for some disagreement with the management. What appealed to our board was the fact that he had several items of creamery equipment which he would bring with him if he could have the job.

It was at this time that Al Smith was the candidate against Herbert Hoover for president and probition was a big issue. We were soon to learn that his sympathism was for the wet candidate which was Al Smith. This man seemed to have considerable information about the making of butter and with our great need for the equipment he was given the job and was soon moved to his new job and was using his energy of which he had a great deal to get our new plant into operation.

Slowly the new concern began to get in shape. The new man who had the first name of Nelse, had many visitors who came in to see how things were shaping up and for these he had plenty of time to visit and there was generally a bottle brought out to help entretain. For some this was a welcome thing and for others it was not and did give them an insight into what the new place was headed for.

The members of the board were all men of good reputation but they were often told that the new manager was not the man for the place and his pulling for a wet candidate in the presidential election was entirely against the best interests of the new creamery.

In a few weeks after the completion of the building, the new creamery was ready for operation. Sewer connections were made, a steam boiler in-

stalled, the second hand ice machine was installed, some cream haulers were hired and the new plant began to operate. Soon there was butter ready for the people's verdict as to its quality. A prize of twenty dollars had been offered to the person who would offer the best name for the new product and the name chosen was "Rock Rapids Maid". The new cartons were to have a picture of the rapids in the river. Nelse said that he knew how to get a flavor that the people would like and when he was asked what kind of a flavor it was, he said that he thought it was a kind of a barnyard flavor. At any rate it seemed to be approved by most of the people and the stores were good enough to sell only the local butter just to prove that the people were all behind the new creamery.

Now it was that we began to receive phone calls from the centralizers advising the price that we could afford to pay for cream. Just trying to be helpful with their advise.

In the first few years of operation the money question was the one that was the most bothersome. It had been decided that cash would be paid each day as the cream was gathered, the haulers bringing the money for the load they had gathered the trip before.

As it took some time to get the returns from the butter shipped there was always a shortage of cash and it was necessary that money be borrowed and the banks didn't seem to think that the new concern was anything to offer as colaterail but would loan it money if the directors would put their names of the note. This was done and about $8000.00 was borrowed.

It was easy to see that the job of being director was not one much sought after. There was not much trouble in getting enough business so that the money could be paid back when the notes came due.

The creamery became a great help to the community and became well patronized. After the first few months they were not in need of borrowed money. Some years later money was borrowed to build a locker plant which was added to the creamery and

this also became an asset to the community.

For 28 years I held the office of director and found the job interesting and a good place to come in contact with the farm people. At the annual meeting in 1954, I was not re-elected and felt that it was time that others should have the place that had occupied my attention for so long a time.

There seemed to be a great deal of difference in opinion among business people as to whether farmer's co-operative institution was a good thing to have in a town or not. Some held that it was just a method of them handling their own business when it could be done better by someone else. When the matter of taxation came up and it was the general opinion that co-ops didn't pay taxes, there became more opposition which widened the distance between the thinking of the farmer and the merchant. The farmer took the stand that the only part of the co-ops that wasn't taxed was the profits which were savings and not profits and that the merchant who got profits should be able to pay a tax on them.

The position that I always took was that the savings that were paid back to the farmer at the end of the year was money that would be spent at the merchants place of business and would not have been there for the purpose if it had gone to some outside concern such as handled the business the farmer was trying to do for himself. The thousands of dollars that the co-ops distributed I mentioned should be money that would be spent with them which business should amount to more than could be lost by what the farmer was doing for himself.

While this was not entirely true as to the large co-ops that withheld dividends until their accumulation made the co-op large enough to enter into many lines that could be handled better by others, there still was good sense in letting the farmer save as much as he could on goods he produced himself.

CHAPTER XXV

During the war prices of many things had risen a great deal and when the war was over everyone expected that there must be an adjustment that would disrupt business to a certain extent. While there was adjustment, prices of most articles went back to normal without much trouble. This was not true of some things like land that had changed hands at outrageous prices and the person who got it had to continue with the investment in the hopes that there would be a time that he could realize something on his purchase that was proving to be much less of a bargain than he had expected.

From 1920 until 1929 business went along in about a normal pattern. Many people were making payments on these hopeless projects and a great many were wondering what the final result was going to be.

In 1929, one morning the news was filled with the colapse of the stock market that plainly showed that there was serious trouble ahead for all the country. While the seriousness of this didn't register with a great many, events that followed began to show the whole world that bad things were ahead.

Banks were beginning to have trouble, and no one had any money that they would trust being on deposit. Those that had borrowed were unable to pay back their loans. Someone got the idea that by having the banks ask their depositors to waive their rights as to withdrawing their deposits, that the temporary trouble could be taken care of and things would go as usual. While this was done in some cases it only seemed to make the people more aware of the difficulties that were ahead and no new deposits were brought in.

In a couple of years things went from bad to worse and the whole country began to get in a shape that was bringing downright hardship to a large number of people.

A presidential election was coming up in 1932 and everyone seemed to think that if the right man

were elected that help would surely come from the government. The man that seemed to be the one that most thought would do the job was Franklin D. Rooseveldt and his promises were put out in the speeches he made, most all of which could be heard on the radio.

The first I heard, was his speech at Sioux City where he spoke to a crowd of farmers and made a lot of promises that never could be carried out. In this talk he told of how he was a farmer himself and best able to judge the farmers troubles and therefore best suited to put into force things that would put the farmer back into the position in which he belonged which was not one of slavery that the present administration had gotten them into.

The then President Herbert Hoover was his opponent and also was heard in many of his talks to the people in which he tried to reasure the people but with little success. This was one of the most noteable campaigns in the history of the U.S. and probably will go on record as a time when different ideas of government were going to be tried out. It was also the beginning of a time when the whole world was beginning to think that a change must come in, how the rights of the people were to be handled and what idea of government was to take over.

European people also had been having trouble. A financial trouble that had made the people very much upset and ready to listen to anything that had made the people very much upset and ready to listen to anything that promised a change had come.

At about the same time that Rooseveldt was promising the things that the people thought might be better in the U.S.A., a man by the name of Hitler was trying to bring himself to the front over there in Europe. His were not promises but more of a taking over of an absolute authority and a ruthless kind of a reign that gathered the fanatics together and made families take part one member against the other. Sometimes the children were made to inform against their parents.

As events turned out these two men, Rooseveldt

in the U.S. and Hitler in Germany, got themselves enthroned into power at very nearly the same time and as later events were to show they were both to go out of power also at about the same time.

Could anyone have known in advance of the terrible things that were to take place while these men were in power there would have been a much more hopeless view of the future taken than the one that prevailed though anyone can say that that was hopeless enough.

Men were to go to a war that was greater and involving more nations and people than any that had gone into the history books of the past. It was one that would bring out the terrible extent that human beings would go to fight for an idea that they thought would benefit the world.

Hitler's speeches could also be heard over the radio in German, a terrific kind of a speech that surely must have left the speaker exhausted when it was finished. Every few sentences were followed by the interpreter filling in with the English version. The whole thing leaving the listener with the impression that the greatest thing that could be done was for someone to put him out of his misery as quietly and effectively as possible. It seemed that Hitler had a good following over there as did Rooseveldt in the U.S., and no election was needed to get him into power either, just a taking over by force was needed as that kind of rule called for.

The election in the U.S. went strongly for Rooseveldt and there were ushered into our government a gang that were destined to do things to our country from which it was not to recover for a considerable time.

When the difficulties of the banks began to occupy the attention of the people it became a problem what to do with any money one might have saved up for future projects. When we were asked to sign a waver that would tie up half of any balance we might have so it would be of no use for what we wanted to do with it, it began to look as if good sense would be the using of this money up before anything could happen to it.

For sometime I had been considering engaging in the establishment of a building material store where we could handle most of the materials needed in any kind of a building. There were two other places where this could be had in our town. They were both owned by line outfits that didn't seem to be taking care of the business as it should have been. This I gathered when contractors who were bidding on some country schoolhouses found it better to go to another town where there was a concern of the co-operative type that would give them a better price.

When this business was taken to another town, then the cement and foundation material went there also and we didn't get any of it. A man who had been manager for one of the concerns and had lost his job through a disagreement with their methods gave me information as to how the business was operated and the thing seemed to present a situation where there was a pretty good chance to get started in such a business.

A part of the yard which we had piled full of drain tile that didn't sell was ideal for the building of a place for the new concern. To move them and get the place ready for the new building looked like a pretty big assignment and one that could be avoided if I would have been willing to sit tight and not try to get into a new and unknown business, but the more I considered the thing the more it seemed to be a wonderful opportunity.

The prices of labor and building material were down to a very low level and the town needed some activity to keep things moving. The blockyard was filled with blocks and the one man that we still had had very little to do so it took little deciding to put him to work hauling the tile out to another location on ground where we lived. This was done and in a matter of a few weeks the ground was cleared and the site for the new building was ready.

While the tile was being moved, I had invited a lumber salesman to come down from Sioux Falls and with another salesman that he had brought along we

went over the whole situation. The man he had brought along was not much impressed with the layout and cited many objections and the greatest was the lack of room. This appeared as a small objection as there was considerable ground piled full of concrete blocks that could be used if necessary. The objections of one and the enthusiasm of the other acted as a balance so that I believed that I could see both sides and was led to think that I was entering something that I thought I new something about.

The four or five years I had spent in the building business working for someone else made it possible for me to understand the whole talk and I could ask many questions without appearing ignorant and the whole long story of building material had been my greatest interest since the time when I had left the farm to go to work as a carpenter.

As the project began to take shape it began to be a subject of conversation. The general verdict was that there was a man that was going to lose everything he had in trying to get more. As we began to dig a trench for the footing for the new building, an auditor from the other dealer came along in his big car and without getting out demanded to know what we were intending to do. Upon being informed, he said, "Do you know what you are doing?" and then drove away. Later one of the towns draymen came along and told me how the other lumber yards had lowered the price they would charge for cement down till it was only one cent above what it was costing.

Several people in town told me that they thought that it was a risky undertaking to try doing what I was at a time when everything was so unstable and that I might need all the money I was going to spend for expenses before business would get back to normal again.

Putting up the new building was an interesting job. The price of skilled labor was not high and the workmen did an honest days work for the little wages they got. Building activity was at a stand still and our job was about the only one where work

could be had.

Material for the walls came from our stock pile of concrete blocks that no one wanted to buy and as the price of cement had been put down to cost there was no use in our trying to sell that. Farmers from neighboring towns upon hearing of the low price that it was being sold for came long distances to get a supply. Always they came to our place as they understood that there was the place where they had cut the price. They were always sent to the competitor's place and our cement was kept for our own use in the building.

The outer walls were soon finished and the first car of lumber arrived for the roof. Workmen soon had the roof on and four cars arrived for stock. This was stored in the new building and the placing of the different lengths and storing the different grades so that we would be able to know just exactly where we could find them required considerable thought and planning. When the cars were all unloaded and stored there was a small stock of lumber that hadn't cost much money and would be there waiting for anyone who might need it.

The new place was open for business in the fall of 1932 and there was no business. Every line of business had slowed to nearly a stand still. The prices of farm products had become so low that the farmer could buy only the most necessary items to keep his family alive.

In the back end of the storage building we had built a small insulated room where we could store some ice and keep it for anyone to come and get it. Sales of ice were for small amounts but were for cash and during the warm weather brought in more money than did the lumber.

Friends who had thought that putting in a new business at this time was running a good deal of risk came in to inquire how sales were going and when told how scanty they were went away shaking their head dubiously. This could have been very discouraging but there was no time that I had any doubt about the new business being anything but a good investment. My faith in the country was not

shaken and I believed that the trouble it was in was only temporary.

During the next two years things did not improve and seemed to be getting worse. Many banks had to close and many businesses went into bankruptcy. There were three bands in our town and one had closed and another had gone on the waver system. The third bank was supposed to be good financially and people said that when it had to close there would not be any business in town left. The building and the stock of lumber had brought our bank balance down so that there would not be much tied up even if it did close. Fear of losing money in closed banks had been the greatest reason for wanting to get the money invested in building material.

While the new president was elected in the fall his term of office didn't begin until the fourth of March of the next year. The finances of the country were not in shape to wait the four months that were to bring in the new administration and the wonderful improvement that everyone was sure it would bring.

The banking situation became worse every seek. People had lost faith in the banks and were doing everything possible to get their money out of them. A great deal of money was taken from the banks and hid away in a safe place or spent for something people had wanted for a long time.

It became evident that if something was not done to correct the situation that there was going to be a catastrophe that should not be allowed to happen. There was a conference held between the old administration and the new to see what could be done about it and it was decided that the government would declare a bank holiday and all the banks would be closed for examination after which only those with their finances in good order could open again. This was done without too much trouble. The people's worry was then over as their faith in the ones that were open was renewed.

The bank holiday took place the day before the new president was enaugerated and he came into of-

fice a president of a country that had no banks. What would be done was anyones guess but the hopes of the people were high for the success of the new order.

The bank situation was taken care of in a short time. This was accomplished by having each bank report a statement of their condition and when it was such that the bank could operate with safety it was given permission to reopen and continue business.

When one could not show a good condition it had to remain closed until something could be done to improve its finances or else it had to remain closed permanently. While a great many of them did not reopen, the whole situation was greatly improved and the people's worry over what was to become of their savings was gone.

It was sometime before the bank holiday was ordered that the last bank in our town closed its doors. No one had expected this bank to close and because of this the news of its closing was more of a shock than when the others had closed.

Without banking service, business was in a bad way. At our place there was little money on hand and how to continue business was the problem. While there were a considerable number of outstanding accounts, collecting money when the last bank had closed was out of the question.

Some of the accounts were in a community to the north and the bank there was still open. By making a trip there and talking with the farmers who owed the accounts it was possible to get some money as they were wondering how soon their bank would be in the same fix.

Another trip to the old home town where the banker who had taken care of the family for many years said he was willing to let me have a loan of $500.00 and take care of our banking needs and the situation was improved.

CHAPTER XXVI

One of the first lefislative acts of the new administration was the passing of the National Recovery Act generally called by its initials as NRA and designed to keep merchants from selling their goods below what they had paid for them. This was something entirely contrary to the American tradition where every merchant thought that they had the right to sell anything for any price they wished.

While this was supposed to be a law, enforcement was begun by asking all merchants to comply with a code that set out the price of every article for different districts set up by the code authority. Those who were complying were expected to display a card with a picture of a blue eagle on it and the words, "We Comply", across the top.

It was not long before everyone could see that the thing was not going to work as people were not used to having someone tell them what price they would have to pay or the merchants willing to be told what their selling price had to be..Code authorities were set up for each kind of business and any complaint that the law was not being followed was taken to them who tried to make the erring merchant do as he should.

When a prospective customer demurred when asked a price set up by the code he was told by the merchant that Washington was setting the price and that nothing could be done about it. Much violation of this was evident as the merchant and the customer were both guilty and who could complain. There was only one other that could object and that was the competing merchant and he had trouble in getting facts about the transaction.

My first experience with violation of this came when a farmer who came to our place for a few sacks of cement and as our stock was exhausted he was sent to one of the other places. When he came back after getting the cement to get a small amount of lumber and was asked how he was treated on cement, he showed us the sales ticket he had for the cement which showed that he had been charged less

than the price listed in the code. When asked if he would let us have the sales ticket he promptly handed it over. Here was a chance to find out how the code enforcement was working and the sales ticket was promptly sent to the state code authority. Nothing more was heard from the ticket but some time later a man who was serving on the code authority locally told me that when it was sent back to them the manager of the concern that sold the cement was called before them and told that he better not let it happen again. It was through this that I found out who the local authority was and that they were fellow merchants that had no desire to penalize one of their number.

A lot of trouble and expense had been expended to make out the codes and find out what was a reasonable price for all the different things and sometime later when a violation case was carried to the supreme court the whole National Recovery Act was found unconstitutional and that was the end of that.

Another thing was designed to help the farmer and it was called the Agriculture Adjustment Administration. This set out all the things that the farmer must do to get some help from the government and while I was not in a position to find out about all the troubles it caused it was never thrown out of the Supreme Court and many of its rulings stayed in force.

I believe that many of the things that were a part of the Agriculture Adjustment Administration became a part of a farm plan that is now in force and has proved or help to the farmers. Some of the things it did were to limit the amount of acres of any crop that was in surplus thus cutting down the amount that could go on the market which would have an effect on the price he could get for it.

Also there was a government loan program which would allow products to be stored in a bin which would be sealed by a government representative and a stated price per bushel loaned to the farmer. This kept the grain on the farm where future need for it was likely to be. This loan price was wet by

men of the farm administration and became or governed the market price of the grain.

It is quit probable that this was the beginning of a control that was needed to keep agriculture from going wild on certain kinds of produce. The farmer was given the choice through elections of the men who should operate the act.

There was also an authority for the laboring men. This was called the Civilain Works Administration and was planned to get the idle men to work through jobs created for the purpose. This was a demoralizing set up where the man was given to understand that his presence on the job was all that was necessary and that the work he did was of minor importance. The hours that he could work were shortened and his wage was so small that his living standard had to be so low that he lost all respect for the country and himself as well.

The C.W.A. as it was called proved pretty much a failure and was replaced by other methods one called the W.P.A., Works Progress Administration which loaned money to contractors who were to hire men who needed the work and the price they were to be paid was set and the price he was to get for the job was also controlled by men from the government. This was not a very good improvement and the number of inspectors and administrators grew more and more.

W.P.A. was replaced by another called P.W.A. or Works Progress Administration that had more to do with government buildings or any thing needed by the counties or the cities. In this it was necessary for the city or county or shcool board to own the ground where the structure was to be and a certain amount of governemtn money would be allowed and workers of the neighborhood would be assigned to the work. This was just another place where it was possible for more of the deserving politician to get in their say of what was to be done.

As the people woke up to the possibility of getting projects for their town more of this kind of thing was in evidence. Our town woke to the possibility of getting an airport and had the town

council hold a public meeting to get a location before the thing was discontinued. An application was sent in and later there were some purchasing agents from the government that came and gave some of the local concerns orders for material. I received an order for several thousand drain tile and some fence posts.

The airport was never built and later I was asked to load the tile on board a railroad car and ship them to the southeastern part of the state.

While there were a great many things done with the expectation that they would help improve the terrible situation that the country had gotten into, none of them seemed to have any indication they were doing anything along that line.

A great many men were called in by the new administration to help formulate the plans that were tried out. Henry Wallace, an Iowa man who had been appointed as Secretary of Agriculture, got the idea that the farmers trouble was because he was producing too much and that if some of the surplus that was causing the lack of demand could be gotten rid of there might be some help in that. While the farm products like wheat and corn and cotton could be stored and the government could furnish the money for a loan to keep the farmer going, the other products like hogs, cattle and sheep did not lend themself to being stored and had to be put on the market whether there was any demand for it or not.

He conceived the idea that if the little pigs could be gotten rid of before they became of the size that would make pork and the scarcity of pork would create a demand that might bring the price up so that pork might again be raised at a profit. His plan was to have the government buy the little pigs and slaughter them for whatever they might be used for, thus getting them away from the farm before they could grow into the hogs that would ruin the market. This was done and a great many small pigs were sent to market where they were killed by sprinkling them with water and then using an electric shock. After this their bodies were used for fertilizer.

When one looks back on this he wonders at the kind of thinking that would bring forth such a plan although it was in line with a good many other plans that were coming out of Washington at that time. While the farmer needed the hog crop to get him something to live on it was taken from him for a small amount and he was left to figure out some other way to get along.

There was probably no part of the country that was in greater trouble than the farming country of the middle west and it was there that the people began to get into a state of mind that was to mean trouble for the law enforcement officers as well as the people themselves.

People began to get the idea that the rest of the nation was taking their produce and also their farms away from them and that it was time that some one should do something about it.

Loaning agencies were finding it necessary to fore close and sell out the farmers and whenever such a sale was held a group of men would go to the sale and make one bid on the article being offered and then make it plain that anyone making a higher bid would be dealt with in a manner not good for him. As the buyers were not in any way wanting the articles, this method was very successful in spoiling the sale. Sometimes the whole sale was handled so that the articles were all handed back to the farmer by this group and the debt was paid at a very small cost.

Another kind of thinking was that if the farmer could be induced to hold back his produce for a short time the rest of the country would be forced to pay a decent price as they wouldn't be able to live without it.

Meetings were held by the radical element and a great many farmers were induced to believe that their property was being taken away from them and it was their duty to fight for their rights.

Some years later it was pretty well proved that leaders had been sent into stir up trouble and that the starting point was in the communists centers of Russia.

Proof that these meetings were having an effect in stirring up the people came when a fore closure suit was being held at LeMars just to the south of us. Here the courtroom was invaded and the judge taken from the bench to the courthouse lawn and told that he was to be hung for rendering decisions in favor of the capitalists. While this was only a threat the judge suffered considerable abuse and was given a strict warning that he had better change his methods.

This was a very serious offense against the court and one that could not be left to continue. While the men who were leaders in this were well known there was nothing done about arresting them and it all seemed that there was going to be nothing done to punish them. Later on a company of national guards came into the neighborhood and formed a camp from which they went out and arrested the guilty persons and brought them in. Their trail was held and while they were found guilty, the punishment they received was very light considering the seriousness of the offence.

More was heard about the withholding of farm products from the market to force the paying of a better price and an association was formed called the Farm Holiday Association. This had a considerable following among the farmers and a large territory was expected to come under their control.

Their idea was to have the farmers withhold all their products from the market during a declared holiday and the expectations were that the prices would have to be raised to get them back on the market. Volunteers were recruited to patrol the roads to see the holiday was effective.

It was on Monday morning that the holiday was to begin and all the farmers were notified to refrain from sending anything to market until the embargo was lifted.

Truckers delivering milk to the towns could hardly be expected to stop so necessary a service and were the first to be molested on the road by the pickets and a good deal of violence marked the first day of the holiday. Near Sioux City a truck

driver was killed and his load of milk was dumped in the ditch. It soon became evident that the pickets were not the farmers who would naturally have some sympathy with other farmers but were city toughs that had been hired to take the place of those who did not care to serve.

Road blocks were set up and all the produce trucks were stopped and nothing was allowed to go through. The loads were either dumped or made to turn around and go home. At one place a train was stopped between town and its load dumped by the side of the track.

Newspaper reporters were at the places where the loads were stopped and each day we had an account of the things that had taken place the day before. Claims made by members of the Holiday association were that the idea was successful and that it would be only a matter of time until the farmers would be receiving a fair price for what they had to sell.

As time went on there was more trouble in keeping men on the road blocks and more trucks managed to get through using other roads and finding many ways to get through to market.

Gradually the whole thing died for lack of results. The holiday association gradually changed into another farm organization and became known as the Farmer's Union which became an active organization.

At about the time these things were taking place there was an unadvertised meeting held in our town. It was held in a hall on the upper floor of one of the business buildings. A farmer friend of mine asked me if I would go up there with him not telling of the meeting nor explaining what he wanted.

As we came to the top of the steps and could look in through the doorway we saw a hall entirely filled with people. A man was speaking from a platform in front and the only empty seats were down in front, very close to the speaker. I was led to these seats just as the man was concluding his talk.

Applause showed that the audience approved of what was being advocated. As the man came down from the platform he was introduced to the late comers of which I was one. While I do not remember his name and had never heard of him he seemed to be mightily pleased to welcome me to the meeting.

In standing up to greet the speaker, I got my first real look at the people that made up the audience. Some of these I knew and the appearance of the others led me to see that I had been invited to join a group of the most radical thinkers to be found. While I was sorry to have missed the idea being discussed by the speaker, my first thought was that I was not in company that I cared to become a member of. As the meeting had now turned into a visiting period and everybody was talking I thought it best to work my way back toward the stairway and to get back down to the street as soon as I could.

Meetings such as this were being held in every neighborhood in the farming territory and the great number of speakers that were available to voice the ideas that were put out makes it entirely likely that there was an agency that was furnishing them and such an agency must have been working with some foreign country that was willing to promote trouble in the United States for purposes of their own.

No one had heard anything about communism at that time and years later when the western nations began to know of their aims and methods it was easy to see that there was purpose in getting the harried people dissatisfied with their capitalists masters. This was the way the propaganda line became known in later years.

While the depression days made a wonderful opportunity to stir up hard pressed people against their form of government, it must be said that although a definite attempt was made nothing much could be done to make our people throw away the freedom our country had given them. In our town there were the usual number of people who couldn't buy the things they needed. To correct this someone got the idea of having the town issue some script

that could be used for money. This would be available to the needy ones and could be spent at the local business places.

Any work that was needed around the city buildings was turned over to these people and payment for doing it was in script which was issued in values of fifty cents. The merchants were supposed to buy stamps costing one cents and each time that anyone offered a piece of script in payment for items bought he would put a stamp on its back so that whenever the script had been the payment for fifty transactions it was automatically retired. The merchant could give silver back in change and the script was to be the means of some business to get what it would cost the merchant to give 2% or in other words he was to accept 2% discount on his goods.

This money worked very well when the people got to a point in their thinking when it was no longer any disgrace to be in need. The back of the script became a tracer where one could see where the script had been and thus it became a written testimonial of just what the people were buying with their donated money.

The Iowa legislature had the idea of doing something similar and a piece of our script was taken to Des Moines to show the legislators what it was and how it was working in one city. This piece had a typed notation on it showing where it had been. When it was back in circulation it came to us minus only two stamps and was kept as a souvenir of those days.

It is hard to realize today that the people were ever in such shape that they were willing, even glad to have something given to them. Surplus food of many kinds was bought by the cities and counties and distributed to the people. Many of these people were not in very great need but managed to get their name on the lists to get the food and were glad to accept it.

People had arrived at a point where the ones that had some money were afraid to spend it as they thought that it might be a long time before they

could get any more. Those were not the only troubles that bothered the people. Dry weather began to cause trouble and dust storms began to sweep across the country.

The winter of 1935-36 brought a lot of snow. It brought so much that the roads were blocked many times. With so much snow it seemed that enough moisture for the next crop was assured, but soon after the snow had gone in the spring little rain came to start the crop. States to the west were in worse shape and when the winds came the air was so filled with dust that the lights had to be turned on in the daytime. A discouraged people became more so and began to wonder what had happened to the good country they had known so long. People who had gone to Dakota to try to farm land that they owned there had to return entirely beaten. Their stories of the drifts of dust that had piled up around their buildings and fences were hard to believe. Their return to our hard pressed territory was like coming to a land of plenty.

CHAPTER XXVII

The family now consisted of five children. The last three being girls were Sara Lou, born in 1922, Jo Ann in 1926, Pauline in 1928. Sara Lou was slow in learning to walk and when a clinic was held at the schoolhouse she was taken there and the discovery was made that she had been born with a dislocated hip.

We were advised to take her to a specialist at Omaha who was considered a good man to take care of such cases. This was done and after three trips, made during the next two years in which she was in a cast which was changed as it was necessary to change the position of her leg, she finally was able to walk with no noticeable defect.

I was elected to the school board where I served for 12 years. It was during the first years of the depression that it was necessary to hire a superintendent and the number of people that applied for the job made the board fully realize the number as well as the kind of people that were without a job. There were probably 50 people that applied for the job and at least half of them came to see us so that we would have an idea of their qualifications. Saturday was the day they came to town and every member of the board had to give up their own work to listen to these people who did their best to make a good impression as they called on each member individually. The choosing of the new superintendent was quite a problem but we finally chose five as the most likely persons to fill the positions and these we numbered as to how we thought they rated in our opinion.

The experience in hiring the new superintendent was one to be remembered as all of the applicants were in great need of employment and in the interviews with them this came out in their manner and the eagerness with which they tried to impress the board members with their ability. One could only get the idea that if they were not chosen their last hope was gone.

After making the selection of the five it was

then the job of visiting the school where they were employed and try to find out if they were the most likely person to have in charge of our school. As it turned out the man whom we chose as number one seemed to be the best and it was he that was given the job. A few years later when he left for a better position we looked up number two and were lucky in getting him to take the place.

While membership on the school board took considerable time for which no compensation was received in the way of money there were other receipts in the knowledge one could get of the school, its pupils, its teachers, and the other members of the board. I was to learn that the pupils were not the only ones that caused trouble and that the board members were as much of a problem as they. This was a fact I was to learn when I was chosen to head the board.

For twelve years I belonged to the school board and then refused to be a candidate for reelection. The two accomplishments that I look back on as being important during my time on the board were the installing of fire escapes on the grade school building and the financing of the bonds on the high school and making them fall due one tenth every year so that the debt would have to be cleaned up before other expenses would commence.

Brother Earl's wife died leaving him with five small children. The next to the oldest one, Verna, came to live with us so that from the time she began to go to school until the five of ours graduated which was more than twenty years later, we had a good deal of interest in what happened at the school.

The children would walk to school in the morning but at noon they would come to the block yard to ride home to dinner with me. Before one o'clock they had to be back to school so there was little time in which I could be at home at noon. Sometimes I would have occasion to go into the grade building and when I did I noticed the condition of it as well as the arragnement of the rooms. The first thing to take notice of was the floors which had

been swept with the use of some kind of sweeping compound to which had been added some dark oil that left the floors in a greasy appearance that looked as if it would be ideal to spread a fire.

Each floor had a large central hall from which there was entrance to the classrooms. The first floor was fairly high above the ground and there was only one stairway through which pupils could escape in case of fire. The same thing was true of the second floor. The only exit from any of the classrooms was into this central hall and the whole set up looked to me as a very bad trap in case of fire.

Whenever the town whistle would sound a fire alarm during school hours one could only think of the terrible thing that might take place if the fire were at the grade school.

It was but a short time after that that I was elected to the board before I managed to have a salesman who sold fire escapes present at a board meeting and when the rest of the board heard his report on the condition of the building in regard to the danger to the children in case of fire, he had little trouble in getting an order to install fire escapes. He cut openings from one class room to the next so that there was a chance to get out of the building without using the hall and stairway.

Fire drills were insisted on and members of the board would go to the building and ring the fire bell and then go outside to see how long it took to empty the building. It would be only a matter of minutes before they were all outside. The children entered into the drill as a great sport and the teachers seeing that there was no fire either walked down the stairs or stayed in the rooms. While it seemed as if the teachers should be trained to go down the chutes for their own safety, everyone seemed to think that the pupils were safe at school.

When Roscoe had finished school he thought that he would like to attend Dunwoode Institute in Minneapolis which is a trade school where boys

could learn many trades. What seemed to interest him was the planning of homes in which they had a very good course.

This was in 1935 while the depression was still in full swing and there were no houses being built anywhere around. On his trips home we would hear about his work and the interest he was taking it it until it seemed as if we should be doing something in the building line. Business at our store, while not rushing, was bringing in some returns. It seemed to be a good idea to show the people that we believed in our line and if we would build a modern up to date home it might create interest that would make people think that a new home was a good investment.

What we decided to build was a concrete house. It would be one that the floors and roof would be concrete as well as the walls. In taking the matter up with the Portland Cement Association we found that they were able and eager to help in every way they could. When they were asked for a plan of about the kind of house we wanted to build they sent us one a great deal different from the idea of the house we had visualized.

Across the street to the south and east of the block factory was a lot that I had bought some time before with the hopes that I might build there sometime. This was an ideal location as the job was to be a place for the men to work whenever there was not need for them at the factory.

To plan a house that would look good on this location was the next thing to be done. On one wall of the factory there was a blackboard where we had been in the habit of making drawings in chalk. This soon began to have drawings of the different ideas for the new house so that the good or bad points as to construction could be discussed.

The kind of house finally chosen was a box looking structure 28 by 34 feet in size and having an attached garage. The only wood needed in its construction was for the windows and doors, the furring strips and a little for form work that would be removed.

The basement was dug with a shovel and the material taken out after the first few feet was gravel that could be used in the manufacture of units to be used in the house. When the excavation was finished and the footings for the walls put in, masons came to lay up the walls.

When the basement walls were up the masons left for a time and we put on the concrete joists and poured the first floor. When this was sufficiently cured so that it would be strong enough to work on, the masons came back and put up the walls for the house proper as far as the height of the ceilings were to be. Then they left again until we had put on the ceiling joists and poured the deck for the roof. The rain water that fell on the roof was carried down through pipe that was hid in the fireplace, to the basement where it went into the sewer.

When the roof men had come and put on the roof and the plasturers had plastered the inner walls, the house was ready for the doors and windows and inner trim. The whole job had occupied nearly all the season and the plasturing was done after cold weather had begun in the fall. While there had been no attempt to rush the job and it stood idle many times when we had other work to do it had been our main interest all through the seasons. The drab appearance of the concrete and the box like appearance created little interest to others and a great many passersby didn't think it was a house that we were working on. There were some courses of concrete brick set into the outer walls to be painted a different color to make a trim that would make the box like structure appear a little more attractive.

Late that season we got a paint spray outfit and began to paint the house. After the main wall had been sprayed while, the brick courses were painted black. When the black line began to show we began to notice that people driving by began to take notice of the building as if it were the first time that they had seen it although they had been passing by it every day for months.

A landscape man came along and drew a sketch of how he could improve the place by the planting of a few trees which was done just before the ground became frozen.

Putting on the inner trim and placing the cupboards fell to me and when it was done and the painter came to finish the walls the house was ready to be shown to the public.

The local paper had been considering the getting out of a special edition on the model house as it became known and had asked me to help in getting ads from all the firms that furnished any part of the job. When these had been gathered it was surprising to find out how many people entered into the work of building a home. The plumber, the heat man, the roofer, the mason, the electrician, the millwork salesman, the paint salesman, and all the rest were glad to advertise the fact that he had a part in the building of a model house. There were stories in the paper telling all about how the house was built, how it was insulated and what was the cost and the whole thing summed up in a half page added with pictures of the house and the men who built it which was paid for by the Portland Cement Association.

The paper also told the time that it would be open to the public and how they could come and see something out of the ordinary in the building of a house. It was first intended to keep the home open for inspection during the afternoons of a couple of days, but when the interest of the town merchants began to show up and they began to ask for a chance to show their wares it became evident that we were in for a much longer show than first expected.

Furniture and rugs, as well as a kitchen stove and food to stock the cupboards and the ice-box, as well as appliances in the basement were offered and when the doors were opened there was a complete home with everything necessary for every day needs.

A book in which the visitors could register was furnished and something over fifteen hundred names were in it when the visiting days were over. One evening was set aside for concrete men who were

invited and several came from long distances. A dinner was served and a representative of the Portland Cement Association showed pictures of concrete houses in other places.

As it appeared that only about half of the people that came to see the house put their names in the register we believed that there were probably about three thousand people who came to see it. There were names of people who lived in other states that were visiting in the neighborhood who came and taken altogether the showing of the concrete model house was quite an event coming as it did at a time when no one was building a house and probably a great many were wishing that they could.

CHAPTER XXIII

The years between 1929 and 1940 became known as the years of the great depression. 1929 had been a good year as far as employment was concerned. The people had been speculating in common stocks with little money and many were borrowing to buy something that they thought would make them rich. A small payment was all that was needed to begin a transaction that they were sure would bring them independence.

The stock market panic put a stop to this and was the means of a great many people losing all they had. In 1930 the unemployed were 4,340,000 and in 1931 it rose to 8,000,000. In 1932 it was 12,000,000 and the same in 1933. In 1934 and 1935 it was over 11,000,000. These were years when the Rooseveldt corrective forces were supposed to be working. Some slight recovery seemed to be coming in 1937 when the unemployment figure went down to 7,700,000. In 1938 the figure was back up to 10,390,000 which was even worse than when it first got started in 29 and 31 and 32.

All this seems to prove that the corrective measures of the new administration with its terrific cost had not done anything to correct anything.

It was at about this time that the unsettled conditions in Europe began to take a shape that was sure to lead to war. No one had any idea of to what great extent this war was to go. Conditions in Germany unsettled since the first world war in which the U.S. had taken part was the first to start trouble.

The man Hitler had won an acceptance from a small group that had the power to make him a leader. His objective was to go through France and the low countries before the U.S. would get into the war. With his fleet of submarines he expected to keep war supplies from coming across the ocean.

American ships were carrying these supplies but were losing a great many cargoes to the under sea fleet. They even came into our Atlantic harbors and attempted to sink our ships before they got to

sea.

American manufacture of war munitions began to be the means of some decrease in our unemployment and there began to be some slackening in depression troubles. Nearly everyone knew that it would be only a matter of time before this would lead to war but were willing to take the chances because of the relief it brought.

A draft lwa was passed and many army camps were set up and a great many of our young men were being trained to fight. Roscoe was now of draft age and in a couple of years Leon would be also. A certain time was set that the boys had to serve and become trained soldiers and then they were allowed to return home. This was the story that was put out but no one expected to see them back before the war was over and the whole situation settled.

After Roscoe had had his physical examination he became impatient to get his time of duty over with and enlisted and went to a camp in Nebraska where he was inducted into the infantry. It was the spring of 1940 that he went to the army. The fall before this was a busy time for me as we had begun the manufacture of small circular corn cribs and grain bins which the new deal administration with it corn sealing progarm had created a need for. These were manufactured at the store and taken to the farms and erected. When I had a few men trained to put the bins together, I went out to the purchasers farm to put the sections together into a completed storage bin. It was necessary that we would erect one in the morning and another in the afternoon in order to get ready for the time that the farmer would need them. I had four men with me and to get the speed that was necessary to get a completed job twice each day, I had to see that every minute from the time we came on the place until the job was done was used to the best advantage. In the few weeks we had to get the bins erected we had to go to something over 50 farms. Sometimes there were three or more bins to be put up on the same farm.

When the job was all finished I began to not-

ice the effect and found that I was tired and needed some rest. Snow was beginning to cover the ground and the chilly days of winter were here. A cold kept me at home and as I did not get better a doctor was called and said that I had pneumonia and that my blood was in poor condition and that a time in bed was very necessary. As there was no improvement, brother Earl's daughter who was a nurse was called and came to help get me back on my feet. While she was away for a short time one afternoon I began to feel something wrong with my left leg and soon noticed that it was beginning to swell and when the doctor came he said that it was caused by a blood clot in one of the veins and that I must have heat put on it and kept completely warm all the time. He brought a kind of tent which was put over my legs and a coupld of electirc lights were kept burning in this all the time.

The doctor who was caring for me was a young man whose father had been our doctor for a good many years. He brought the father in one of his visits and it was considered best that I be taken to Sioux Falls to a hospital. The young doctor who had been a helper on our ice delivery during his vacations while at Medical College seemed to think that a hospital where there were more experienced doctors was the best place for me.

The first thing that was done when I got to the hospital was give me some blood transfusions and I was told that rest and good food was about the only things that would help. Roscoe had a radio brought to my room and it looked as if it were going to be a long seige and as I was told later with the final result doubtful.

My condition was such that to have visitors was very tiring and to talk was an exertion as I had hardly had enough power to speak above a whisper. I could endure listening to the radio only for a short time. On the evening of the Louis, Godey fight I thought it would be nice to find out how the fight went and as the Louis fights had only been lasting a few rounds it would not be too much to listen to. Before five rounds were over I was

getting tired but also interested in how it was to come out. For fifteen rounds the fight dragged on with Joe Louis getting closer to a licking than he had ever had before, but finally winning by a decision after I had become so tired that I could not rest or sleep.

The next day when the doctor made his visit his first question was "What happened to you?" and when this couldn't be answered satisfactorily, he ordered a no visitors card be placed on the door.

What the doctor didn't know was that excitement could come into the room over a wire. I knew that the fight was the cause of my set back and that it was better for me to turn off any program that required any concentration that would tire the listener.

Gradually I began to improve and after several weeks was allowed to go home where for several weeks more I was to take life pretty easy. A letter from Chas who was in California working at an air craft factory said that he was intending to return to Iowa for a vacation and asked why I didn't take a plane out there and drive back with him. As there was not much that would occupy me this was a good chance to see some of the country while I was getting my health back.

A request for a plane reservation was immediately sent. Their answer stated that when there was a vacancy they would let me know. A telegram came late one afternoon stating that there would be room for me on the plane leaving Omaha at eight the following day. As there were no trains to Omaha at that time of day and the bus had already left it seemed impossible that I could get there in time to go on that plane. Finding that there was a bus that would leave Sioux City late in the evening, there might be a chance to get someone to drive me to Sioux City in time for that.

Roscoe volunteered to make the drive and we were soon on the way. He was scheduled to leave for his induction into the army in a few days and when he left me at the bus depot at Sioux City I would not see him again until he was in line for a fur-

ough that would allow him a short visit home.

After a nights rest at a hotel in Omaha I was promptly on hand at the airport at eight the next morning ready for the trip toward the west through the air.

As this was my first experience in traveling by air it was something to be remembered. The plane was nearly an hour late in leaving and it was close to nine o'clock when we got off the ground on a beautiful day in spring. The view from the air was new and unexpected and a wide range of country could be seen at one time. The plane began to climb gradually and for the first hour the view of the Nebraska plains was very fine.

As we got higher in the air, clouds began to float beneath us and it was only occassionally that the ground could be seen through a hole in them. Later one could forget that there was an earth below us and the view was nothing but clouds below us. As we got farther west these clouds took on a stormy aspect and rain sauals shut all the view. The first landing was at Cheyenne and the stop was short but the passengers were all allowed to get off the plane as the fuel tanks were being filled. No certain time was set for them to get back on the plane but a loud speaker informed them when it was time to get on board for the rest of the trip.

The next stop was at Salt Lake City where we arrived sometime after noon. The landing there was a drop out of stormy clouds onto a runway that couldn't be seen until we were nearly on it. Here we were to change to a different plane and there was a great deal of difference in the passengers. Several M.D.'s were among the people who got aboard. The plane was the sleeper type that had separate spaces for the passengers that could be closed for sleeping. The Salt Lake airport was situated on flat ground that was surrounded by high mountains and the ascent up out of this hole required flying in a circular path while the necessary height was being attained. This gave the passengers the impression that we were going directly into a mountain but always turning before we got

too close to it.

Lunch was served on the plane and by my watch it was two o'clock and I should have been hungry but the motion of the plane made me feel as if I didn't want to even see food. Two pilots who were engaged in taking planes to the Canadian line and returning to the factory on passenger planes were in the seat across the way and each of them received a generous helping of food that I had to watch them eat. The man in the seat with me was a M.D. and he was no more in the mood to eat than I. When we both told the stewardist that we were not hungry she began to look us over to see what the matter was and went and got some pills of which she gave us each two. The M.D. didn't want his saying that he needed no medicine and that he was a doctor and shoudl know. He was told to take them anyway which he did.

The conversation was in regard to Rooseveldt and I remember one of the pilots saying that you would never find a Rooseveldt man on a plane and when asked to explain said that they were all working on the section. The talk got to be more expressive and I noticed some of the other passengers coming closer to get what was being said.

In taking part in the conversation one would look more at the person talking and less out the window where there was nothing but sky and this made the stomach trouble dissappear.

One more stop at Los Vegas for more fuel and sometime before five in the afternoon we were at Los Angles and the flying trip was over. A short trip by electric train down to Long Beach where I found Chas waiting for me as was the appetite that I had lost in the air.

California was beginning to worry about being invaded. Someone had seen a submarine off the coast and everyone was talking war. For a few days we drove around the city and then started on the homeward trip which was to be up the west coast to Seattle and then east. We made a short stop at Aberdeen, Washington, to visit a plywood factory and then to Tacoma where we went through a lumber

mill and then out into the woods where the timber was being cut. The mill we visited was the one from which I had been ordering lumber and they treated us very well making it possible for us to see all the interesting things about the lumber business.

From Seattle we went to the Grand Coolee Dam and then across the state of Washington and east to Grand Forks, North Dakota and home.

Earl was in the hospital at Sioux City suffering from a brain tumor and the day after getting home we went to the hospital to see him but found that he was in a coma and did not recognize anyone. It was only a few days after this that he passed away. His was the third death in the family as Eva died several years before.

While I was away the business was taken care of by a hired man and he seemed to be getting along pretty well. I did not take much of an active part the rest of that year but the following spring began to get back to work.

CHAPTER XXIX

Business in building material was slowly improving. Competition had made prices that were soon known and the trade began to come back to our town. The other places that sold the same line admitted that business was better for them than before I got into the game.

We began improvements to make space for the building of small buildings in our shop that could be delivered to the farms by our own truck. An addition was built to the front of the building that housed the salesroom. This new part was to be used as a paint store and a large stock of paint was stored in its basement.

Roscoe was assigned to the Medical Department of the Army and was sent to Camp Clayborne, Louisiana. I believe that he was home one furlough before going to the south and that he took his car and outboard motor along when he went back.

Leon was at Minneapolis going to school at Dunwoode Institute taking up the building business. The new paint store was finished and we were planning an opening celebration in which we could get people in to see our stock and learn to know that we were equipped to sell them paint as well as all the rest of the building material.

We were expecting Roscoe home for a two weeks leave before being sent over seas. Christmas was the time he expected to get home. Every week saw the people more worried about war and willing to expect almost anything. The English forces had been driven nack across the channel badly defeated. It was only because of the help of their civilian population going to their rescue with every kind of a boat there was, that a great loss of troops were averted.

Japan had sent two envoys to Washington to try to settle the difficulties between their country and the U.S. and they were not doing their job very well.

What we didn't know was that the United States had broken the Jap code and was able to know a

great deal of what was going on in Japan and that instead of doing anything to be ready for an attact they were deliberately letting one develop.

It was about noon on Sunday, a short time before Christmas that we began to hear the first reports over the radio that something was happening at Pearl Harbor. All through the afternoon more was added to the story and we began to gather that some thing terrible was going on. We gathered that our whole navy had been destroyed by an air attact and that the loss of lives was tremendous. The stories were so fantastic that listening to them got the people into a state of mind in which they would believe anything.

One of the first thoughts our family had was that all army leaves would be cancelled and that we would not see Roscoe again before he was sent over seas. Some few days later a letter came saying that their time off had been cut down but that they would come home for a few days.

The general opinion was that the United States had detereated to a condition where the Japanese which we had always considered a backward nation was now in a position to chase our navy entirely off the Pacific Ocean and would be able with little trouble to land on our west coast whenever they shoudl deisre to do so. Everyone was now awake to the gravity of the situation and the war effort was the major thing to be considered.

The countries whole attitude toward the Japanese changed entirely. For several years our people had been shipping scrap iron to them not understanding why there was so much demand for it. This was immediately stopped.

While Chas and I were driving around Long Beach looking over the war camps we remarked that there was a Japanese garden very close to each one and that there were several japs working in a spot ideal to see and report anything that was being done in them. This was all changed as all the Japanese were gathered into internment camps situated at a distance from the coast. As many of these were loayl American citizens there was a good deal of

injustice done but the needs of war had to be met and the color of their skin was the only thing considered. The whole west coast was patroled and every vessel not sufficiently understood was watched.

Roscoe arrived home as expected and with him were several other boys. Army uniforms were commonplace and the wearers were invited to all public meetings as well as to the homes. Everyone was wondering what the future held for these boys. Their visit was to be short and all knew that they were due to be sent across the sea very soon.

The time for their departure came very soon. Five were planning to go in Roscoe's car and had the time it would take to get back figured so as to spend as much time at home as possible. They planned to leave before daylight. Some had to come from other towns.

We arose early so as to have breakfast before it was time for them to go. Outside was a howling blizzard, and snow was coming down. It was cold and the wind was strong and it didn't look fit for anyone to be on the road. Breakfast over we were sitting ther waiting. The telephone rang and Roscoe jumped to answer it. It was a short message saying the boys were ready. He put on the heavy army overcoat and picked up the bag and started for the door. He came back and put one arm around his mother and said "Good-bye Mom, Good-bye Dad" and out the door into the storm he went.

I looked at his mother, and she was looking at me. Hopelessness was apparent in both our faces on the long to be remembered New Year's morning. I went back into the bedroom thinking I would rest until daylight. I thought of the day he was born in 1918 at the end of the war that was to end all wars and of the first day I took him to school and went to get him at the end of the school day. Then of how about the third day when I failed to be there on time he came to the shop alone proud of how he found the way and told how it was only two blocks over and then straight down. I thought of the apple tree that stood just outside the bedroom window and

how I had patched its trunk with concrete in which he had made an impression of his hand while the patch was soft, and how the patch remained around the yard long after the tree was gone. I realized that such thinking would get me nowhere and that we must realize that our son had gone to war and that we could only hope that he would return safe and sound. What we didn't know was that it would be three long eventuous years before we would see him again.

Two days later a card came. It had been mailed at Kansas City and told how they had stayed there over night and when they had started again the next morning a highway patrolman had told them to get off the road and wait until it was fit to travel after the snow had been removed.

Later a letter came from Camp Clayborne saying that he was sending the car home with a fellow soldier who had been discharged because of bad health. It also hinted that they would probably soon be on their way to camp Dix which was an embarking point. He said that he would call us on the telephone whenever it was evident that they were going to sail. A few days later when the telephone call came he said that the ambulances were being put aboard ship and it looked as if they would be on the way soon.

The next letter told of the trip and gave us a number that would serve as their address and it appeared to us that they must be in North Ireland. Some pictures of the country were enclosed and told of his training as an ambulance driver. Later letters told of a visit to the Giants Causeway and trips that were made with the ambulance. Later in a letter, he told of how he had been assigned as a replacement and with another man had been given expense money and told to report to some place in London where he was working as a draftsman on plans for some military installations.

Months later we got a letter saying that they were now in South Africa and we surmised from newspaper reports that they had landed at Oran. A great deal of the war reports at that time came from a

campaign the Germans were putting on in Africa.

The next word we received was a telegram saying "This is to inform you that your son had been slightly wounded". It also said that a later check would be made and that we would be then informed as to his condition.

It was several weeks after that when a letter came telling us that on a trip with the ambulance to the fighting front a bomb that had been run over by a jeep had exploded and that he had been standing near the ambulance and had been hit in the upper part of his leg by one of the pellets. He was in a hospital when his company had moved on and that he had been assigned to the other hospital staff where he was content to stay.

During the course of the Italian campaign he was moved up the peninsual from Napels as far north as Rome where his outfil was when it came time for him to come back to the U.S.

At home things took on a rapid change from an economy that was fighting a depression to one that was doing everything to help out the war effort. Government regulations began to be things that controlled everyones method of business. In the building line there were strict orders as to what could be sold and in what quanities everything was designed to promote the war effort.

War had been declared on Japan and also on Germany so that there was plenty going on in all the oceans. The occupation of nearly all the nations was war and the occupation of nearly all the people of the whole world was the furnishing of materail for the war forces. Where there had been numerous things that were in surplus it immediately changed so that there were many things in short supply. While the condition of over supply was bad the needs of war made something a good deal worse.

The Italian people had joined their forces with the Germans as had all the smaller nations under their control. It was more or less a united group that was lined up against England and the U.S. in what seemed to be a situation that was going to take a very long time to clear up. With our

pacific navy mostly on the bottom and the biggest ships that the British had in the Pacific fast failing to the Japanese things didn't look very bright.

The production capacity of the U.S. was the most hopeful thing and immediately this began to be mobilized and put to work at it fullest capacity. To get anything for civilian use one had to have a priority and everyone was expected to put off every need until the war was settled. If there was anyone that had something needed for the war effort it was immediately requested and taken to where the government wanted it. Prices that had so long been a major trouble during the depression years became a thing of minor consideration. When anything was taken to advance the war, a priority was issued to the person or company from which it was taken so that he could be in line for a replacement whenever the article was available.

As building material was one of the things most needed, a survey of the places having it in stock was taken and a list of the articles made and the amounts so that they could be found when needed.

Training camps were established in every part of the country and all the building mechanics were put to work. Where there was vacant land one month, the next there could be seen large groups of men being trained in every phase of the skills that were needed to fight a war.

A radio school was built at Sioux Falls just to the northwest of us and it was there that men and materials were taken from our territory. The job was being done on a cost plus basis and if one could sell anything or get a job there there was no question as to the price to be had but was governed by the market price of the article established in some other part of the country and nearly always higher than any price that had been in use in our part of the country.

It seemed but a short time before there was a large group of young men taught radio communication. The method of their schooling was so intense

and efficient that a class was graduated every few weeks and sent to a place they were needed and another began their course.

No men from the immediately surrounding territory were sent to school there but all were from far distant places while our young men were assigned to schools at some far away place.

Often people would invite men from the airbase as is was called to visit their homes over a weekend just to make their life a little more pleasant and as some were asked to come to our house we found that their home was in Pennyslvania and Maryland.

During the first world war there were a great many people who were suspected of being disloyal to the U.S. but now there was no one suspected of being for anything but his home country. Every piece of news from the war front was the concern of all the people and a great many of them had a relative or friend in some foreign land whose future they were very concerned about.

Everything possible was done to promote the raising of more food and people were induced to plant every acre of land possible.

It was not long before Leon got his notice to appear for his physical examination and the results did not suit him very well. It seemed that they were considering putting him in 4F on a account of their being afraid that he wouldn't be able to stand up under the rigors of army life. It must have been a borderline case as a few weeks later he was asked to again appear for another exam and when he inquired of the draft board as to the results he was told that he could make his own decision. This is he could either go to the army or he could stay at home, which should have been a very satisfactory ruling but was not one that suited to his idea of belonging to the army.

As we look back on things that brought us into a world conflict it seems quite surprising that people were not more worried about what was going to happen than they were. While the people were told of the tremendous loss of life at Pearl Harbor

not much detail was given them as to the loss of fighting craft. Stories were coming through of how the remaining ships were playing hid and seek with the Jap navy, being afraid to meet them and generally suffering heavy loses whenever they did.

McArthurs froces in the Phillippines were forced to surrender and their whole territory was given up to the Jap forces. Our submarines were hunting around the different islands and sometimes were able to sink some of their supply ships.

News of how the English were treated at the places where they were forced to surrender at the ports they had held along the China coast was very discouraging reading. It was surprising to learn that the Japanese who had long been regarded as a backward nation had made so much of an advance in the knowledge of war.

Hitler had an agreement with the Russians for mutual aid but both he and Stalin who were looking to the time when as individuals they were going to rule the world, could not trust each other.

Suddenly unexpected by the rest of the world, the German army crossed the boundary between the two countries and began the invasion of Russia. This action by Hitler changed the whole set up.

The great land mass of Russia with its resources and millions of people now became an enemy of the central powers and Germany had taken on a nearly hopeless task of trying to subdue a people that had distance and climate, their greatest allies.

For a time the German army was successful and made a considerable advance and captured several cities but the time had now come when the people to the west were about ready to start something from that direction. The U.S. air force base in England was making bombing raids over their country and many of their best cities were getting to be only a mass of trouble.

The final move could be only an invasion from England which had many hopeless aspects. England's Chruchill was afraid that it couldn't be done and tried to put forward the idea of an invasion from

the south by coming up through Italy. Some of our men were sent to Africa and began a campaign against the German army in Tunisia and it was in this that Roscoe got his first experience in war.

Looking back on the events of that time it seemed foolish that so much cost of material and men would be expended on an action that never could reach the heart of the struggle that lay behind the narrow mountain passes of northern Italy.

CHAPTER XXX

In trying to recount things that were happening in a small district to a few people it is easy to get switched off on to world events. Emportant things were happening in the home territory and while they seemed small when compared with the things that were going on over seas they were important in the part they played toward the final outcome.

The most real thing we saw about the war was the men that were leaving to join the armed forces and the condition of the few who returned because of wounds or sickness. Their account of their experiences added greatly to the censored news that we got every day over the radio and the newspaper.

There were many things happening here at home that made us realize that a war was going on. Drives to sell war bonds were held at regular intervals. Tax laws were overhauled so that the people who were making the money would be forced to contribute their rightful share toward its cost. That these costs were large anyone could know after the time to pay taxes had come. No one made much complaint and public officials were elected on their ability to raise money and the word economy was never heard.

Another thing that made people conscious of was was the many things they were used to having but now couldn't be had. Gasoline was strictly rationed as were the tires for trucks and passenger cars. Only four tires were allowed for passenger cars and the speed at that time which they could travel was put at forty miles per hour so as to make it easier on the four that were left.

Vacation trips and all trips that were not entirely necessary were cut to a minimum and people were kept so busy that they had little time to think of such things. The manufacture of cars was slowed up as those used in the promotion of the war were all that were needed. Truck manufacture was continued as long as there were any more needed to carry on the transportation in the persult of the war.

All this made living somewhat different but quite bearable. When an account of a bombing raid on some of the European cities was published along with the photographs that were taken to show the amount of damage that was done one could be thankful that he did not live in a place where such things were likely to happen.

At our house things were happening about as in many others. One boy in the army, the other in school in Minneapolis, one girl taking training in beauty culture at Sioux City, another taking nurses training at Iowa City and the other getting ready to go to Morningside College at Sioux City.

At our place of business there was always plenty to do. The last building project of our own was under way which was an addition to the lumber store to be used as a paint store. This was completed in 1940 and was opened for business just a few weeks after Pearl Harbor. A large truck load of paint was stored in its basement in expectation that there would be a time when it would be hard to get it.

It was determined that the paint store would be opened with a small observance of the event in the way of some prizes that would be given to these who held the lucky number that was given out at the time the visitors registered. The first prize was enough paint to paint an everage size house. The second was paint for a farmer's average sized barn. These were followed by other prizes that became smaller as they were farther down on the list. The winner of any prize didn't have to be on hand when the drawing was held and during the day and evening there were considerable numbers of people who visited the store and got their name on a registry card.

The drawing was held when it became time to close the store in the evening and just before this the town band came to the sotre and played a concert. First they played in the driveway to the lumber store and later were invited into the store itself where the loud music nearly raised the roof.

One of our competitors, the manager of one of

the other lumber yards was a member of the band and I had the pleasure of seeing him perform for the benefit of his competitor's business. There were a considerable number of people present when the drawing was held. The drawing was handled by the secretary of the Chamber of Commerce.

A part of the cost of the prizes was met by the Paint Manufacturer and proved a good advertisement for his line of paint. Many people who came to the store that day were strangers whom we hadn't seen before and their names which we listed in a record book became suctomers of ours after that day.

The electric sign which we had erected across the front of the building bore the words in large letters "Paint Store" and those words were seen by the people driving by, both day and night. I believe they were the means of bringing many people in to buy the paint and as this is written more than years later still are doing just that.

As had been anticipated some of the paints soon became hard to get. Linseed oil was rationed and colors that had to be imported from European or Asiatic countries were not to be had. The item of paint brushes was another thing that became scarce and it was then that the nylon bristle was first used in the manufacture of paint brushes.

In 1931 when we opened the lumber store there were few people who had money to buy our wares although the manufacturer was ready and persistent in trying to get us to buy from him. In 1941 when the people had plenty of money and were willing to buy but the manufacturer couldn't get the material to make the stuff. Looking at the thing from our own position it was plain that neither was an ideal situation.

Looking back it was plain to see that the country had been in an unnatural state since the beginning of World War I which had the beginning of high prices that led the people into a buying spree that was bound to cause trouble. It did and led the country into a depression that nearly wrecked everything and was only brought to an end when we

were plunged into the Second World War. One wonders if this 30 years of unnatural finances has done anything to teach the people what is bound to happen when they let themselves be led into a period of self gain with no consideration of others.

After the opening of the paint store there was a time when business was fairly good. We could get enough of the good that our farming territory needed and the farmer had the money and was willing to spend it for the things his farm needed.

While the establishing of the paint store occupied all our time and interest, for a time the interest of all was taken up by the events that were happening on the war fronts. Japan was making great headway in taking the islands of the Pacific as well as parts of the mainland of China. The British were forced to leave their posts on the China coast as were the United States forces compelled to leave the Phillipine Islands. The bombing raid on Pearl Harbor was the only attact on the Hiwain Islands.

In Europe and the other was objectives fighting was going on at an ever increasing pace. The German General Rommel was making lightning raids on African points and the Itlaians were getting set for anything that might happen in their country.

An American army was being trained in North Ireland and the time was approaching when there was going to be some decisive action. The first move that was made by American forces was a landing made in North Africa. Little opposition was found and the troops began a move to the East that brought them to an invasion of Italy, first at Sicily and later at Naples. From then on it was a bloody trip up the peninsula and the end of the war found them well into northern Italy. The Italian army surrendered soon after they found out what they were up against and it was the Germans that made the resistance after that.

Not all the hell was on the surface as the old valcanoe Vesuvious began an eruption and put on quite a show about the time the boys were a Naples. Roscoe wrote home about a sight seeing trip

some of them made to get closer to a volcanoe in eruption. It was an account of the seeing of the flow of hot lava that burned everything in its path.

In England there was a great deal of consideration made as to how an invasion of the continent could be made. Some practice raids were made and finally there was a portable wharf designed that could be towed to the coast and anchored where supply vessles could dock and unload the supplies needed to carry on the invasion.

The invasion was finally attempted and proved quite successful with only a reasonable number of men being killed. It was now possible to begin the march toward Berlin which progressed fairly fast.

Rooseveldt had been elected to his fourth term as President and had been meeting with Churchill and Stalin at different places to plan the progress of the war. It was at these meetings that decisions were made that later proved very wrong and was an injustice to the people concerned. The decisions were the ones made in regard to which country should control which territory. Rooseveldt's health had been getting poor and his picture showed that he was a sick man and should not have been elected to an office that demanded as much work and worry as that of President.

It was on April 12, 1945 that news came that President Rooseveldt was dead. He had died at Warm Springs, Georgia, where he had been spending some time trying to regain his health. Vice President Truman was immediately sworn in a President and the war went on a usual.

It was May 5, following Rooseveldt's death that word came that the army had gotten into Berlin and that the German ruler, Adolph Hitler, had probably been killed in the blowing up of a building where he was with others, hiding in the basement.

Two men who had come into great power at nearly the same time were taken from their positions also at about the same time in the same way. Death which they had brought to so many millions of their subjects had brought them down to a common level

where their rank was no higher than that of their victims. Where history will place these men and what the world's verdict will be as to their position among the leaders of the past remains to be seen.

The war in the Pacific was fast reaching a decisive stage. The Phillipines had been retaken as well as many of the other islands so that the fighting was getting close to the Japanese Islands proper. News had come of the explosion of a new kind of bomb and that its destruction and loss of life had been terrible. A whole city with its many thousands of people was said to have been obliterated. Some few days later another bomb of the same type had destroyed another Jap city. These were the first explosions of atomic bombs, a new kind of explosive that had been worked out by scientists and had been tested in the western waste land and found to have great possibilities.

Soon after this there came the news that Japan was ready to surrender, which was accomplished at a meeting of the leaders on the Battleship Missouri which brought to an end all the fighting that had torn up the world for so long. The surrender was completed on the second of September, 1945.

Sometime before the surrender there had been a meeting held at San Francisco to consider an agreement between all the nations in regard to future trouble.

Great hopes were had that from this would come an organization that would be able to handle all future difficulties. Just how much authority would be given to this organization was not then known.

A similar organization had been formed after the first World War but it had not prospered. One reason was that the U.S. Senate had failed to agree to endorse its provisions and our country had not become a member. This second attempt was hoped to better solve the trouble as to membership and no doubt did go a long way in that direction. President Truman had gone to San Francisco to address the closing meeting and a great deal of news was published of the great good the new organization

would do.

The problem that new occupied the whole world was to change from a war time ceonomy to a peace building way of living. That this was going to be a long drawn out and discouraging job was in evidence from the start. The conferences of the leaders: Rooseveldt, Stalin, and Churchill, had agreed to things that were going to be hard to force upon the people concerned and in the light of a different view point brought by the end of hostilities appeared far from the kind of settlement that should have been made.

Trials of war criminals began and sensational evidence was given to the world of what had been going on and much of this lead many to think that the number and guilt of the men should have included nearly all the men who had been shaping the conduct of the conflict.

CHAPTER XXXI

It was some time before the close of the war that an agreement was formed in which the two boys, Roscoe and Leon, should become part owners of the business. This agreement made them owners of a one quarter interest each and they were to take over the rest of it by paying me a percentage of the value of the remainder each year until they were the owners of it all. This made their income one quarter of the total income and out of it they were to pay me two and one half per cent of the value of my part and each year their part of the income was increased by that per cent.

This arrangement was planned while Roscoe was still in Italy and a partnership agreement was sent over there for him to sign. Of course we didn't know what the attitude of the income tax department would be as to the amount of tax they would get, as this arrangement brought me down into a lower bracket which amounted to considerable less even when the boys tax was added than I would have had to pay under the old set up.

Some time after the income report was sent in there came a letter saying the report was not accepted and a searching inquiry came all about the change that had been made. As there were considerable things that needed a lawyers explanation I thought it best to take it to an attorney and upon his advise a Sioux City attorney who made a special business of tax matters was given the case.

Some months after, this word came from the attorney that our case had been set for a later term of court. This was to be before a session of a United States Court that handles tax matters. He also states that it would be next to useless as nearly all cases such as ours would be decided against the defendent. He thought it best that we ask for a conference with whoever it was that would handle it. This was done and an appointment was made at Omaha with the tax attoryeys where we were to all three appear looking toward a settlement of the case.

CHAPTER XXI

[illegible]

When the day came the three of us drove to Omaha to meet with the men. Our attorney was there when we arrived and sometime later the interview began. Our attorney was present but the interview was for us alone and consisted of the man first trying to get acquainted with our methods of business and to find out just what kind of people he was dealing with. The interview lasted probably an hour and then we were told that the thing would be considered and the final decision would be sent to our attorney.

Sometime later we got the decision which was partly in our favor, yet contained things that we had not expected. It said that Leon who had been working steadily in the business could be lawfully considered a partner but that Roscoe who had spent some of the time he was to be considered a member of the firm over in Italy could not be recognized as a partner until the time he got back and did active work in the business. This meant that the income that was considered as his share was added to mine and the amount of my tax was raised until it conformed with the bracket this change put me in.

We had strongly felt that a man who was spending all his time and risking his life in the service of his country should have been allowed the consideration of being a partner who was away from home. There was nothing that we could do but abide with the decision which we did and paid the tax as well as the cost of the attorney who had handled our case.

As the attorneys lived at Sioux City and wanted to go home that night it was natural that we ask him to ride along with us. On that trip from Omaha to Sioux City, I was interested to find out some of the life history of this man who had a foreign name and had made himself somewhat of a reputation in the legal profession in the U.S. His name was Goldberg and he told me that he was born in Russia and that he was separated from his parents when very young so did not know what had become of them. Then he was adopted by people having the name of Goldberg

and that they had lived in England where ha had been educated and later had come to the U.S. He told how he got most of his relaxation in reading court decisions out of which as he explained there were many humorous things. He carried in his brief case the latest published list of these and he read from this and pointed out how there were some that were in direct contradiction to others that were just as important. The whole trip was made quite enjoyable by his ideas on many questions of the time.

As we drove into Sioux City he directed that we drive to a certain restaurant where he said that we could get the best kind of a dinner. When we arrived there, we found that it was a Jewish Place and was very well patronized and when we were introduced to the manager we were received with the attention that was due to anyone that was a friend of such a distinquished man as Mr. Goldberg.

After partaking of a very fine dinner which our legal friend payed for, we went on as there was yet seventy miles to travel before we would be home. Duirng that time I can remember how we listened to another Joe Lewis fight on the car radio which took up most of the time and was quite exciting because it appeared that his opposing fighter seemed to have the best of him in nearly every round of the ten round bout. We had to remain in the car for a few moments after arriving home to hear the judges decision giving Joe the match which we were sure was not the decision that should have been made.

While our partnership deal didn't violate any law either state or federal, we had to be subjected to considerable trouble to find out that it was not the kind of thing that the Income Tax Department would approve. It seemed that Roscoe was receiving very little appreciation for his more than three years of service in the army.

Everyone was hoping that the restrictions that had been put on to help win the war would soon be abolished and forgotten, but this didn't seem to be what was happening. Many rules that seemed to be

quite senseless were continued for a time and were deterrant to the proper operation of a business. I had been working about as I did before the time I had the trouble with the blood clot in my leg and had begun to think that there was no reason to be afraid of more trouble coming from that. While at home one evening, not feeling in the best of health, I had occasion to walk to the bathroom barefoot and stepped on the toes of my left foot with the other foot and thought that something was wrong as there was a peculiar sensation, not really pain, went through the foot that was stepped on.

Not long after this, I noticed that the toes of the left foot had a peculiar dark color which increased in darkness as time went on. The doctor was called and when he examined the foot said that there were some broken blood vessels in the foot and it was a matter of time to determine whether it would cause a lot of trouble or might be only of minor importance. He thought it best that I go to the local hospital where it could be watched.

For several days I lay in the hospital and there didn't seem to be much of a change except to get more painful. One morning he mentioned that he thought that there was something wrong with the circulation of the blood in that leg and that perhaps the only solution was to amputate the foot.

As anything to relieve me of more of the kind of hours that I had been enduring was something to look forward to with pleasure, the idea of getting rid of the trouble by amputating the leg was something that I was willing to endorse.

The day the amputation was to be done was set but it was not with dread I saw it approching, but as a time when the terrible condition I was in would be over. On the day before the day set, breakfast had been brought to me but before I was ready to eat the nurse hurriedly came and took it away again without any explanation of any kind. Later the doctor came and gave me a shot in the arm and I must have become very drowsy as I didn't remember being taken to the operating room. The next thing I remember was awaking some time in the af-

ternoon and being told that the amputation was over and that my leg had been taken off just above the knee. Later the doctor explained that there was no circulation to be found any lower down than that and there was no choice other than this to take.

It was sometime before I came to a full realization of just what had happened to me but I quickly knew that there was an improvemtne in the way I felt. For a few more days I remained in the hospital and then went home where the doctor came every few days to take care of the leg. In a matter of a couple of weeks, it was possible for me to get around on crutches and I could even get down town to the barber shop and the office and paint store.

Both boys were then at home and able to take care of the business and we still had the man who had been with us for so many years. Leon was married and we already had a grand child, a girl named Bonnie Lee.

My next thought was the purchase of an artificial limb. One of our customers who had an artificial limb told of the place where he bought his. It was at Omaha and he said that he would like to go along if we were to drive there as he needed some service on his. Roscoe drove us down ther and they took the measurements for the new leg. It was sometime later when I received word that the limbs were ready for fitting and it was this time that Sara Lou's husband's folks offered to go along. They and the two of us made up the party that spent the day while the limb was being fitted and did not return until the following day.

It was probably a week later that the new artificial limb came by express and I was ready to get around again as I thought with some measure of comfort. The real thing was somewhat different than that as my first attempts at walking were not very successful and the feeling of the new leg was far from comfortable. For days I tried to walk but the tender skin of the stump was not soon to be able to bear my weight and make it possible to get around with any kind of ease.

With crutches for a time and later with a cane

it finally got so that I could get around, but someone had to drive the car. Later Roscoe made me a hand lever for the car with which I could shift the gear and with this arrangement I could once more go away from home alone.

Since that time I have had another artificial limb, one that I thought would be better but never anything but a poor excuse fo a leg that had no resemblances to normal walking. The later one was of the suction type that didn't fasten on with a harness but was supposed to grip the stump with suction so that it wouldn't come off. To relate the difficulties of wearing this or any other kind would be telling everyone how unsatisfactory my walking became when really I should have been thankful that someone had made something with which I could get around a little.

The end of the war did not bring a stop in the things that people were doing but business went on a good deal as it had when fighting was going on. While there were many restrictions on what could be brought everyone was looking forward to the time he could get all the things he wanted. The restrictions on gasoline and tires were taken off at once and people began to travel so as to get around and try to enjoy some of the big profits they had been getting while the war was on.

All the family now had homes of their own and several grand children had come to join the family group. All the children had homes quite close except Joan who had married a man who lived at Des Moines.

We noe had a car that had an automatic gear shift and I could drive with some degree of safety. While we didn't care to start on long trips we did consider that a trip to the new England states would be a nice trip to take. Roscoe and his wife volunteered to go along as she had spent some of the war years in those parts having belonged to the navy. We planned to go straight to the east crossing Iowa and Wisconsin and then ferrying across Lake Michigan. Then we would go across that state to Detroit where we would cross into Canada going around

the north side of Lake Erie after visiting Niagara Falls. Then we went east on the north side of Lake Erie crossing the St. Laurence River back into the U.S. in Northern New York and then east across Lake Champlain into Vermont.

While we didn't get into the northern part of Vermont where my parents were born we did get a chance to see a considerable part of the state as we went on toward Boston. We had left home on Sunday and the following Sunday afternoon we spent on Boston Common which I had often heard the folks talk about. The stop at Boston was short and we continued on toward Washington where we spent two nights. We spent parts of two days visiting the capital, the Smithtonian Bldg. and the airport where we saw every type of air craft coming in and leaving for other parts of the world.

At the Smithtonian Institute we saw the first airplane that was made and flown by the Wright Bros. and also the oen that Chas Lindberg had flown non stop to Paris, both being front page news during the time when I could remember how the people reacted to spectacular events that were sure to have an effect on the world.

The following Sunday we were back at home pretty well satisfied that we lived in a part of the country that had as many advantages as did the others.

Besides serving twelve years on the school board and being a member of the co-operative creamery board from the day it had started, I was serving as a member of the board of the Co-operative Oil Co. and I had been vice-president of the First Federal Building and Loan Association since the time it was started which was during the early days of the depression. While this was a small institution and was aided by a law that made it possible to borrow three dollars from the government for everyone that was subscribed by the member, as people began to have money to save this had grown to a concern that had assets of considerable over a million dollars.

Since the days that there was no bank in our

town there had been one organized by an outside party and while it had grown to be a considerable size there were a great many people who thought that the time had come for another bank in order that the best interests of the people be properly taken care of. It was then that I joined with some others in organizing another bank of which I served as an inactive president for the first five years and then I withdrew in favor of the man who had an active part and more capable of being president.

CHAPTER XXXII

While we thought that there were no more wars in sight it was not long before this idea had to be changed and the old difficulties were with us again. What was later called the Korean War began to be in the news and when I stop to consider what was its cause or what it was going to accomplish I can think of nothing that is in anyway a good excuse for such a conflict. Anyhow troops were over there helping out the South Koreans and they had orders not to go farther north than the Yule River where the Chinese were. They could fight there from a safe hiding place while our planes and men were forced to stay away.

A great many of our boys were killed and the fighting went on for a long time with no chance for a victory for either side. This conflict went on until the next election. It probably had a lot to do with how the election went as the American people did make up their minds that they had had enough of the kind of politics that ruled them for so long. They elected General Eisenhouwer as President and the policy in regard to war was changed so that it was possible to arrange a peace while nothing had been accomplished except the keeping of a large number of our American boys tied up in a senseless fight.

War conditions continued at home as a lot of the countries industry had to be kept working to keep the army supplied. Business was good and there was little need of tying up materail for war purposes. The research for more and better was equipment went on and new planes and new explosives were perfected until the things that would be used in future wars were wonderful to read about.

Government regulations were still in effect in regard to farm crops and the business of farming was still prosperous and as that was the thing that kept business going in our territory all lines of business were not complaining. The building of new homes was continuing and our sales of material for new house construction remained fairly brisk. A-

nother firm for the handling of the same material as we handled was started in town and it was easy to see that there was surely to be slow picking for some of the four firms that were now trying to get enough of the buiness to survive.

Expenses were increasing and whenever there was not enough, business was right there to cause a lot of trouble for those in business. Everything had gotten to a point where no one took any consideration of trying to save. It would appear that the time was not far distant when many lines of business were going to be down to the bottom of the barrel with nothing to pay the taxes, which by the way were increasing with the desire for more and better public works.

It was in the summer of 1954 that the clammor for a public swimming pool got too great to be resisted and businesses as well as individuals were asked to contribute money for the construction of such a place. Part of the money was furnished by the city and a bond issue was used to get it. A little over twenty years had passed from the time that people would have been glad it they could just get enough to eat without ever thinking of such a thing as a public swimming pool.

From a depression to a time when money could be spent without any consideration of the future in a little over 20 years and why? In searching for an answer one can think of only one thing and that is war.

It was in 1928 that trouble began when the price of stocks took a tumble which threw a scare into everyone who had any money to invest. The lossed in the stock market were very real and affected all lines of business and that was the start of a depression that affected nearly the whole world.

The blame in the United States was put upon the Republican Party and when the next election came up the clammor was for change. That was the time when the popular hero Rooseveldt was put in the White House with the promise that all the countries troubles would come to a speedy end.

This did not prove to be a result and a great many things were tried as I have mentioned in recounting things that were happening at that time. In spite of all the corrective legislation and the experimental measure put in force the trouble continued. It was not until the Fracas at Pearl Harbor and all the country was enmeshed in preparation for war, that the people began to forget their business troubles and became engaged in the larger trouble that had taken hold of the whole world as it seemed.

Recently, which is 5 years after Pearl Harbor, it has come to light that leaders in Washington knew of the menance fo attact that confronted our forces in the Pacific and did nothing to stop the attact they knew was eminent because they thought that a little war would take them out of the spot, the failure of stopping, the depression had put into them. There were two Jap envoys in Washington at the time of the attact and their country was waiting for word from them and no doubt they considered their mission a failure and so reported back to their government to go ahead with the bombs. No doubt the loss of lives was a great deal greater than anyone in Washington expected, but the beginning of the fight to return prosperity was started and was to continue for many years.

The season of 1953 and 1954 were quite active as business was very good and the spring of 55 had opened up with more home building in prospect than at any time before. What the future will be remains to be seen.

For the old timers that can remember the slow times that were sure to come along about every few years, the expectations of the future are a matter for conjecture. The public has gotten itself accustomed to buying everything they happen to think they need. This alone will keep business going for a time and the great amount of earnings that have been laid by during the long period of prosperity will keep many from experiencing any degree of real hardship for sometime to come. The long over due period of slow business is sure to come and now it

is coming to a people who have educated themselves to think they can have almost everything they think they need.

As this is written there are signs that trouble is not very far in the future. How great this will be when it does come or how far in the future such a time may be remains to be seen as does the way the people who have been so long without this kind of an experience react to it.

AUTHOR'S AFTER THOUGHTS

On this date which is the fifth of June in the year 1957 I have been reading over some of the accounts of the experiences I had and our way of life in the middle west and for that matter the whole world from 1880 until the present.

In the early days there were things to do and a chance to be a part of things in a big way. I reflect that to be a part of things and to try to accumulate some of the world's wealth, taxes, any person's health and the fact that he reaches a half century with poor eye-sight and little ability to get around is something to be expected.

If there is anyone who cares to go over the events as they are set out in this story, let them realise that those were days when such things could be done. Now as one sits at a vantage point and sees how others are trying to make a success of the very things which occupied his whole time in the past, it is plain to see that they are up against different troubles and the world situation is different also. One can hope only that they will be; in some measure successful and that the rambling boundry of the property we have accumulated may not be the cause of it's loss.

PICTURE TAKEN AT THE PETTENGILL FAMILY REUNION
AND ARTICLE FROM THE "SHELDON SUN".
THE REUNION WAS HELD AUGUST 31, 1958
Shown left to right: Charlie, Fay, Vet Pettengill

PETTENGILLS HOLD FAMILY REUNION—

The Pettengills had a family reunion on Sunday, Aug. 31, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Backer of Ashton. There were 57 members in attendance from five states.

They were: Fay Pettengill and his four children, Gladys, Ethel and Alice and son Clark and wife, all of St. Paul, Minn.; Mr. and Mrs. Vet Pettengill of Rock Rapids and his four children, Mr. and Mrs. Roscoe Pettengill, Peter and Leslie, Mr. and Mrs. Leon Pettengill, Bonnie, Terry and Jon, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Sindt, formerly Pauline Pettengill, and two children, David and Marcia, all of Rock Rapids, and Mrs. Wayne Kostnian, formerly Sara Lou Pettengill, and her two children, Karel and Diane of Alexandria, Minn.;

Tom Guyan, husband of the former Blanche Pettengill, of Sioux Falls, and his family present were Edna and her husband, Welton Daniels and children Judy and Patsy; Lola and her husband, Steve Acheson and children, Cynthia, Renea and Dawn, all of Colton, S. D.;

The children of the late Earl Pettengill present included Verna and her husband, Albert Kahl and son Donald of Rock Rapids, Zella and her husband, Fred Backer and children Byron, Beryl, Berene and Berneta; Leslie Pettengill and wife and children Duane and Dennis and Mrs. Marie Smith of Sheldon; Beverly and her husband, Joe Klinkenborg and daughter, Carla Joe of Omaha, and Barbara, Mrs. Larry Raddle, and their son Keven of Rock Rapids;

Ron Douglass, son of the late Pearle Freeman Douglass, and his wife and two children, Ron and Roger of Crete, Neb., and Charles Pettengill of Long Beach, Calif., in whose honor the reunion was held.

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